* Nov. 9, 1929

THE NEW YORKER

Price 15 cents

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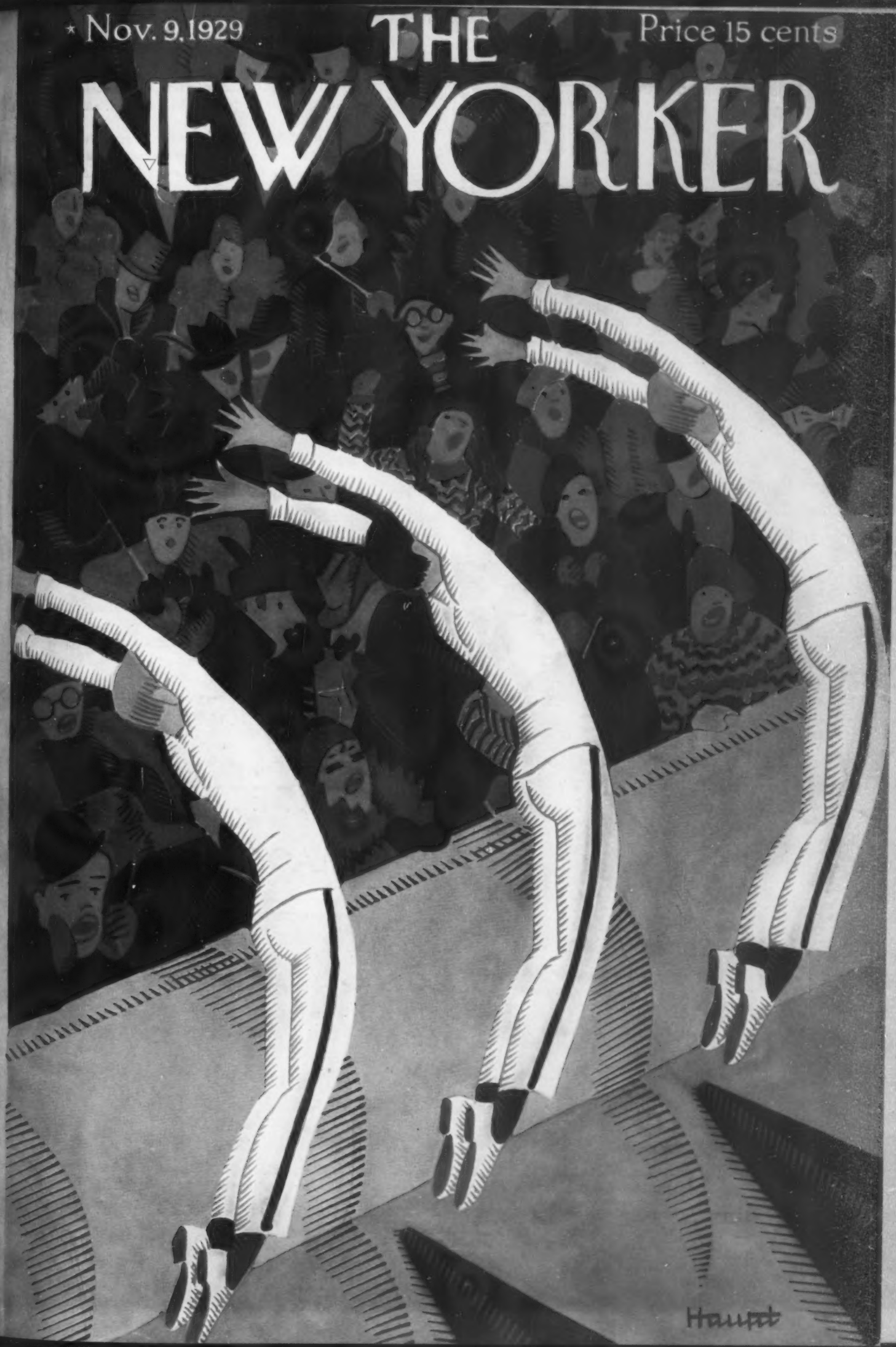

STUTZ

PRESENTS

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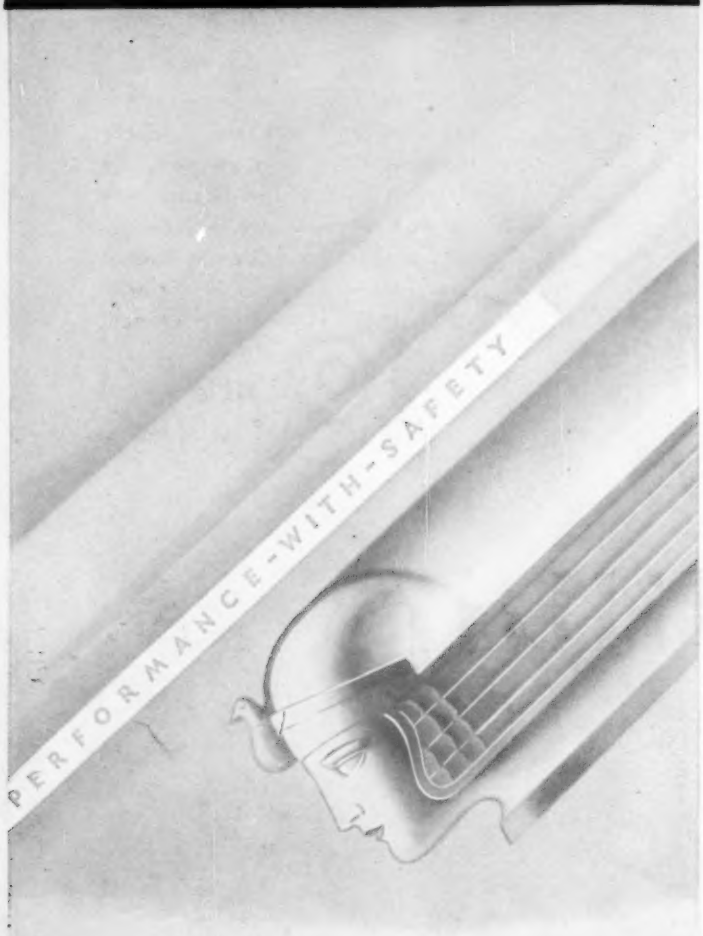

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AND

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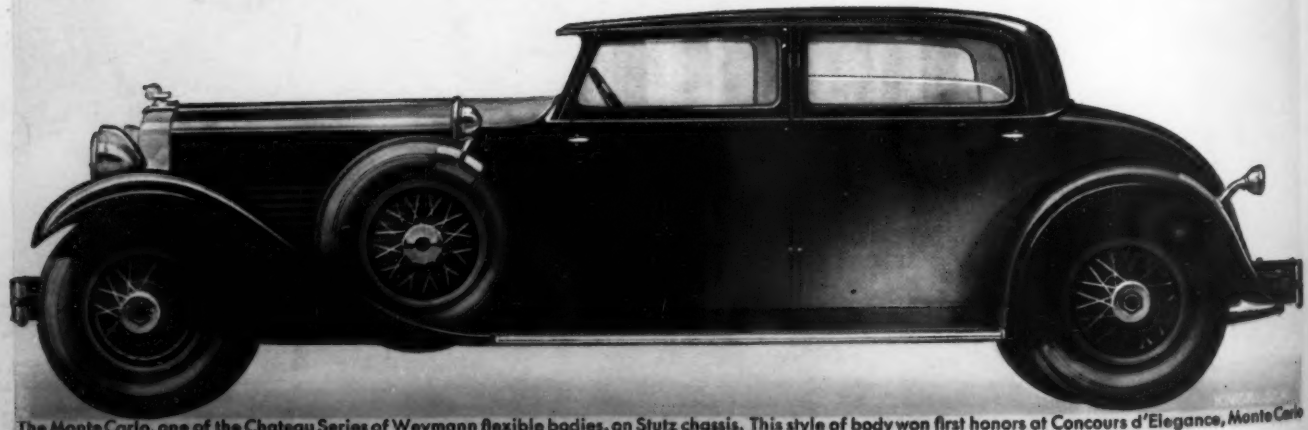

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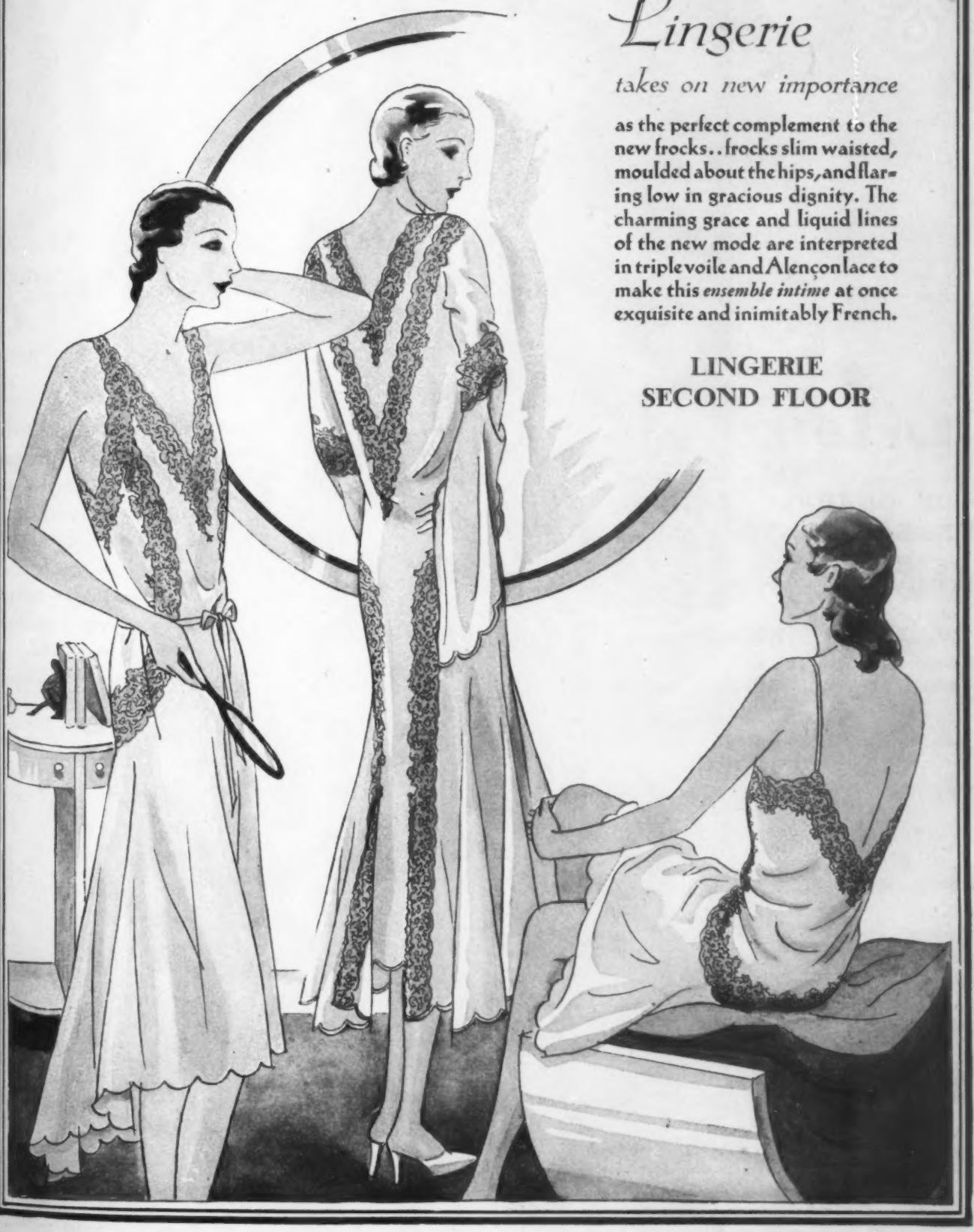

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THE NEW YORKER, published weekly by the F-R Pub. Corp., 25 West 45th Street, New York, N. Y. R. H. Fleischmann, pres.: E. R. Spaulding, vice-pres.; C. E. Brindley, sec. and treas.; R. B. Bowen, adv. mgr. Subscriptions $5.00. Vol. V, No. 38, November 9, 1929. Entered as second-class matter, February 16, 1925, at the post office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. Copyright, 1929, by the F-R Pub. Corp.

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Our ninety dollar Saybrooke* suit is probably no better than the suits other people sell for one hundred. The only possible reason for your buying it—beyond a presumable taste for good clothes—is to save this ten dollars*. We assume it is quite as reasonable to save on large sums as small ones. To reverse the old copy book saying—save the dollars, and the pennies will take care of themselves.

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November 16th

SATURDAY

The Sun will publish a Special Annual Edition of the Antiques and Interior Decorations Section. The better part of a year has been devoted to securing material and arranging it in artistic, impressive and authoritative form under the supervision of CHARLES MESSER STOW, *and it is suggested that this number will constitute a standard of expression and information which will prove of incomparable delight to persons interested in old and modern things of artistic merit.*

Antiques & Interior Decorations

SATURDAY SECTION OF

The Sun

The Newspaper of Distinction in its Readers, its News and its Advertising

NEW YORK

The coat at the right, slightly flared, with a daring Medici collar, is of Leipzig-dyed Black Caracul . . . strikingly accented in white by means of the new simulated scarf motif in Russian Ermine. ❧ The coat at the left is in Leipzig-dyed Brown Caracul with a sweeping beauty of line in the trimming of dyed Hudson Bay Sable. ❧ Both are Revillon Frères creations, designed for the smartest women of America and Europe.

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Beautiful chiffons and also the more sturdy service weights

The New

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GOLD STRIPE
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
SILK STOCKINGS

No Run That Starts Above Can Pass The Gold Stripe

NEW SEASON . . . NEW TEAMS
NEW PLAYS and CERTAINLY

The NEW Stockings *by* GOTHAM

NEVER before have stockings been more important to the costume ensemble—and never before has Gotham offered stockings so closely related to the mode of dress, shoes, and gloves . . . The NEW Gotham Gold Stripe Silk Stockings are styled to the latest clock-tick — with nuances of style and color that are always in good taste.

These NEW stockings are delightfully sheer and fine in texture—soft chiffons that harmonize with the luxury note of lovely new dress fabrics . . . yet they're surprisingly serviceable, too . . . The colors were decided upon only after repeated consultation with leading designers of shoes, fabrics, and other related apparel . . . The styles are exclusively Gotham's own—*approved* styles, acceptable to the particularly discriminating woman.

The modern French heel, square and slender, as shown in these NEW stockings, is favored for street and afternoon wear; the pointed heel gives added grace to ankle lines, and the double-point heel is distinctive but not conspicuous . . . There are sheer silk stockings with fascinating clox, and others with picot-edged tops in contrasting color. There are styles for every taste—and for every occasion.

Come in and see the NEW Gotham Gold Stripe —at any one of the conveniently located Gotham Midtown Shops.

At the Trio of Smart Gotham Shops

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Between 42nd and 43rd Streets

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Between 46th and 47th Streets

335 MADISON AVENUE
Between 43rd and 44th Streets

1500 other stores throughout the Metropolitan area also sell the NEW Gotham Gold Stripe Silk Stockings

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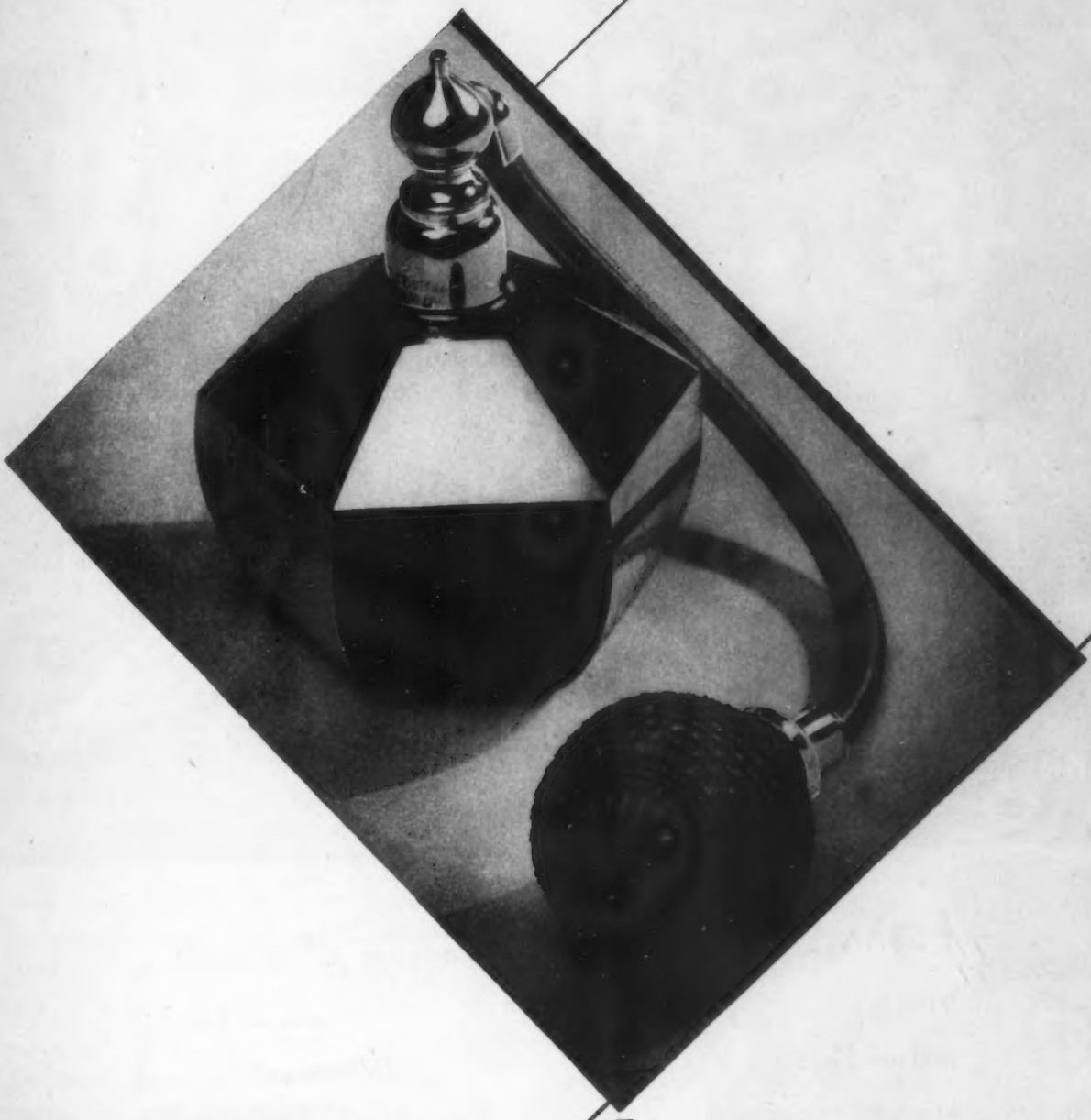

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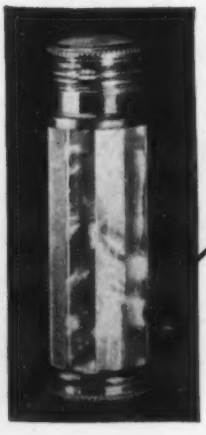

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ATOMIZERS

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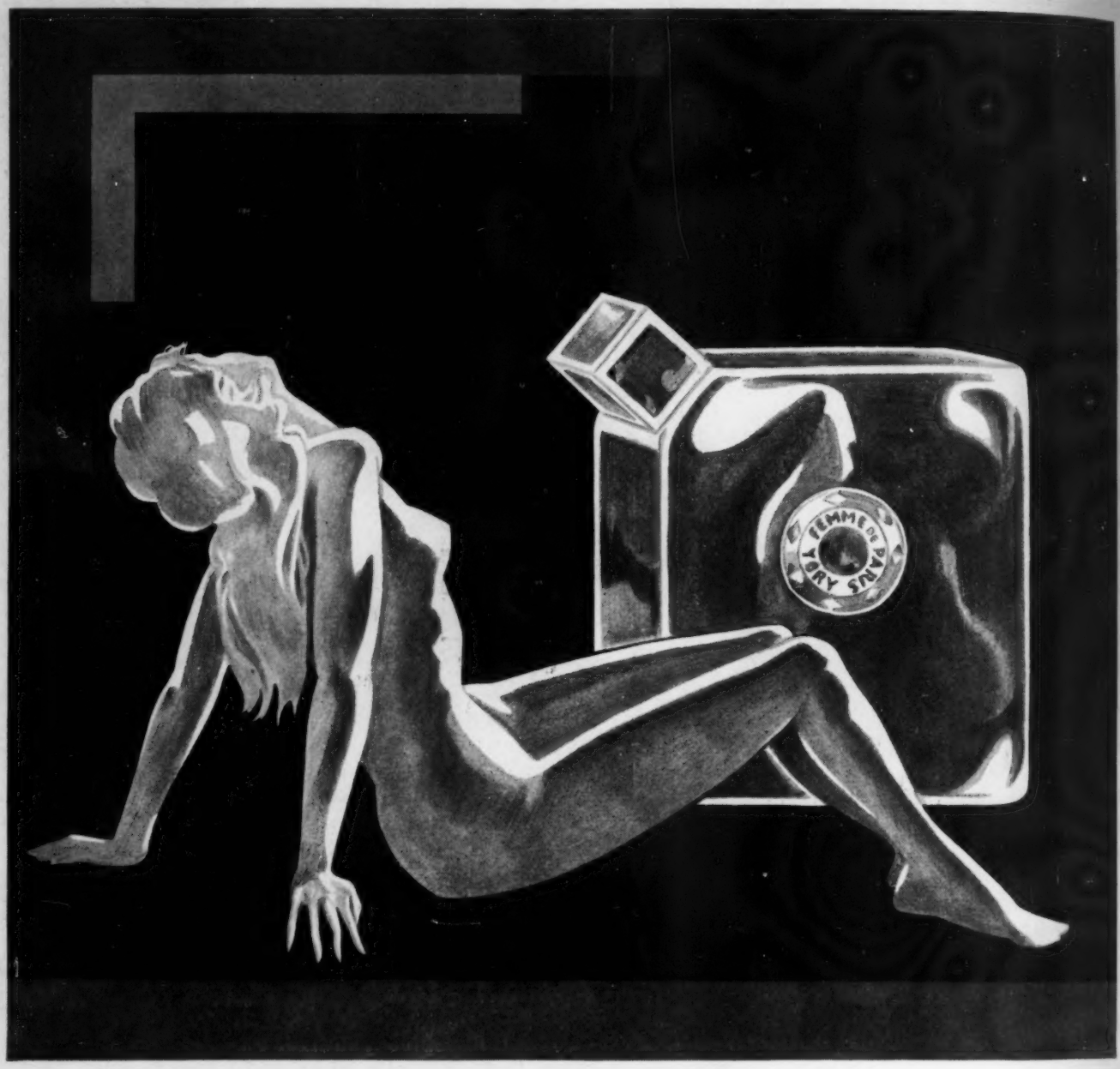

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Photographed in Gimbels Old World Shop, by Martin Bruehl

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Friendly, long-eared pottery poodles to sit on some cozy mantel! . . . Spotted coach dogs . . . graceful deerhounds . . . dogs of queer, long-forgotten races. Peasant lads and lasses in gala attire, mounted on horseback . . . Jolly "Tobys", holding aloft a mug of ale . . . to warm at your fireside maybe!

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Broadway at 33rd Street . . . New York City

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS WORTH WHILE

[THIS LISTING COVERS THE NINE DAYS FROM FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 8, THROUGH SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 16]

THE THEATRE

(Unless otherwise noted, it is assumed that curtains will rise at 2:30 and 8:50 P.M. for attractions listed under "PLAYS;" at 2:30 and 8:30 P.M. for those under "WITH MUSIC;" and that the midweek matinée will be given on Wednesday. E. and W. stand for East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

AMONG THE MARRIED—Vincent Lawrence's smooth-running account of suburban adultery, with Frank Morgan and Katherine Wilson heading a good cast. (49th Street, 49, W.)

BIRD IN HAND—Agreeable farcical comedy by John Drinkwater, which centres about an English innkeeper and his daughter. (Ethel Barrymore, 47, W.)

CANDLE-LIGHT—A light and highly unimportant comedy based on the old one about a valet masquerading as his master and a maid as her mistress. Delightful performances by Gertrude Lawrence, Reginald Owen, and Ernest Glendinning, however, make a pleasant evening of it. (Empire, B'way at 40.)

THE CHANNEL ROAD—Out of de Maupassant by Mr. Woollcott and Mr. Kaufman, with less wit than you would expect, but more solid virtue. If you have read "Boule de Suif" you will remember the *fille de joie* who wouldn't give in to a Prussian. (Plymouth, 45, W. Mat. Thurs.)

CIVIC REPERTORY THEATRE—Directed by Eva Le Gallienne—"Mlle. Bourrat," Claude Anet's play, with Josephine Hutchinson. (Fri. Eve., Nov. 8; Wed. Eve., Nov. 13; Thurs. Mat., Nov. 14.) . . . "Peter Pan," Barrie and Eva Le Gallienne. (Sat. Morns., Nov. 9 and 16, at 10:30; Sat. Afts., Nov. 9 and 16.) . . . "The Lady from Alfaqueque," light comedy from the Spanish. (Sat. Eve., Nov 9.) . . . "The Sea Gull," fine production of Tchekov's moving play. (Mon., Thurs., and Sat. Eves., Nov. 11, 14, and 16.) . . . "The Would-Be Gentleman," translated Molière (Tues. Eve., Nov. 12.) . . . "Inheritors," by Susan Glaspell. (Fri. Eve., Nov. 15.) (Civic Repertory, 14, W. of 6 Ave. E. 8:30 P.M.)

THE CRIMINAL CODE—The first serious play of the season to be marked "important." Arthur Byron is superb as a district attorney who is the agent for the unyielding forces of the law. (National, 41, W.)

GAMBLING—Murder mystery by George M. Cohan, with George M. Cohan and, thanks to George M. Cohan, much better entertainment than it deserves to be. (Fulton, 46, W.)

HOUSEPARTY—All about a killing in a college fraternity house that almost is a college fraternity house. With Roy Hargrave. (Waldorf, 50, E.)

IT'S A WISE CHILD—A young girl pretends prospective maternity to break off an engagement. Thoroughly entertaining comedy. (Belasco, 44, E. 8:40 P.M. Mat. Thurs. 2:40 P.M.)

JOURNEY'S END—Extraordinarily fine play of British gentlemen fighting a gentlemen's war. (Henry Miller, 43, E. 8:30 P.M. Mat. Thurs.)

JUNE MOON—The music-publishing business used as a background for some of the loudest laughs to be heard in this, or any, theatrical district. Try and get in. (Broadhurst, 44, W.)

LET US BE GAY—An amusing tempest in a Westchester teapot, with Francine Larrimore as the cause of it all. (Little, 44, W. Mats. 2:40 P.M.)

MANY WATERS—This has been a great hit in London and should be here if there are enough people who like to watch the quiet unfolding of the lives of a couple of middle-class citizens. Ernest Truex is in it. (Maxine Elliott, 39, E.)

REMOTE CONTROL—Showing that you never know what is going on in the radio-broadcasting studio while you are listening to the Eureka Awning Co. Quartet. Good murder mystery. (48th Street, 48, E. Mats. 2:40 P.M.)

ROPE'S END—You may not like the idea of people eating off a chest in which a body is concealed. It isn't as unpleasant as it sounds, however, and you ought to like the occasional comedy. (Masque, 45, W.)

THE SILVER TASSIE—Something to be seen by those who don't mind their drama being in the raw so long as it is real drama. Sean O'Casey has opened the heart of a war-shattered athlete and shown it in its bitterness. (Greenwich Village, 7 Ave. at Christopher.)

STREET SCENE—Passion and murder in a New York tenement. Elmer Rice's tremendously effective prizewinner. (Playhouse, 48, E. 8:40 P.M.)

STRICTLY DISHONORABLE—If you feel that this delightful comedy is too risqué, you give yourself away as an evil-minded old thing. Don't miss it. (Avon, 45, W. Mat. Thurs.)

SUBWAY EXPRESS—A subway train as the scene of a trick murder. And, what is more, you get a seat. (Liberty, 42, W.)

WITH MUSIC

EARL CARROLL'S SKETCH BOOK—Girls, music, Will Mahoney, The Three Sailors, and more girls in easily the best of the Earl Carroll shows. (44th Street, 44, W. Mat. Thurs.)

FOLLOW THRU—Gay and fast, with corking music and plenty of comedy. Second season on Broadway. (46th Street, 46, W.)

THE FORTUNE TELLER—Revival of Victor Herbert's operetta, with Tessa Kosta. (Jolson, 7 Ave. at 59. Mat. Thurs. Engagement ends Sat. Nov. 16.)

GEORGE WHITE'S SCANDALS—Mr. White misses some of his old boys and girls this year, but Willie Howard and Frances Williams are still there. (Apollo, 42, W.)

GREAT DAY—The much-postponed opera of Vincent Youmans, which wasn't worth waiting for except to hear the music. That should be heard. (Cosmopolitan, B'way at 59.)

HOT CHOCOLATES—Black-and-tan revue. Very good in spots but not quite up to the standard set by "Blackbirds." (Hudson, 44, E. Special performance Thurs. at midnight.)

THE LITTLE SHOW—This intimate revue seems to be getting more and more popular as the new season wears on. And why not? Libby Holman, Fred Allen, and Clifton Webb are in it. (Music Box, 45, W. Mat. Thurs.)

MLLE. MODISTE—Fritzi Scheff in an entertaining revival of Victor Herbert's operetta. (Casino, B'way at 39.)

THE NEW MOON—Grave, operatic doings in old New Orleans, enlivened by Gus Shy and some superior dance routines. (Imperial, 45, W. Closes Sat., Nov. 16.)

SWEET ADELINE—The days of the Spanish-American War made into an entertaining vehicle for Helen Morgan, Irene Franklin, Charles Butterworth, and others. The score is by Jerome Kern. (Hammerstein, B'way at 53.)

WHOOPEE—Ziegfeld sumptuousness leavened by the superb drollery of Eddie Cantor. (New Amsterdam, 42, W.)

A WONDERFUL NIGHT—Johann Strauss' "Die Fledermaus" in an excellent production for those who swoon at Viennese music. (Majestic, 44, W.)

•

HOBOKEN—"After Dark" is still at the Old Rialto. (Hoboken 8088). Nightly at 8:30. Mat. Sat. at 2:30.

VAUDEVILLE—Helen Kane, Carmel Myers, and Fred Keating are at the Palace Fri., Nov. 8. Blossom Seeley will be there for the week starting Sat., Nov. 9. (Palace, B'way between 46 and 47. 2:15 and 8:15 P.M. daily; extra performance Sun. at 5:15 P.M.)

FOR CHILDREN—The Juvenile Players in "Rip Van Winkle." Sat. Afts., Nov. 9 and 16. (Heckscher, 5 Ave. at 104. 2:30 P.M.)

OPENINGS OF NOTE

(There are often last-minute changes, so you'd better verify dates.)

CROSS ROADS—A new play by Martin Flavin, with Eric Dressler and Sylvia Sidney. Opens Mon., Nov. 11. (Morosco, 45, W. 8:50 P.M.)

HEADS UP!—Music and lyrics by Richard Rodgers and Lorenz Hart, with Victor Moore, Jack Whiting, and Betty Starbuck. Opens Mon., Nov. 11. (Alvin, 52, W. 8:30 P.M.)

OTHER MEN'S WIVES—A play by Walter Hackett, with Claiborne Foster. Opens Mon., Nov. 11. Times Square, 42, W. 8:50 P.M.)

WINTER BOUND—A play by Thomas H. Dickinson, with Aline MacMahon. Opens Tues., Nov. 12. (Garrick, 35, E. Mat. Thurs.)

The following opened too late for review in this issue:

BERKELEY SQUARE—A play by John L. Balderston, suggested by Henry James' "A Sense of the Past." Leslie Howard and Margalo Gillmore head the cast. (Lyceum, 45, E. Mat. Thurs.)

BITTER SWEET—Noel Coward's new operetta, with Evelyn Laye. (Ziegfeld, 6 Ave. at 54. Mat. Thurs.)

AFTER THEATRE ENTERTAINMENT

*Better dress, but not obligatory.

AMBASSADOR GRILL, Park at 51 (Wickersham 1000)—Park Avenue refinement, but not to the dull point.*

CENTRAL PARK CASINO (Rhinelander 3034)—Leo Reisman's music.*

CLUB LIDO, 7 Ave. at 52 (Columbus 2840)—Moss and Fontana, Libby Holman, and a smart after-theatre crowd. Must dress.

CLUB MONTMARTRE, 205 W. 50 (Circle 6673)—Still a favorite and as pleasant as ever. Emil Coleman's orchestra and dancing by Medrano and Donna. Must dress.

CLUB RICHMAN, 157 W. 56 (Circle 3203)—Recently reopened, with Grace Hayes, and Abe Lyman's orchestra.*

SEAGLADE, Hotel St. Regis, 5 Ave. at 55 (Plaza 4500)—Marine decorations, Vincent Lopez music, and dances by Veloz and Yolanda. Must dress.

VILLA VALLÉE, 10 E. 60 (Regent 0351)—Rudy Vallée, in person, and his orchestra.*

BROADWAY ATMOSPHERE—A few of the more interesting places of this type are: Les Ambassadeurs, Winter Garden Bldg., B'way at 50, featuring those crazy clowns, Clayton, Jackson, and Durante. . . . Chateau Madrid, 231 W. 54, with Jack White. . . . Casanova is now located at 151 W. 54, with Ruth Etting, Fred Keating,

(Continued on page 12)

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THE NEW YORKER
25 WEST 45TH STREET
TELEPHONE
ADVERTISING & SUBSCRIPTIONS, BRYANT 6300
EDITORIAL OFFICES, BRYANT 8200

L'HIRONDELLE

Knox is really a surprising editor of trends. Not of hats—of *trends*. From a dozen different sources all over the smart world, every week, Knox learns the odd new things that important style is doing—studies each, analyzes all—winnows out the brilliant, the sound, the really inspired—discards the dubious, the dull, the "inexpensive." What people are wearing is far less interesting to Knox, the editor, than what the smartest people in Europe and America are just about to wear. When that is clear to the expert eye (and not before) Knox swiftly creates a *hat*.

So Knox created *L'Hirondelle*. In a single lovely gesture, it interprets four imperative *trends:* it is "off-the-face," it is wide-as-wide, it combines mischievous tweed with sleek felt, and it flares at one side. The latest things from Paris (when they come down the gangplank) will include *L'Hirondelle*—but if you're clever, you'll already be wearing it. Eighteen dollars.

Other Knox Hats $12.50 up

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KNOX

HATS FOR WOMEN

711 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK

and in the smartest shops throughout the country

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

[THIS LISTING COVERS THE NINE DAYS FROM FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 8, THROUGH SATURDAY, NOVEMBER, 16]

(Continued from page 10)

Ramon and Rosita, and Harry Rosenthal's orchestra.

GREENWICH VILLAGE—Barney's, 85 W. 3 (Spring 8191), has an uptown clientele and is very good fun. . . . The County Fair, 54 E. 9, has Jack Powell, the trap-drummer. . . . The Dome, 52 W. 8; The Four Trees, 1 Sheridan Sq.; and Mori's, 144 Bleecker, are informal, pleasant, and not too costly.

HARLEM—You cannot get into some of the most amusing places without a knowing guide, but you will find The Cotton Club, Lenox Ave. at 142; and Connie's Inn, 7 Ave. at 131, worth visiting. Go late.

RUSSIAN MOTIF—Little Russia, 100 W. 57, is a new one. . . . Way down East and inexpensive: The Russian Art, 2 Ave. at 12; and The Russian Kretchma, 244 E. 14.

NOTE—The address of the Embassy Club, open to members only, is 151 E. 57 (Volunteer 4900). Must dress.

MOTION PICTURES

(All-talking unless otherwise noted.)

APPLAUSE—Helen Morgan in a tragic story of burlesque life. (Criterion, B'way at 44; 2:45 and 8:45 P.M.; Sun., 3, 6, and 8:45 P.M.)

DISRAELI—George Arliss plays the great minister again, in a screen version that should satisfy the fastidious public. (Warner, B'way at 52; 2:45 and 8:45 P.M.; Sun., 3, 6, and 8:45 P.M.)

GOLD DIGGERS OF BROADWAY—A musical show contrived from Avery Hopwood's comedy of the predatory ladies. Amusing songs, and well mounted, all in color. (Winter Garden, B'way at 50; 2:45 and 8:45 P.M.; Sun., 3, 6, and 8:45 P.M.)

HOLLYWOOD REVUE—A motley assemblage of celebrities providing the entertainment in a big musical revue on the screen. (Astor, B'way at 45; 2:50 and 8:50 P.M.; extra performances Sat. and Sun. at 6 P.M., and Sat. at 11:45 P.M.)

THREE LIVE GHOSTS—An amusing picture of Armistice time in London. (Lexington, Lexington at 51; Thurs. and Fri., Nov 14 and 15; performances continuous from 1 P.M.)

The following, if you run across them, are also recommended: "The Cock Eyed World," Victor McLaglen and Edmund Lowe in a rough-and-ready and amusing picture; "The Four Feathers," silent, English heroics in Africa, with the wild beasts of the jungle providing the real interest; "Hallelujah," life in the cotton fields, with an all-negro cast; "Why Bring That Up?" for Moran and Mack addicts, a good picture of their old stuff.

OPENINGS OF NOTE

The following opened too late for review in this issue:

CONDEMNED—Ronald Colman in a new talkie, adapted by Sidney Howard from Blair Niles' novel, "Condemned to Devil's Island." (Selwyn, 42, W. of B'way; 2:45 and 8:45 P.M.)

PARIS—With Irene Bordoni and Jack Buchanan. (Central, B'way at 47; 2:45 and 8:45 P.M.)

ART

AMERICANS PREFERRED—A fine Kuniyoshi, an excellent Spencer, a Dickinson in the finished manner, and some interesting newcomers: Daniel, 600 Madison, above 57. Open weekdays 9 A.M. to 5 P.M.

DAVIES—A collection of the works of one of America's lyric poets: Ferargil, 37 E. 57. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.

ETCHINGS—Annual show of the sixty masterpieces of engraving, etching, and lithography: Knoedler, 14 E. 57. Open weekdays 9 A.M. to 6 P.M.

MARIA LANI—Fifty-one portraits of Maria Lani by fifty-one well-known painters and sculptors: Brummer, 27 E. 57. Open weekdays 9 A.M. to 6 P.M.

MODERN FRENCH—Paintings, water colors, and drawings by Picasso, Matisse, Derain, Vlaminck, Segonzac, and others: Reinhardt, 730 5 Ave., at 57. Last two days, Fri. and Sat., Nov. 8 and 9, 9 A.M. to 6 P.M.

MODIGLIANI—A comprehensive showing of a painter widely collected and much prized. A rare group that will probably never pass this way again, and worth seeing even if you do not share the accepted enthusiasm: de Hauke, 3 E. 51. Last two days, Fri. and Sat., Nov. 8 and 9, 9 A.M. to 6 P.M.

ROERICH—An amazing museum dedicated to one man who evidently is broad enough to take it in the right spirit. All sorts of Asian art, and 1,006 paintings by the gallery's master: Roerich Museum, 310 Riverside Drive. Open daily 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.

YOUNG AMERICA—The beginners who toil showing their first impressions at the Opportunity Gallery: Art Center, 65 E. 56. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M., through Tues., Nov. 12.

MUSIC

(Unless otherwise noted, performances begin at 3 and 8:30 P.M. Listing is chronological.)

RECITALS

EMMA OTERA AND LOUIS GRAVEURE—Two interesting vocalists, *au matin*. Hotel Biltmore, Fri. Morn., Nov. 8, at 11.

PERCY GRAINGER—Standard piano music and a novelty by the artist of the evening. Carnegie Hall, Fri. Eve., Nov. 8.

LONDON STRING QUARTET—Conclusion of chamber-music cycle. Town Hall, Fri. Eve., Nov. 8; Sat. and Sun. Afts., Nov. 9 and 10.

ERNEST HUTCHESON—One of the authentic masters of the piano. Carnegie Hall, Sat. Aft., Nov. 9.

EDWIN AND JEWEL BETHANY HUGHES—Sweet sounds from two keyboards. Town Hall, Sat. Eve., Nov. 9.

ELISABETH RETHBERG—Superb singing guaranteed. McMillin Theatre, Columbia University, B'way at 116, Sat. Eve., Nov. 9.

PAUL ROBESON—Second concert! Carnegie Hall, Sun. Eve., Nov. 10.

VICTOR CHENKIN—An artist in folk-song revelations. Times Square Theatre, 42, W. of B'way, Sun. Eve., Nov. 10.

AGUILAR LUTE QUARTET—Début of what ought to be one of the year's most interesting arrivals. Town Hall, Mon. Eve., Nov. 11, and Sat. Aft., Nov. 16.

LENER STRING QUARTET—First appearance of an organization with a fine European history. Carnegie Hall, Tues. Eve., Nov. 12.

ELSHUCO TRIO—Our standard string triad. Engineering Auditorium, 25 W. 39, Tues. Eve., Nov. 12.

ROLAND HAYES—Return of one of the most important tenors. Carnegie Hall, Wed. Eve., Nov. 13.

VLADIMIR HOROWITZ—Last year's piano smash comes back. Carnegie Hall, Fri. Eve., Nov. 15.

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

PHILHARMONIC-SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA—Toscanini conducting: Carnegie Hall, Fri. Aft., Nov. 8, at 2:30; Sat. Eve., Nov. 9, at 8:45; Sun. Aft., Nov. 10; Thurs. Eve., Nov. 14, at 8:45; Fri. Aft., Nov. 15, at 2:30. . . . Schelling conducting: Carnegie Hall, Sat. Morn., Nov. 16, at 11 (Junior Concert).

FRIENDS OF MUSIC—Bodanzky conducting. Gluck's "Orfeo:" Mecca Temple, Sun. Aft., Nov. 10, at 4.

MANHATTAN SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA—Hadley conducting: Mecca Temple, Sun. Eve., Nov. 10.

ORATORIO SOCIETY—Stoessel conducting. "Judas Maccabeus:" Carnegie Hall, Mon. Eve., Nov. 11.

OPERA

METROPOLITAN— "Manon," Fri. Aft., Nov. 8, at 2; "Tosca," Fri. Eve., Nov. 8, at 8; "Die Walküre," Sat. Aft., Nov. 9, at 1:45; "Traviata," Sat. Eve., Nov. 9, at 8:15. (Schedule for later dates to be announced.)

ON THE AIR

WALTER DAMROSCH—Conducting symphony orchestra: Fri. Morns., Nov. 8 and 15, at 11 A.M., and Sat. Eves., Nov. 9 and 16, at 9 P.M., over WEAF.

ROCHESTER PHILHARMONIC ORCHESTRA—Goossens conducting: Fri., Nov. 8, at 3:15 P.M., over WJZ.

LIGHT OPERA—"Mlle. Modiste," by Victor Herbert: Act I, Fri., Nov. 8, at 9:30 P.M.; Act II, Fri., Nov. 15, at 9:30 P.M., over WJZ.

FOOTBALL GAMES—Sat., Nov. 9: Harvard vs. Michigan, from Ann Arbor, at 3 P.M., over WJZ; Army vs. Illinois, at 3 P.M., over WEAF; Northwestern vs. Ohio State, from Columbus, at 3 P.M., over WABC. . . . Sat., Nov. 16: Yale vs. Princeton, from New Haven, at 2 P.M., over WEAF; Notre Dame vs. University of So. California, from Chicago, at 3 P.M., over WJZ and WABC.

HENRY HADLEY—Conducting symphony orchestra: Sat. Eves., Nov. 9 and 16, at 9:30 P.M., over WABC; and Mon., Nov. 11, at 9:30 P.M., over WEAF.

GRAND OPERA—"Il Trovatore," by Chicago Civic Opera Co., Sat., Nov. 9, at 10 P.M., over WJZ.

REINALD WERRENRATH—Baritone: Sun., Nov. 10, at 9:15 P.M., over WEAF.

SPORTS

BOXING—Jack "Kid" Berg vs. Tony Canzoneri, Madison Square Garden, Fri. Eve., Nov. 15; preliminaries start at 8:30 P.M.

COLLEGE FOOTBALL—(Some of these games are also broadcast. See "On the Air.")

Sat., Nov. 9, at 2 P.M.—Columbia vs. Colgate, Baker Field. . . . N.Y.U. vs. Georgia, Yankee Stadium. . . . C.C.N.Y. vs. St. John's, Lewisohn Stadium. . . . Yale vs. Maryland, New Haven. . . . Princeton vs. Lehigh, Princeton. . . . University of Pennsylvania vs. Penn State, Franklin Field, Philadelphia.

Sat., Nov. 16, at 2 P.M.—Columbia vs. University of Pennsylvania, Baker Field. . . . N.Y.U. vs. Missouri, Yankee Stadium. . . . C.C.N.Y. vs. Manhattan, Lewisohn Stadium. . . . Yale vs. Princeton, New Haven.

Directions to fields—Baker Field, B'way at 218: take B'way subway to 215 St. . . . Yankee Stadium: take 6 or 9 Ave. "L" or East Side-Jerome Ave. subway. . . . Lewisohn Stadium, Amsterdam at 136: take B'way subway to 137 St.

The last trains which get you to out-of-town games in time leave: for New Haven, from Grand Central, 11:45 A.M. and 12 noon; for Princeton, from Penn. Sta., 12:20 P.M.; for Philadelphia, from Penn. Sta., 11 A.M.

HUNT RACES—Fairfield County Hunt Club, Westport, Conn., Sat. Aft., Nov. 9. . . . West Hills Racing Association, Huntington, L. I., Sat. Aft., Nov. 9.

OTHER EVENTS

HORSE SHOW—National Horse Show, Madison Square Garden, through Wed., Nov. 13.

PUBLIC BALLS—Annual Actors' Equity Ball, Hotel Astor, Sat. Eve., Nov. 9, at 11. . . . British War Veterans' Armistice Ball, Hotel Plaza, Mon. Eve., Nov. 11, at 11.

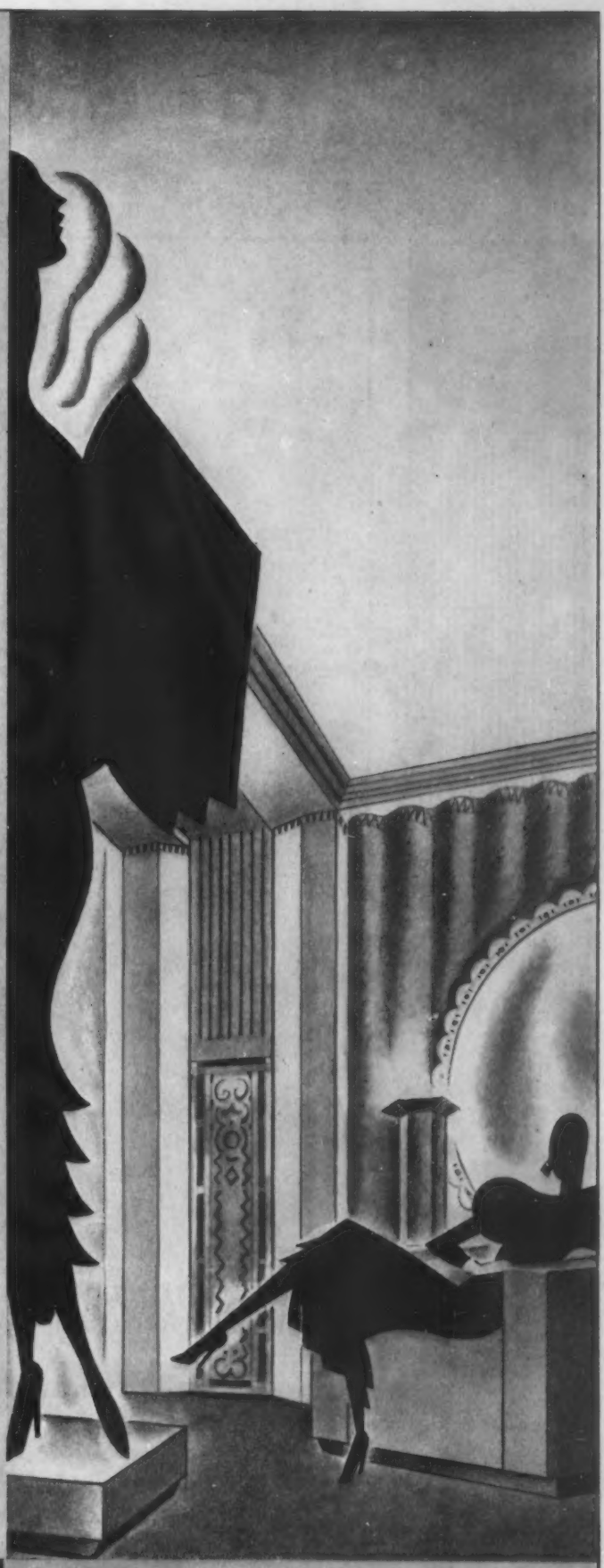
DANCE RECITALS—English Folk Dancers, in a program of morris and country dances: Carnegie Hall, Sat. Eve., Nov. 9, at 8:30. . . . Argentina, the popular Spanish dancer in three recitals: Town Hall, Thurs., Fri., and Sat. Eves., Nov. 14, 15, and 16, at 8:30. . . . Maria Theresa, dancing to music by Gluck and Bach: Carnegie Hall, Sat. Eve., Nov. 16, at 8:30.

AUCTIONS—At the American Art Association, Anderson Galleries, Inc., Madison at 57—Early American furniture: Fri. and Sat. Afts., Nov. 8 and 9, at 2:15. . . . Fine Currier & Ives prints, from the collection of the late Col. J. Philip Benkard: Tues. through Thurs. Eves., Nov. 12-14, at 8:15. . . .The private collection of Mrs. C. T. Burnett, including paintings, Oriental art, and a bench and table carved by Paul Gauguin: Fri. and Sat. Afts., Nov. 15 and 16, at 2:15. . . . Paintings by old and modern masters: Fri. Eve., Nov. 15, at 8:15.

The Brilliance of the Evening Salon

The Evening Salon of Stewart is designed to express perfection. Here, in an atmosphere of elegance, against a background of modern art, the collections of leading Paris couturiers designed expressly for the modern fashion shop of Stewart have their introduction.

And when the smart woman selects the gowns and wraps that are to form a magnificent ensemble with her precious jewels, her home, and her cars, she prefers to see them against this modern background that subtly suggests the ballroom and other brilliant places where they will be worn.

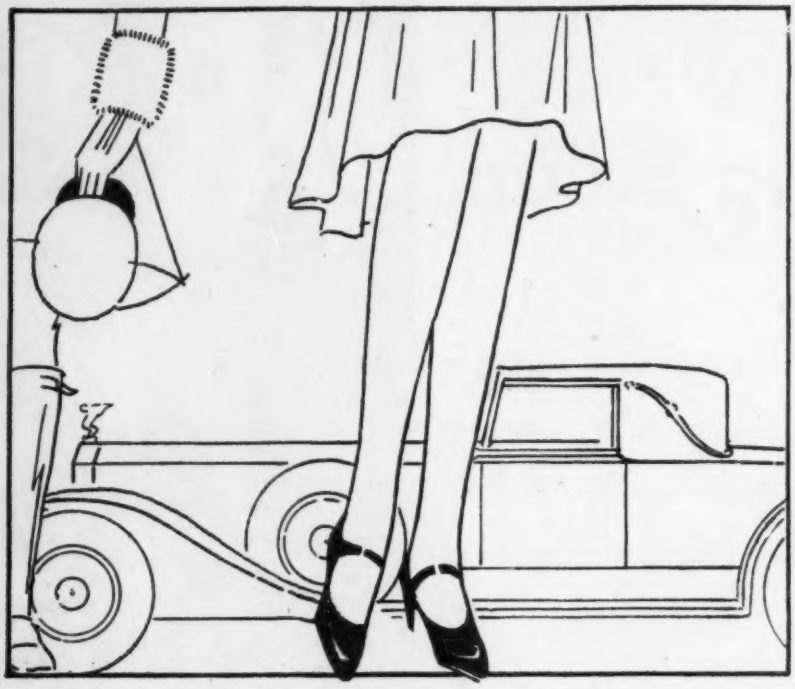


STEWART

FIFTH AVENUE AT FIFTY-SIXTH ST.

HANAN SHOES

PRESENTING TOWN WELTS



IF YOU are an observer of fashion, you will notice that Town Welts with Leather Heels are now being worn by those women whose nod makes vogue. Hanan Shoes were first to perceive and present this significant trend with the utmost artistic embellishment.

HANAN & SON

37 SHOPS THROUGHOUT THE WORLD

Maggy Rouff Evening Gown from Best & Co. . Decoration by Jules Bouy

BISCUIT AND BANANA, EGGSHELL AND MERINGUE . . . ALL THE FINEST NOTES IN THE CHEF'S CHROMATIC SCALE ARE CONTRIBUTING THEIR COLOR TO THE NEW GROUP OF OFF-WHITE TONES. SIMPLY RAVISHING FOR EVENING...AND SO DELIGHTFULLY FICKLE AS TO HAVE FORGOTTEN COMPLETELY THE SILHOUETTE OF LAST SEASON IN THEIR PERFECT AFFINITY FOR THE SATIN GOWN THAT TRAILS THE GROUND.

Stehli Silks

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A Cash Box That Protects Itself

because it is equipped with a double-lock that, when turned, sets an alarm . . . that rings vociferously and uncompromisingly when the box is moved . . . and that *refuses* to be silenced by any other means than the key . . . and will ring steadily for four hours

the box itself is cast steel . . . square and smooth, with only the handle to break its symmetry . . . It is lined with red . . . and has an open compartment . . . one with a drawer . . . and one, velvet-lined, for jewels

32.50

LUGGAGE DEPARTMENT—SEVENTH FLOOR

SAKS-FIFTH AVENUE

NEW YORK

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

THE New York Central's fleet of nine daily twenty-hour trains between New York and Chicago seemed all right until we looked into it and found that five of the trains are from Chicago and four from New York. This city is one train shy of breaking even. We did a little figuring and the results are alarming. Eleven Pullmans is about a trainload and there are twenty-four berths in a Pullman, not counting the drawing-rooms either. If all the berths on the trains from Chicago are full (and that's not being pessimistic, it's just facing facts) it means eleven times twelve times two, or two hundred and sixty-four more people arriving from Chicago than leave

for it. Things mount up. It gives New York an import surplus of 96,360 Chicagoans a year—all because one railroad didn't think its job *through*. It means more fish for the Aquarium, perhaps an addition to it, and a new subway, just when we're getting half-settled. We call upon the Pennsylvania to start a fleet of ten trains, nine to Chicago and one back. They can return the Pullmans in ballast. At that rate we would export seven hundred fifty thousand of our own inhabitants a year. Then we'd be getting some place. You'd notice the difference in street traffic in less than a month.

HARVARD came out only pretty well in the survey of football subsidies. There was a blot on her escutcheon. It wasn't a very big blot, but it was a blot: big enough so the song will have to be changed from "Fair Harvard" to "So-So Harvard." However, you mustn't get the idea that Harvard is entirely dissolute in the matter of athletics. On the back of the envelopes

which the Athletic Association sends out to alumni, the first printed instruction is this: "All Harvard men may buy for their relatives or friends, for whose respectable conduct at the games they are willing to vouch, a reasonable number of season tickets." As long as the University caters only to *respectable* relatives and friends, it hasn't lost its integrity. And as long as it doesn't split its infinitives.

THE ingredients of a sandwich named The New Yorker have been brought to our attention by its backers. "We feel," they write, "that the sandwich we are now introducing will appeal, as your publication, to the sophisticated." They then go on to describe the sandwich—Roquefort and cream cheese, mixed, spread, and toasted, melted under an overhead broiler and served with two strips of bacon and liberally sprinkled with paprika, piping hot on two pieces of toast.

Sometimes it's hard to know just how far we've really come with this magazine. Five long years of hard plugging, and when finally a sandwich is created in our image, it hasn't so much as a bit of roast beef inside of it. Just a bunch of cheese.

WE have read, very solemnly, Mr. Fox's plan for introducing talking pictures into schools, hospitals, and churches. It is an exciting prospect, and one we're not sure about. It means that children will hear the guns of Bunker Hill and see the whites of the Redcoats' eyes. It means that medical students everywhere will be able to watch major operations. It means that country people will go to church to hear not the local parson but Harry Emerson Fosdick. On the face of it, this seems like good news, and important news. Yet it scares us to death. What's going to happen to science and religion when the cinema people begin to glorify

them and whip them into shape? We've never yet seen a talkie in which the director could resist having one of the characters break out in song. The last picture we saw, they were so hard up for a little sound they dragged in a jew's-harp and an ocarina. We doubt if any director could photograph Bunker Hill for the kiddies without stopping the fighting at least once for Major Pitcairn to sing "Sonny Boy." We doubt if any director could photograph a major operation without interrupting it for a mandolin solo by one of the surgeons. Also, we are troubled by the haunting dread of living in a completely canned civilization where everyone will look like Clara Bow and talk like Eddie Leonard. Without doubting Mr.

Fox's honorable intention, we are none the less anxious to know whether the talkies are going to approach science and education the way they have approached life. We want to know whether they intend to give truth a happy ending!

Vital

THE limited autographed edition of Mr. Coolidge's book numbers one thousand. It sells for twenty-five dollars and the royalties run into money. A representative of the publisher took the sheets—not the books themselves—up to Northampton to be signed. He took 1,030, explaining that the odd thirty were for people around his office. Mr. Coolidge set to work with his pen. He signed away for an hour or more, the publisher's man feeding him the sheets from time to time. As he did so he talked. He chatted, in fact. Relieved of the cares of state, he has become rather loquacious. He neared the end of the task. The publisher's man was fingering the last few pieces of paper in his lap. "How many sheets have you got left there?" asked Mr. Coolidge. The man counted them. "Twelve," he reported. "That's what I make it," said Mr. Coolidge, "a thousand and eighteen."

Light

IF you're keeping a couple of scrapbooks on the Electric Light Golden Jubilee at Dearborn you might want to paste in a few facts that were crowded out of the journals one way or another. To begin with, Henry Ford paid for the whole works, which cost twenty-eight hundred thousand dollars. This took care handily of all the major operations, moving Menlo Park, building a new Independence Hall stronger and better than the old one, hiring three thousand laborers, eight thousand two hundred secret-service men, sixty waiters for the banquet (all of whom were frisked before they were entrusted with a tray); and lots of incidentals, like buying fifty old-fashioned carriages. (Someone, more or less as a joke, suggested to Ford that he ought to transport his guests in old rigs, so he picked up a phone and ordered fifty bought.)

Now, even with all that money, there still had to be someone to pull things together so that they would go off all right, and not only that but make sense to the public and the newspapers. Otherwise the thing might just fall of its own weight and bewilderment. The man selected for the task was Edward L. Bernays, once representative of the King of Arabia, erstwhile adviser of Joan Lowell, press agent for Stewart's new store, etc., etc. He is a specialist in creating news events—like the Wall Street flurry, which it is only fair to add he didn't have a hand in. Once, however, he urged Czechoslovakia to announce its independence on a Sunday so that it would get a better break in the daily press. Things like that. Naturally, when the Pioneer Associates of Edison, who started the whole Jubilee business, had worked out plans for it, someone thought of Bernays. The Pioneers are men who once worked with Edison, and their sons. They planned the Jubilee at a meeting in the Astor Hotel here last February. At that meeting it came out that Edison had promised to spend the fiftieth anniversary of the light bulb's invention with Ford, which complicated things—for everyone, that is, except Bernays. Bernays works well with multimillionaires, as the success of the great celebration shows. Under Ford's aegis he got into touch with governors, other countries, syndicates, etc. Under his direction committees were formed from Maine to Honolulu, holidays declared, lights turned on and off, speeches made, and a special stamp issued by the Post Office Department. Of course, the real greatness of Edison deserved all these things, and the people from the President down were sincerely desirous of honoring him in a big way, but it took a public-relations counsellor to put it over. It's a commentary of some sort or other on fame.

"Just one little kiss—to remember you by?"

Local Pride

MEN still argue in Pullman smokers; local pride is still strong in the land.

"Eastern colleges, man!" shouted one arguer. "Eastern colleges have tradition! What tradition have you got out west?"

"Say, listen," coldly replied the gen-

"All right, Hamilton—let 'er drop!"

• •

tleman from the West. "Give us ten years more and we'll have a tradition out there that will make Yale and Harvard look sick."

Poor Poe

BELIEVE it or not, but a lady who stopped off at Richmond, Virginia, to visit the Poe house, which that city has recently set aside as a memorial, instructed a taxi-driver, a large darky, to drive her there. At the end of a $2.55 ride the cab drew up before a tremendous building, as imposing as a penitentiary. "Are you certain this is the Poe house?" she asked, startled. "Sho am," said the driver and pointed to a brass sign at the entrance: "County Alms House."

Travellers bring back little stories. One motoring through New England came upon, at Cape Ann, Massachusetts, a headstone in a graveyard reading, "Here Lies the Body of Boatswain Allen Whose Body Was Lost at Sea." Tarrying long enough to satisfy his curiosity as to the origin of this, the visitor learned that Boatswain Allen's body had really been lost at sea but that the headstone-maker of the period, commissioned to do a memorial shaft, began it "Here Lies the Body—" because he always began headstones that way and didn't know of any other. The town officials let him have his way.

Diamonds

THE eight or ten gentlemen with whom we were shown around the Black, Starr & Frost building, at Fifth Avenue and Forty-eighth, enlarged and remodelled to admit Gorham, Inc., all removed their hats. You walk on floors of Siena travertin and fumed teak from Java. Colonnettes and panelling, arches and cornices take their motifs from places and things as varied as Four Feathers Inn, Haddon Hall, the Tudor rose, the Palazzo Communale, an old Worcestershire cottage, and sixteenth-century sword-hilts. It was the ideal setting for a little scene in which a gentleman idly handed us, to examine, a seven-hundred-and-twenty-five-thousand-dollar necklace. It was a rather incongruous setting for a display that caught our perverse fancy even more than the necklace—some platinum settings, bereft of their jewels, which once belonged to Diamond Jim Brady. They were his famous "transportation set"—cuff-links, tie-clasp, penholder, and other pieces, in the shape of a camel, a train, an automobile, etc. Black, Starr & Frost bought the outfit for twenty-five thousand dollars, largely because of one blue diamond, which, in a setting that seems to represent a wheel and is as big as a half-dollar, once flared from Brady's finger.

Another exhibit was a fresh-water pearl, as large as a marble, imbedded in a half shell. A farmer found it in the White River, in Arkansas, came to New York, peddled it around, and finally sold it to Black, Starr for seven thousand dollars. The owner stipulated that the shell must be purchased without being monkeyed with, the catch in this being that unless the pearl comes out round and perfect when it is chipped loose from the shell, it will be worthless. The jewelry company's experts, after a careful examination, decided that the chances were it would be perfect. They haven't found out yet, though. The management has swallowed its curiosity and is using the

shell and pearl as something odd to show around.

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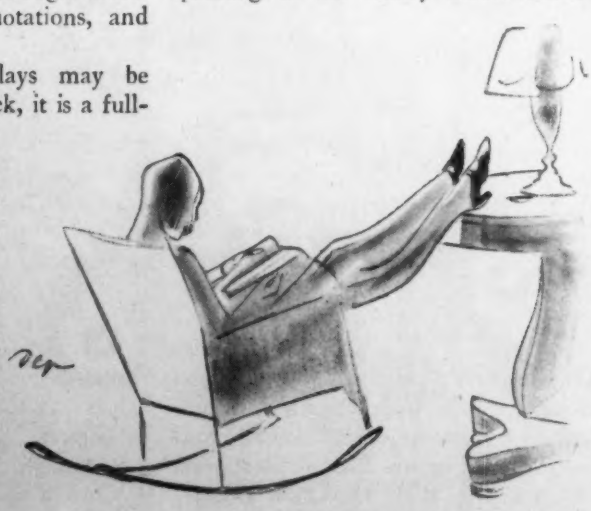
AT the store we met Mrs. Polly Pettit, who has been window-dresser for Gorham's and will now serve both stores (they will both be open for two months and then she will have just the merger-store to look after). She is the only woman officer of the Display Men's Association, the official organization of the window-dressers, and acts as its vice-president, no less. Mrs. Pettit became a "display man" rather by accident. Eight years ago she devised, as a favor for a birthday party in honor of her small son, a candy man made by sticking toothpicks into gumdrops. It occurred to her that the idea might be salable and she sounded out Huyler's. They were interested and her career as a window-dresser began. Incidentally, more than fifty thousand gumdrop dolls were sold in the year following their appearance in Huyler's windows.

Mrs. Pettit next turned her talent to creative work with pencils for a pencil company and built a New York skyline out of them which attracted attention from many, including Gorham's.

She says there are two major types of show-windows: the prestige window, which attempts to sell nothing but which honors some great person or occasion; and the merchandise window, which directly displays articles to be sold. An arrangement of silver bowls holding red cherries, which she devised for Washington's birthday this year, was a combination of the two types (a prestige-merchandise window). She gives much of her time to research, looking up old Godey prints of brides, for instance, to go with a display of wedding gifts, searching through "Bartlett" for appropriate quotations, and so on.

Thus, although displays may be changed only once a week, it is a full-time job. Recently, for example, she hunted up some old playing cards to be used in connection with a window exhibition of the newest and smartest monogrammed cards, and somehow or other came by Indian, Korean, Chinese, and Italian cards of ancient date. Prying into the history of playing cards, she found that they descend from an ancient religious cult, the devotees of which consulted cards to divine the will of the gods. Instead of the present symbols—hearts, diamonds, clubs, and spades—those formerly used were a coin, rod, sword, and chalice.

Her son, Johnny, for whom she made the candy man, is now eleven and helps her as much as he can, but she doesn't intend him for a display man. She says it's a woman's job.



Fusion and Confusion

A POOR but honest fellow decided the other night that, what with the market the way it is, he would seek out some inexpensive way of passing the evening. He finally hit on the idea of going somewhere and hearing La Guardia speak. Being in the neighborhood of the Fusion leader's headquarters, he dropped in and asked where La Guardia was speaking that night. A man looked up from his desk and said Mr. La Guardia was not speaking that night. Another attaché challenged this with the statement that he thought Fiorello was making a tour of several rostrums. A third man said no, that he was speaking in just one place. The first man got back into the game with the news that La Guardia had cancelled that one speech and wasn't speaking anywhere. The caller ventured the suggestion that there might be an entry or a memo around somewhere, telling where Mr. La Guardia really was, and what he was doing. A search was accordingly made, but nothing came of it. "May I use your phone, then?" asked the visitor. He was shown to one, called a number, possibly Mayor Walker's, and presently hung up, having found out what he wanted to know. "He's speaking at the Henry Street Settlement Music School, 466 Grand Street, boys," he said. "Thanks," said the La Guardia headquarters, as indeed they should have.

Ticker News

THE Great Days in Wall Street spread their effects in ever-widening circles. A gentleman boarding a crosstown car was bewildered when the conductor asked him if he might just glance at the afternoon paper he was carrying. The gentleman handed it over; the conductor ruffled through the pages: "Closed at a hundred and ten, up a quarter," he yelled to the motorman. The motorman clanged his bell, and the car proceeded.

Incidentally, the newsboys around the Grand Central hit on a smart slogan for that fatal Tuesday's news. "Read 'em and weep!" they were yelling to the passing commuters.

Yo-Yo

THIS backwater hamlet has been very slow to discover Yo-Yo. Cities like Dallas and Birmingham knew about it long ago. Before ever the first Yo-Yo twirled in local drawing-rooms, a lad from Texas named Delma White had spun it 121,111 consecutive times and been photographed with the nearest mayor. Papers in prosperous cities began to hold Yo-Yo contests, like the *World's* marble contest.

Yo-Yo is a small yellow top with a groove in the centre. Around the axis is a string. We could describe it, but it would be simpler for you to buy one. You wind the string, drop the top, and give a hopeful little yank before it reaches the bottom of the spin. If you have uncanny gifts or are in cahoots with leprechauns, you can make it twirl its way back up the string again. It's apt to wobble, and if it wobbles you're lost. If your name is Delma you can do "The Strut" and "The Spinner." The printed directions that come with it say "you can invent many tricks yourself." (The only decent trick we've invented so far is called "Putting It Away in the Desk.")

Yo-Yo is supposed to be Filipino for "come back." We fail to see why it shouldn't mean "come come" or "back back," but that's because we don't know Filipino. The story is that it is an ancient game of the Philippine Islands, but that it was reinvented in this country by a Santa Barbara bellboy

named Pedro Flores. Pedro whittled one out and entertained guests by spinning it in the lobby when he was supposed to be carrying ice-water. He could do tricks—so pretty soon he gave up bell-hopping and now owns two Yo-Yo factories in Los Angeles, both going full blast.

The demand around these parts is supplied by a Mr. Louis Marx, who is making Yo-Yo tops in Brooklyn at the rate of a hundred and fifty thousand daily. They sell for fifteen and twenty-five cents. Mr. Marx is of the Jaymar Specialty Company, and has his own printed directions with a Yo-Yo poem on the other side, beginning:

What is the dearest thing on earth
That fills my soul with joy and mirth?
My Yo-Yo.

To understand the poem, the reader must actually spin a Yo-Yo. It has the fascination that belongs to any puzzle that you can almost, and not quite, do. It also takes you away from your work.

Of course, New York is gradually catching on to Yo-Yo, notably in the schools, where it is already taboo with the authorities because it takes the children's minds off their studies. A lot of people haven't heard of it, though. We know a man who entered a store the other day and asked if they had a Yo-Yo. "Second door on the left," the salesman replied.

Taking No Chances

OF course it greatly aided the police of Washington, D. C., to have Dexter Dayton, after strangling his sweetheart, confess. He not only confessed the murder and admitted that he was "jealous of a fellow at the Brooklyn Navy Yard," but he wrote a long, impassioned letter explaining the whole affair. A Washington cop takes no chances, however. When the letter of confession was read to the newspaper reporters, the amiable precinct captain who read it left out one sentence. The boys of the press were immediately curious. They thought it must be a pretty hot sentence, judging from the rest of the letter.

It all came out at the inquest. The captain had left out the sentence: "Nietzsche is wrong—no man can be a law unto himself." The reporters were puzzled. They asked the captain what his idea had been in holding out on them.

"Well," he said, with a canny glance, "I figured this guy Nietzsche might be that fellow up at the Brooklyn Navy Yard, and I wanted to get my inquiries in before you boys printed his name and tipped him off. But there wasn't anything in it," he added confidentially.

—THE NEW YORKERS

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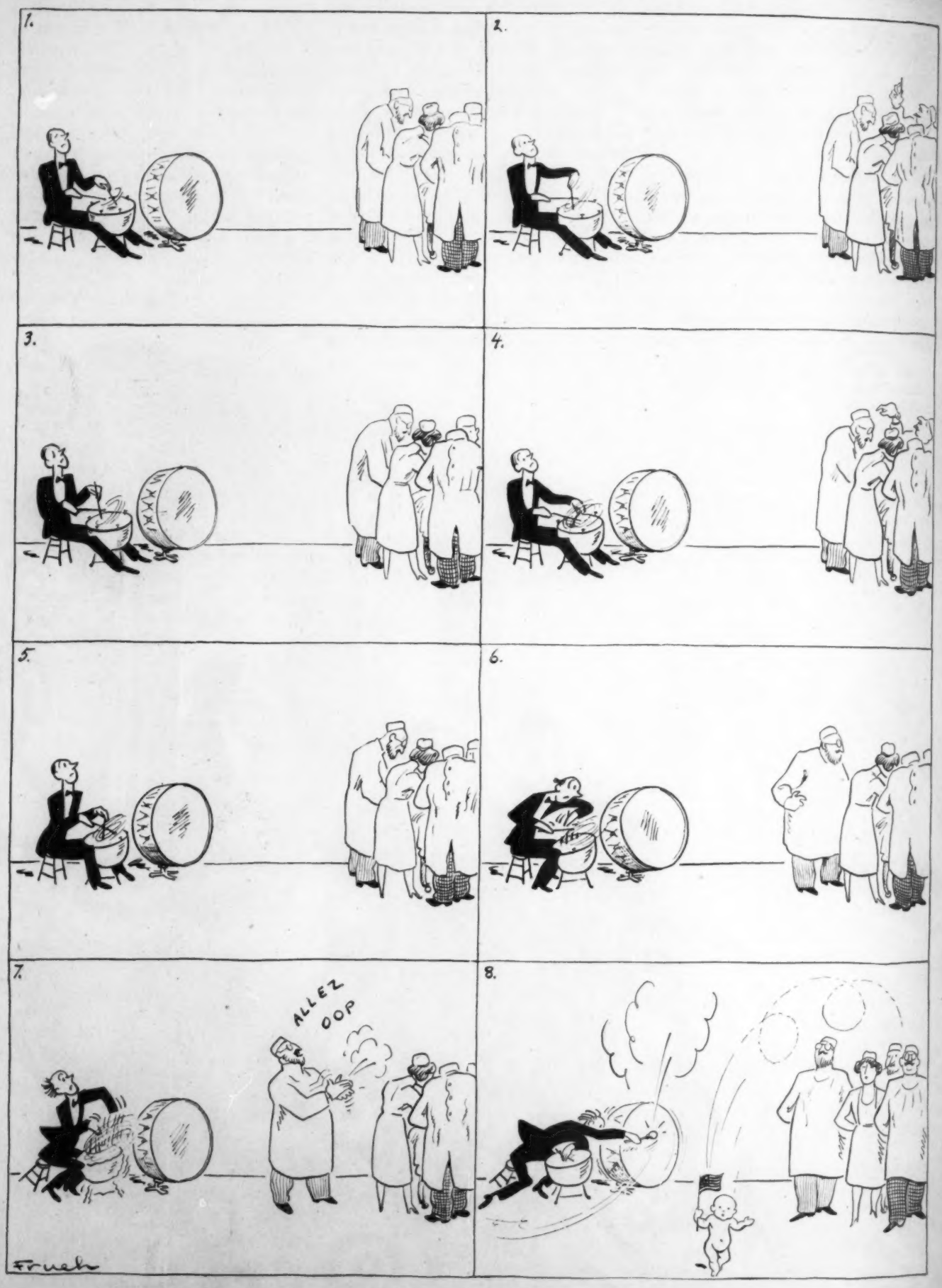
"A cop just came in. He says he wants you to cash a cheque."



A FAMILY EVENT IN THE LIFE OF THE TUMBLING GINZBERGS

THE MASTER'S TOUCH

IT seems absurd to me that there can be any question about the authorship of "The Autobiography of Calvin Coolidge." There are wits in our day capable of the description of Grandfather Galusha, who (I quote from the book) "found great amusement in practical jokes and could entice a man into a nest of bees and make him think he went there of his own accord." We have our philosophers whose reasoning is as relentless as that in this memorable passage on undergraduate life at Amherst (I am quoting again): "A small number became what we call 'sports,' but they were not looked upon with favor and they have not survived. While the class has lost many excellent men besides, yet it seems true that unless men live right they die. Things are so ordered in this world that those who violate its laws cannot escape the penalty. If men do not follow the truth they cannot live." There are even statesmen who might have said: "While I may have differed with my subordinates I have always supported loyally my superiors. They have never found me organizing a camp in opposition to them." There are, in short, many men who could have written many parts of this book. There is only one man capable of the volume in its entirety. His name appears upon its cover.

LIKE the Baconian theory, however, the belief that "The Autobiography" is the work of another has gained such wide credence that, if only in justice to Mr. Coolidge, it deserves some consideration. The book has been variously attributed to Bruce Barton, Arthur Brisbane, Zane Grey, Bernarr Macfadden, and many other eminent persons, writers and otherwise. There is even a faction which regards it as evidence of still another and even more entertaining incarnation of the ubiquitous Mr. S. S. Van Dine.

Most of these claimants can be dismissed in a sentence or two. Mr. Barton might well have penned the passage on the demise of the "sport;" he could never have captured the essence of the whimsical Galusha in twenty-seven words. The adherents of Mr. Brisbane profess to hear his voice in the following: "We discovered, too, that the same force that rounds a tear-drop holds all the myriad worlds of the universe in a balanced position. We found that we dwelt in the midst of a unity which was all subject to the same rules of action." It is a good point, but Mr. Brisbane is a scientific evangelist; he is notoriously preoccupied with the cosmic, and I doubt if even his most ardent supporters would dare to credit him with the gentle humor evident in the description of the Moderator of Plymouth: "He was a man of sound common sense and an excellent presiding officer, but without much book-learning. When he read that part of the call for meeting which recited that it was 'to act on the following questions, *viz.*,' he always read it 'to act on the following questions, *vizley*.' This caused him to be referred to at times by the irreverent as Old Vizley."

I can think of only one man, in addition to Mr. Coolidge, who could have created Old Vizley, and he lamentably is dead. I refer to Mr. Charles Dickens.

Mr. Zane Grey's hypothetical hand is found in that part of the book which deals with the early days in Vermont, and of which the following paragraph is characteristic: "I had to ride alone. But a horse is much company, and riding over the fields and along the country roads by himself, where nothing interrupts his seeing and hearing, is a good occupation for a boy. The silences of Nature have a discipline all their own." I concede that Mr. Grey might have penned the above, but he is a writer of light, though by no means unmeritorious, fiction, and I cannot credit him with that great analogy between the tear-drop and the universe.

Almost the same thing, I think, may be said of Mr. Bernarr Macfadden, whose supporters point to the physical routine of the White House which is outlined in the latter portion of the book. "It was my custom to be out of bed by six-thirty . . . . take a short walk before breakfast . . . . fruit, and about one-half cup of coffee, with a home-made cereal made from boiling together two parts of unground wheat with one part of rye . . . . followed by exercises on some of the vibrating machines kept in my room." Mr. Macfadden also could have written: "On one occasion I shook hands with nineteen hundred in thirty-four minutes, which is probably my record." As I have observed, however, he is scarcely given to abstractions, and, in addition, there is a quality in Mr. Macfadden, a tendency perhaps to call a spade a gardenia, which would never have permitted him to pass over the courtship of Grace Goodhue with the words: "I met her and often took her to places of entertainment."

Mr. Van Dine's candidacy, of course, is largely jocular and is based upon a fancied resemblance between certain passages in the book and the sardonic conversational style affected by Mr. Philo Vance. Regarding the social life in the capital, for example, we find: "We could scarcely comprehend how anyone who had the privilege of sitting at a table surrounded by representatives of the Cabinet, the Congress, the Diplomatic Corps, and the Army and Navy would not find it interesting." Or again, in commenting on the obligatory physical training which formed part of the curriculum at Amherst: "In these [gymnasium drills] the entire class worked together with dumbells for most of the time, but they involved sufficient marching about the floor to give a military flavor which I found very useful in later life when I came in contact with military affairs during my public career." Mr. Van Dine's supporters offer us a diverting theory, but not one to be taken too seriously.

I THINK that I have made it clear that none of the foregoing gentlemen could possibly have written "The Autobiography," and, since they are generally admitted to be the leading contenders, that no one else need be considered. In conclusion, however, I shall quote a sentence which for mordant irony has, in my opinion, never been equalled in American letters. In referring to a period which has witnessed the birth of such soul-shaking contrivances as the talking cinema, the radio loudspeaker, and the tabloid press, the author notes: "We have seen the American people create a new heaven and a new earth. The old things have passed away, giving place to a glory never before experienced by any people of our world."

It seems to me absurd to credit such an observation to anyone except Mr. Coolidge. In fact, I feel that it makes the whole controversy more than a little ridiculous. —WOLCOTT GIBBS

SETTING-UP EXERCISE

I GOT off the bus at Fifty-seventh Street, crossed Fifth Avenue, and walked down Madison. It was after nine. The avenue was almost deserted, and though the shops had been closed hours ago, the windows were still lighted and there was something to look at.

I reached Forty-third Street and started west toward the club. Halfway to Fifth I stopped. Why go to the club at all? Someone is always showing up there you haven't seen in months; possibly in years—infrequent visitors who have been sturdily abstemious in Montclair, and non-resident members who have been acquiring health and resistance in Poughkeepsie, who take it for granted that the very fact they have found the way back to New York is in itself an occasion for all-night revelry. They never think of the many, many reunions in which a weak-willed resident member has to participate. It never occurs to them *someone* is dropping in for the first time in years *every* night.

I turned around and headed back for Madison. It might be a lot of fun to walk through Grand Central and pretend I was going to take a train some place. There was an idea! Take a train out to the country! Stay there! Live there! Then when *I* came to town for the first visit in months . . .

"Sir, there's a young man from Salt Lake City outside that wants to meet the Albertina Rasch girls."

I REALIZED suddenly that the short, broad-shouldered figure ahead of me was Pete, the most popular bartender in the club.

"Hello," I said, as I came abreast. "What are you doing?"

"Tonight's my night off," he said. "Just taking a walk, sort of."

"So am I. Where do you want to go?"

"How about Madison Avenue," he said. "As far as Fifty-seventh. I don't like anything above Fifty-seventh."

"Great," I said. "I need the exercise."

We started up the avenue at a good pace.

"Had a few too many last night, didn't you?" he said after a while.

"Yes. Did I show it much?"

"You were all right."

"I'm cutting it out," I said.

"So am I. Maybe you didn't notice it last night, but I was in the bag myself."

"You didn't show it. At least I couldn't notice it." I saw that he was laughing at me. "I mean—not even at first."

"Well, I've been tending bar over thirty years," he said. "I shouldn't show it."

WE stopped abruptly on the corner of Fifty-seventh Street.

"Now where?" I asked.

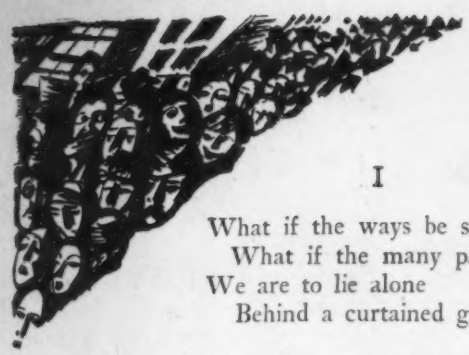
"I usually walk back on the other side. There's a lot of shops we missed."

We walked in silence until we reached Forty-third. Pete looked west toward Fifth.

"You know—" he began.

"Not the club!" I said.

"No. I was just thinking. Schrafft's



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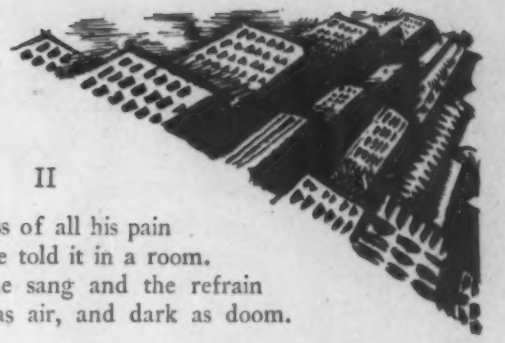

I

What if the ways be stone,
  What if the many pass?
We are to lie alone
  Behind a curtained glass.

What if the wheels be swift,
  What if the horns be loud?
Here is the corner; lift
  Your lashes out of the crowd.

Let them flutter and crawl
  To the nineteenth window up.
We are to light a small,
  Circular fire and sup.

Two yellow lamps, and a blue
  Circular flame to start.
After we can do
  With darkness, heart on heart.

II

Think no less of all his pain
  Because he told it in a room.
The song he sang and the refrain
  Are old as air, and dark as doom.

Such an old unhappiness
  Was not for half the sky to hear.
Walls remember our distress;
  Floors are pitiful of fear.

The winds receive our song and go.
  His was kept, and is the same
As when you held your forehead low
  To catch the syllables that came.

Think no less of any word
  Because it filled a little room.
That night is gone, but we have heard
  Eternal singing in a tomb.

III

They call me new but I am old;
  They call me strong, but I can sigh
For time to know me and unfold
  These painful streets and let me die.

I am a city passed of death;
  Every town has languished so
Since any face sent up its breath
  From sunless walls of stone and woe.

Wherever men go up and down
  Content with shadows in a cage
It is a street, it is a town,
  And it has neither youth nor age,

Neither origin nor end,
  Neither light nor want of light;
I can sigh, but time will bend
  No knee towards me in his flight.

IV

From eight gray streets
  We eight are coming,
Solemnly now—
  But shall be humming
Soon with a song
  Nowise becoming.

This is the winter,
  And Saturday night;
So we must kindle
  A brief delight—
Burn the long week
  To a powdery white.

Eight dry sticks
  For an evening's flame—
Rub us together
  And give us a name:
Eight Blood Brothers
  Unknown to Shame.

V

She keeps one instant to herself
  Before the day comes back and climbs
To her tired lap, as it has done
  And yet will do these million times.

Afternoon will lead the same
  Old five unaltering hours around:
Hoofs and wheels and peopled dust,
  And an intolerable gray sound.

All returns; but not the dawn,
  That when it comes is neat and new.
It is her one own moment, saved
  And cooled for her with timeful dew;

It is the instant when she lies
  And slowly smiles at something strange—
A going footstep, light and small,
  That was a child; and he was Change.

—MARK VAN DOREN

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is only a little way down the block."

I looked at him. "You mean ice cream?"

He grinned. "Sure. Why not?"

"You must be a mind-reader."

"It sets you up," said Pete.

Pete ordered vanilla. I ordered chocolate.

"I'm a chocolate man, myself," I said.

"Me, I'm a vanilla man. Used to be a strawberry man, once, but this

time of year you don't get good strawberry." He scooped his spoon through the melted cream in the bowl of the dish.

I picked up the check just as Pete reached for it.

"Here! What are you doing?" he said. "This is on me."

"This one's on me," I said.

He beckoned to the waitress.

"We'll have another round. What's yours?"

"The same," I said.

"Me too. Never mix them."

"Two more of the same," I said to the waitress.

Pete watched her retreating figure. "Now if she knows her business, the next round should be on the house."

—T. H. WENNING

SONNY BOY'S DIARY

MONDAY—Waked up at 4 A.M. by Mr. Jolson, who came in, got me out of bed, and sang "Little Pal," "Sonny Boy," "Diminutive Comrade," "Petit Partner," and, by request, "Mammy." By request, but not by my request. Somebody else's. I got a cold from it all. The way I look at it, they ought to bring a doctor in and let him look at me. I don't feel well. I don't think this being dragged in and out of bed all hours of the day and night does a growing child any good. Mr. Jolson was in good voice, however, and I thought I'd go deaf.

TUESDAY—Well, I certainly raised hell at the studio today. I got to sneezing and they said, what's the matter, got a cold? I said, yes, I got a cold, and what's more I'm liable to keep on having a cold unless I get a good night's rest soon. Listen, I said, I haven't had a whole night's rest without somebody's pulling me out of bed and singing loud to me in six months. Look at last night, I said. Last night Mr. Jolson came in as usual and had his usual row with Mamma, and nothing will do, as usual, but they've got to come in my room and haul me out and sing to me. That's the way it is every night, and it's got to stop. The minute I hit the hay and think, well, thank God, another day's gone, in comes Mamma and Mr. Jolson and from then on it's just sing, sing, sing, until I'm pretty near nuts. I don't mind telling you, I said, it's beginning to get on my nerves.

WEDNESDAY—But what I mean, it's the tears now. I didn't notice them at first. All I could think of was, my God, is this man going to sing all night! Don't I get any rest at all! I'm half dead and what happens? In they come once more. They couldn't play cards or listen to the radio or go out and sing to somebody else—oh, no, not Mr. Jolson! He's got to sing to me! He's got to sing to me or he'll bust!

Well, I'm pretty well fed up on it, and it wouldn't take much to make me walk out. After all, what have I got to gain now? I've got me a reputation. I've got me some money. And I've worked all my life, worked hard, too. A man's got to retire sometime and play before he gets so old he's forgot how to play. That's the kind of thing that haunts me, the tragedy of waiting so long to retire that I've forgot how to play and all I can do is play golf or something.

THURSDAY—Just as I thought! Just as I thought! Laid up with a cold from those tears! Well, I told them! They can't say I didn't tell them. I suppose they think I'm cast-iron or something and can get soaked through and through night after night by Mr. Jolson's tears, and run around in my pajamas, and get no sleep, and still keep my health. They don't seem to remember the human system's got some limits, and as for Mr. Jolson, it's getting like turning on the faucet, the way he cries. Just as soon as he began to spray me the other night I said to myself, well, I'm a goner this time, because if I don't drown I'm wet clean through and getting colder by the minute.

But does my health mean anything to him! This afternoon, and my fever up over a hundred, there was a struggle outside the door, and a lot of shouts and grunts and yelps, and believe it or not, in burst Mr. Jolson, and he snatched me out of bed and before they could do a thing, what was he doing but singing "Little Pal" and "Dirty Hands, Dirty Face" and "Kol Nidre" and "On the Road to Calais," accompanied by Paul Whiteman's orchestra. I told him I was sick, but he said, no, I was his little pal, and blue skies are gray skies, and gray skies are blue skies, and he will make them blue skies and I got sick and said, well, take your gray skies and your blue skies and please get the hell out and stop dropping tears on me, because I am half-suffocated and drenched, and the only thing I am not is deaf, and half the time these days I wish I was that.

FRIDAY—I overheard them say they don't know whether I will live or not. "He has gone through so much," I heard the doctor say, "his vitality is very low. What does he do for a living—puddle iron?" My mother explained that my business is to let Mr. Jolson sing at me. "Well," the doctor said, "my advice is, keep him in bed and Mr. Jolson out." It may work; I don't know. There was another struggle at the door this afternoon. I was beginning to get the shivers, and then a whistle blew and a lot of cops came and I heard Mr. Jolson shouting as they took him away, "It's all right, Sonny Boy! Blue skies are gray skies, Sonny Boy! Little violets—" Then there was a sharp pop, like a stick had hit something, and all was silence. Oh, well, perhaps it's just as well.

SATURDAY—We're moving. We're going to Florida or Canada or somewhere. The first thing I knew this morning was about 4 A.M. when I was waked up and snatched out of bed and as soon as I could figure out what was going on, he was right in the middle of "Sonny Boy" and I thought I was outside and it was pouring down rain, but it was just him with his tear ducts on the loose again. I said, lean over and do your weeping on the floor, but he said, no, you're an angel of joy to me, little pal, and to never forget him, Sonny Boy, and little violets push their heads up through the snows, why can't you, and then Mamma and the nurses came in, and Mamma said, let's get out of this place, because I'll go nuts myself if I hear any more violets pushing their heads up, and we're going to move.

—NUNNALLY JOHNSON

"Listen here, United Electric, my radio is for alternating current—do you know you're supplying me with direct current!"

"No, Albert, I haven't been able to get away. There's a run on batiste edging."

PROFILES

ALSO RAN

ON an October night in 1925, Norman Thomas, then a candidate for Mayor of New York, addressed a meeting at Tenth Street and Second Avenue. It was not exactly a momentous occasion. Jimmy Walker was vaulting lightly toward his first term at City Hall. The Socialist Party had, as usual, no hope of victory. The only possible excitement was a chance that rowdies inspired by Communist zealots might break up the gathering.

There had been rumors of some such plot; indeed, Socialist spellbinders had several times complained of heckling at the hands of these ultra-radicals. Thus a policeman or two were on hand at Tenth Street to see that American free speech, always inviolate when the public mind is tranquil, was insured. While Mr. Thomas was hurling his thunderbolts at the Republican and Democratic Parties, a shabby youth shuffled into view with a banner. This proclaimed Morris Hillquit, respected member of the Socialist Party, a scab.

The eyes of the patrolmen narrowed. Grasping their nightsticks they closed in upon the boy, arrested him, and hurried him to the police station. Mr. Thomas looked on with dismay, cut short his speech, and hurried to the rescue. The machinery of the law was inexorable, and all he could do was pay the two-dollar fine. He did it with a sinking heart, for he knew that political capital would be made out of the affair. It was. The following day lurid accounts appeared in Communist journals. Norman Thomas and Calvin Coolidge, wrote outraged Red editors, were equally "oppressors of the poor." Had not "Thomas' Cossacks" galloped down upon an inoffensive lad?

THIS unhappy incident explains a good deal about Norman Thomas never appreciated by the timid ladies of the D.A.R. The anger of conservatives toward the Socialist Party is a feeble flame compared to the rage of genuine, boiling, down-with-capitalism Reds. During the campaign which ended last Tuesday, his second hopeless effort toward the Mayoralty, Mr. Thomas staggered under the load of praise by the Citizens' Union. His speeches were reported in full, without distortion, in staid Republican journals. Gouty old gentlemen in Fifth Avenue club windows turned from appraising the new silhouette to boom that Thomas was preferable, by God!, to that radical, foreign, pseudo-Republican—La Guardia. Moreover, there was no chance of his election.

Norman Thomas

The truth is that Norman Thomas will be in serious peril should Soviet Russia succeed in its reported aspirations toward revolution in America. The Reds will not forget his "Cossacks," his refusal to preach armed resistance to Washington during the war, the kind words he has received at the hands of the bourgeoisie. If the day comes when New York is seized by a Red army, the hordes will first swoop down upon the Thomas home in East Eighteenth Street. They will promptly hang the perennial candidate of the Socialist Party. Only when this has been accomplished will they call upon Messrs. J. P. Morgan and George F. Baker.

No one is better aware of all this than Mr. Thomas himself. He knows, too, that it is not the enmity of the Bolsheviks which brings the amiable, if patronizing, gestures of friendship from the town's blue-bloods. The compliments—that he is "a man of ability, learning, and high ideals"—are tributes to his impotence. Norman Thomas has been his party's candidate for Alderman, Mayor, Governor, and President of the United States. He has made campaign speeches throughout the country; and has never known the tingling thrill of waiting in suspense for the returns on Election Night. It would be futile to sit up for them. Election officials do not bother to tabulate the Socialist vote until several days later. No man so consistently the leader of lost causes can escape the charge that he is victim of a Messiah complex. A sense of humor, combined with an ability to see himself and his importance quite clearly, acquits Mr. Thomas of the charge. He declines to yearn gloomily for the martyr's crown. He is practical enough, however, to mourn the increased influence this would bring. The Reverend Harry Emerson Fosdick, who supported Thomas, once boasted that "all my enemies have done is erect a sounding board behind me." The enemies of Norman Thomas send dinner invitations.

"If I had a foreign accent it would be better," he once told some friends. "The trouble is that I speak passable English, or American. This makes what I say seem less dangerous."

HAD the Reverend Welling Evan Thomas, Presbyterian pastor of Marion, Ohio, been an obnoxious fundamentalist, the career of his oldest son might have been far different. On the contrary, he was a gentle and decent person who believed in a literal hell but had never seen anyone so depraved as to merit damnation. Norman Thomas grew up in an atmosphere of religious formalism which aroused little opposition because it was so passive. He went to church far too much. He knew poverty as the son of a minister with six children is certain to know it. He delivered copies of the Marion *Star* for an editor named Warren Gamaliel Harding. Yet he drifted through adolescence without rebellion, either toward revealed religion or toward poverty. Arriving at Princeton through the generosity of relatives, he proved an excellent student with a flair for debating. He studied under Woodrow Wilson, became interested in government and politics, and evolved long arguments with which to refute certain Socialistic doctrines advanced by radical classmates. Throughout his undergraduate career he knew, without either elation or deep resentment, that he would carry on the work of his father and grandfather by entering the

ministry. There had been a tacit understanding at home.

Within a year or so after graduation from Princeton in 1905, Thomas was well on the path toward the rôle of a fashionable young minister in a prosperous parish. His hair, now thin in front and almost white, was then brown. Early photographs show a faint trace of smugness in his face. Tall, and with the excellent carriage which he retains at the age of forty-five, he must have been an effective figure in the pulpit of the Brick Presbyterian Church where, by 1910, he was assistant to the Reverend Dr. Henry Van Dyke. Meanwhile he had been studying at the Union Theological Seminary and there, it is likely, the first seeds of revolt were sown in him. He was graduated in 1911 and attracted some attention because he applied for a license after giving notice that he could not accept the Virgin Birth. The New York Presbytery took a chance and gave him credentials despite this heresy.

THE Reverend Norman Thomas found satisfaction in the quiet decorum of well-ordered church services. He liked the music. He enjoyed association with people of breeding and wealth. He was a pleasing, if not precisely a brilliant, preacher. But he had become a minister to please his parents and the church had never stirred him deeply. Even in those early years, the organization and discipline of the clerical mind irritated him and he found a measure of relief in work among the poor. His contacts with the slums of New York had been inspired by conscience, by a conviction that it was the thing to do. Soon, though, they fascinated him. He took up residence in a settlement house in Spring Street and journeyed over to the waterfront, there to tell Mowgli stories to small boys with dirty faces and large, dark, bright eyes. Revolt, only half apparent to him, was already in progress when he went to the Brick Church. It became more intense in September of that same year when he was married to Miss Frances Violet Stewart, a young lady with an income, and relatives on Gramercy Park, but with a distaste for a life of pillowed ease. They had met in a settlement house in West Thirty-fifth Street where Miss Stewart had been known as "The Angel of Hell's Kitchen." Their honeymoon consisted of a trip on a bicycle-built-for-two. Mrs. Thomas looked neat enough, no doubt, on the seat of the tandem. But Norman's legs were too long.

Mrs. Thomas had much to do with the fact that the Reverend Thomas did not become a Presbyterian bishop. They were soon living in tenement districts, in West Forty-second Street and then in Harlem. One of their duties in Forty-second Street was to direct Catholic inebriates anxious to sign the pledge on Saturday nights to the proper ecclesiastical jurisdiction. This was the Roman Catholic church a few doors distant, where the Reverend Father Duffy now holds forth. In June, 1911, Thomas announced he had severed other church connections and would give all his time to the East Harlem Presbyterian Church in 116th Street near Second Avenue.

SIX years of hard work followed. Norman Thomas learned a good deal about housing, about unemployment, about the grotesqueries of a city government which existed for the sake of patronage. He saw that it made no difference whether the Republicans or

"Er—does Mrs. Carter live here?"

Democrats controlled the town. All this depressed him, but it was the World War which finally drew him toward Socialism. He saw clergymen throughout the country proclaiming that it was God's war. He did not believe this, and slowly concluded that the Church would do little to alleviate the problems he believed vital: poverty, unspeakable homes, disease, filth. In 1917 he wrote to Morris Hillquit, who was running for Mayor on the Socialist ticket, but whom he had never met, announcing his support. He shrank from affiliation with a political sect and he did not join the Socialist Party until almost a year later.

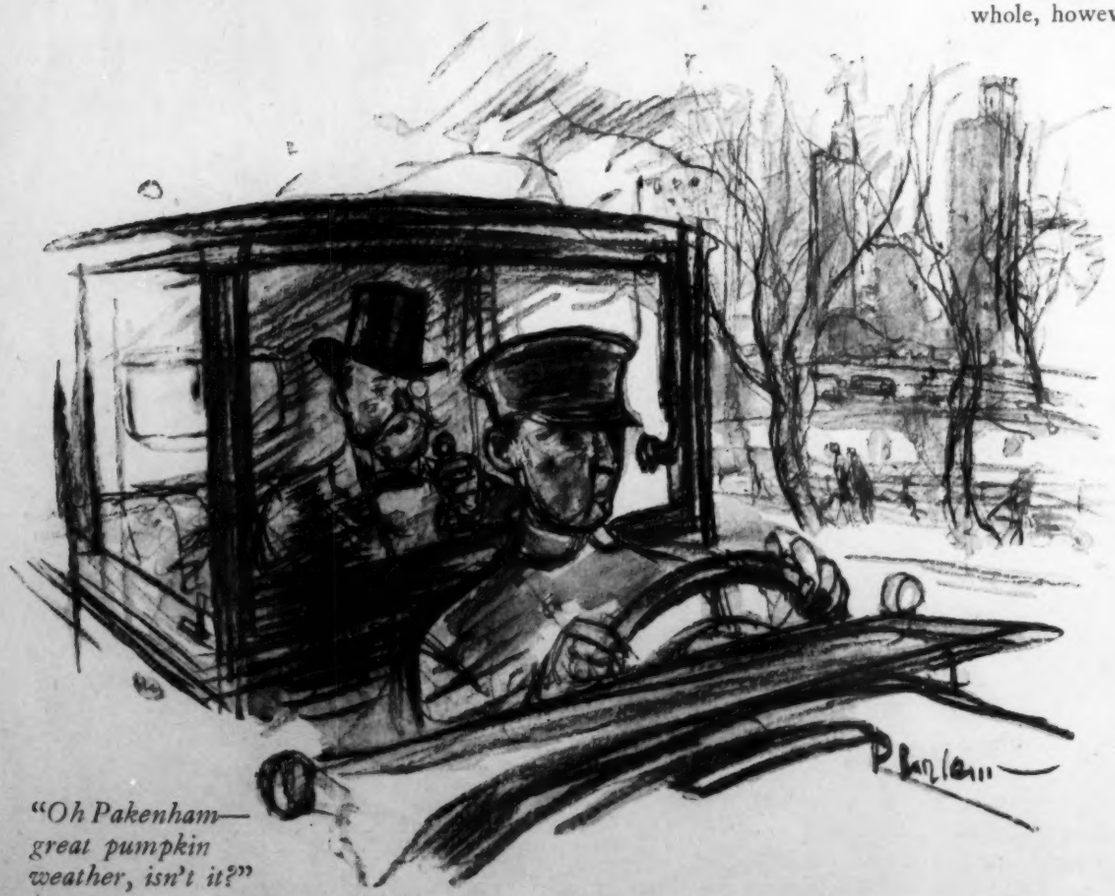
"I did not want to go from the Gospel according to Mark into the Gospel according to Marx," he has since explained.

For all his American ancestry and irreproachable grammar, Thomas was close to jail during the turbulent days of the war; even closer when the hysteria over Bolshevism was at its height in 1919. For one thing, he had left the Church and this made him an atheist in the eyes of all patriots. He did not wholly accept the Soviet program; the current hostility of the Communists is proof enough of this. He was, though, indiscreet enough to point to certain excellent features of the system and to insist that it was, as a whole, more sensible than the Allied efforts to send armies into Russia. Then it was recalled that he had some time earlier defended the red flag of Socialism as "something close to religion, the religion of universal brotherhood." Postmaster Burleson and other Red-hunters swore that Thomas belonged in a dungeon. They proposed to put him there. Had not President Wilson, who remembered Thomas from the classroom at Princeton, interfered, they would doubtless have done so. The President could not resist sending a personal note chiding him for his opinions which, he said, were being "indecently exposed in public."

EVEN during the war, Norman Thomas demonstrated that he was a reasonable person. He preached pacifism before we entered, and peace by negotiation after we were in. He had courage to defend conscientious objectors. Yet he was sane enough to realize that nothing would be gained, once the country had plunged, by opposing prosecution of the war. All this was, of course, obscured by the passions of the struggle. The gentle Norman Thomas became, in the words of high officials of his Alma Mater, "the blackest blot on Princeton's escutcheon." It was declared that never again would he be permitted to speak on the campus.

His heresies no longer alarm Princetonians. He now finds, on the occasions when he returns, that he is tolerated, even welcomed. Classmates and members of the faculty are rather eager to be seen with him. They derive therefrom a pleasant glow of self-satisfaction, a conviction that they are truly broad-minded. They can assure less liberal associates that "Thomas, '05, is really quite all right." He eats like a gentleman. His linen is spotless. It is obvious that he does not carry bombs. Thomas is amused by all this, and yet annoyed. He consoles himself with the thought that one or two of these friends may stick should the world grow dark again. A few may gain some slight appreciation of what Socialism really means.

THERE were nights during the war when Norman Thomas was trailed by secret-service operatives. He has been twice arrested for asserting the right of free speech. He has been deeply moved during his various campaigns, particularly during the drive for the Presidency last year. On the whole, however, he has lived in tranquillity and without struggle. His home in East Eighteenth Street might be that of a well-to-do professor. It is a comfortable house, with a large living-room lined with books, and a charming back yard. He has five children, three boys and two girls, ranging from nine to fifteen years old. There are no economic worries, because Mrs. Thomas' income, small enough when they married, has since been somewhat augmented. The family divides its time between the house in town and a cottage at East Quogue, Long Island. There, Mrs. Thomas has extensive kennels where she raises prize cocker



"Oh Pakenham— great pumpkin weather, isn't it?"

spaniels so skillfully that her books show a profit. There, Mr. Thomas sails a boat, hikes, and plays with the dogs.

On rare occasions, when he is not running for office, Thomas serves as director of the League for Industrial Democracy, the successor to the Intercollegiate Socialist Society. In this capacity he visits American campuses and attempts, with scant success, to stimulate interest in liberal doctrines. He is a contributing editor to Mr. Villard's *Nation* and writes a column which appears in about one hundred labor and radical papers throughout the country.

The quality of being reasonable, the ability to see an opposing viewpoint, will stand as the weakness and also the strength of Norman Thomas. His opposition to war extends to civil war, and so he will never lead the marching battalions of revolt. Had a miracle sent him to the White House last March there would have been no startling changes. No banks would have been seized. No wives would have been made public property. The administration would have been comparable to that of the Labor Party in England today.

EUGENE DEBS is dead. Norman Thomas is the nominal leader of a political party which Debs raised to great numerical strength and which then melted under the sun of American prosperity. He is the leader of an altered party. Once it looked with favor upon the militant principles of German Socialism. Now it has turned to the more peaceful theories of the British labor movement. To the quiet home of Norman Thomas in Eighteenth Street have come, during the past decade, most of the important leaders of that movement. They visited him before the days of their greatness, before their rise to power caused them to mingle with kings and presidents. But they would come just as gladly today. After having been in Washington last month, Premier MacDonald went into seclusion in a New York hotel. He saw almost no one except Norman Thomas, but spent hours with the American Socialist leader. Arthur Henderson, now Foreign Minister for Great Britain, was in this country in 1925 and aided in his campaign for Mayor. It is inevitable that Mr. Thomas should find satisfaction in this. It is inevitable, also, that he regrets the scarcity of ballots cast in his behalf.

"I appreciate the flowers," he said after the presidential campaign, "but I wish the funeral had not been so complete."

—HENRY F. PRINGLE

"Why, of course—
you're the man who owns the Siamese cat!"

• •

FOREWARNING

Ignore the sunset, scorn to look
At such a frail and blowing moon
As our slow, dusky pasture brook
Has captured. . . . Winter will be soon
Upon us, and we have a need
For more substantial things than sky. . . .
Demurely, I'll accept your creed
And swear by things that you swear by
A little while, deserve your kiss
The length of one slow zodiac,
But some brown autumn night, to this
Same moon you'll cry, "Witch, send her back!"

—FRANCES M. FROST

A VOYAGE TO PURILIA—V

FURTHER ADVENTURES ON THIS CURIOUS PLANET DEMONSTRATING THAT WEALTH AND RANK HAVE LITTLE TO DO WITH TRUE HAPPINESS

AS I walked reluctantly away, a young and handsome man stepped out of a doorway and intercepted me. I noted, not without surprise, that he wore a checked cap and a coarse flannel shirt, which contrasted strangely with his well-tailored clothes. Before the youth had time to address me, the Presence, whose helpful assistance I was beginning to regard as almost indispensable, remarked: "Jack Vanderbrook, heir to his father's millions, but unspoiled by great wealth."

I looked with renewed interest at the young millionaire, who now began to question me eagerly concerning the events at the night club. It seemed that he had long been enamored of the young singer, Emily, but, fearing that knowledge of his wealth might influence her to grant him an affection which she would otherwise withhold, he determined to conceal from her his true economic position.

Accordingly, he had hit upon the ingenious device of wearing a cap and a flannel shirt whenever he had occasion to meet Emily, thereby giving her the impression that he was poor. The splendid girl had met the test admirably. Although believing Jack to be penniless, she had freely expressed her reciprocation of his love, and the happy fellow had intended that very evening to ask Emily's hand in marriage.

Only a few hours before, however, while he had been making his way on foot to the night club, he was horrified to see Emily in a limousine in company with a well-known clubman named Garrison (who, I gathered from his description, was the man I had just seen murdered). Naturally, this had made Jack assume that Emily had been playing him false and that there existed an illicit relationship between her and Garrison. His joyous expectancy had given way to bitter disillusionment and despair, and for hours he had paced the streets in the vicinity of the night club, not knowing what course to pursue. The hasty emptying of the night club and the arrival of the police had made him suspect that something was wrong, and in consequence he was greatly concerned about the safety of Emily, whom, I inferred, he still loved passionately.

I told him briefly what had occurred. He listened with intense interest, and when I described Garrison's death, he exclaimed with flashing eyes and clenched teeth: "He deserved what he got. He was a lizard who preyed on decent women."

He then questioned me closely concerning the identity of Garrison's slayer. I explained that the fatal shot had been fired in the dark, but that I suspected Meg. To my surprise, Vanderbrook intimated that he suspected Emily of firing the shot, and that he was prepared, if necessary, to take the crime upon himself in order to save her. This I thought a little quixotic, but the Presence, as though to remove my doubts, remarked explanatorily: "Chivalry has ever been the instinctive gesture of a gentleman."

Vanderbrook now informed me of his intention of going to the studio of an artist of his acquaintance, who had arranged a small midnight party for some of the night club's performers. There he hoped to find Emily. I now explained eagerly my quest for Pansy and asked if he thought it probable that she would be present at the party too. He assured me that it was more than likely, and graciously asked me to accompany him.

I gladly accepted his invitation, and we hurried to Jack's home in order that he might assume more appropriate garments. He was kind enough, too, to offer to supply me with correct attire.

I NOW had my first glimpse of the domestic life of the Purilian plutocracy. The Vanderbrook home was a magnificent mansion, almost equal in size to the Metropolis Hotel. The rooms were built upon a scale which dwarfed the occupants. Innumerable servants were posted stiffly about or moved noiselessly here and there on mysterious errands. Numerous animals were visible, too. In addition to dogs of various breeds, and pedigreed cats, there were monkeys, parrots, and ornate cages housing little songbirds. Aquatic life was represented by several large aquariums and a sunken tank in which an alligator dozed. The staircases were superb, being easily wide enough to have admitted the passage of two motorbuses; the lofty corridors faded away in the distance; and Jack's room, to which several servants escorted us, was reminiscent of one of our metropolitan railway terminals.

But lest the reader be moved to envy by my description of this splendor, let me hasten to assure him that in Purilia the lot of the rich is a most unhappy one. That money cannot buy happiness is a truism which one finds amply illustrated throughout the land. Happiness comes only through love, and in the vast, chill halls which the Purilian rich inhabit, that tender plant does not thrive.

Indeed, no worse misfortune can befall one in Purilia than to be born of wealthy parents. Mother-love, the greatest of Purilian institutions, can scarcely be said to exist among the wealthy. Almost invariably, the unlucky infant millionaire is completely neglected, or even despised, by its mother, who occupies herself solely with self-adornment and the pursuit of selfish pleasures (in which, however, she never succeeds in finding happiness). These children, although provided with every luxury, are usually undersized and rather anemic, and, soon tiring of their expensive toys, spend almost all their time pining for the maternal love of which they have been robbed, and envying the happy little street-gamins for whom loving arms are always waiting.

Nor can their lot be said to be improved when they attain marriageable age; for, among the wealthy, parental opposition to the marriages which their offspring desire is almost universal. Or, if the parents are no longer living, they have imposed so many conditions in their wills as to make a free choice almost impossible. In fact, these testamentary eccentricities of the Purilian upper classes are a constant source of unhappiness and add another troublesome element to the complications of Purilian life. (The whole business of the disposition of the property of deceased persons is sadly in need of reform. Last testaments are frequently stolen, lost, or mislaid; or, worse still, persons who should [CONTINUED ON PAGE 108]

OF ALL THINGS

THE Reverend Harry Emerson Fosdick recently said that America is prevailingly dollar-minded. That, however, was before the Great Deflation. America is now prevailingly nickel-minded.

•

They always, as Rube Goldberg says, come back for more. Gentlemen may be observed these November morns hurrying hopefully toward Wall Street with the Other Shirt.

•

Our Mr. Otto Kahn listened to the siren voice of Senator Moses and was lured into a bad political mess. After this he should stick to quiet, dependable people like opera stars.

•

The Noise Abatement Commission (Din Cut Probe) promises to make a report in ninety days. The situation, it will say in part, is fundamentally sound.

•

The Count and Countess Karolyi have received permission at last to visit this land of liberty. We only hope that the Karolyis promised Secretary Stimson not to overthrow our system of government without the permission of the cops.

•

If we understand the French situation, Aristide Briand will sit in whatever cabinet they have. He is willing to join anything except the great army of the unemployed.

•

Edgar Wallace, who writes practically all of the English novels and plays, came through our Custom House duty free. Who protected American literature against this flood of alien goods?

•

They have perfected a caterpillar type of rowboat capable of creeping up waterways only two feet deep. It is hoped that this invention will make every river navigable and do away with the need for congressmen.

•

Three Washington *Times* reporters are sent to jail for refusing to tell where they bought their liquor. This is all wrong. Such rare birds should have been put in the Smithsonian.

•

They have issued an expurgated Bible in England but we timid souls will take no chances until it gets the O.K. of Boston's official Puritan.

•

Hermann Oelrichs, who offered a prize for the scofflaw's scaffold speech, has been swamped with manuscripts and he now declares that he was only fooling. The bitter tragedy of it all is that it was a sorry jest to begin with.

•

Read "Iphigenia in Tua Nua" and "El U.Y.El Dos." These two short stories recently appeared in a funny, foreign-looking publication called the *Saturday Evening Post.*

—HOWARD BRUBAKER

• •

The engagement of Miss Kathleen Genevieve Herten of White Plains, N. Y., has been announced to John M. Whelan of Montclair.—*Montclair (N. J.) Times.*

Did he take it hard?

"Help Mamma clean up, darling—she's terribly tired."

THE THEATRE

WELL, WELL, HERE IT IS NOVEMBER!

I HAVE seldom been less frightened than I was at "The Ghost Parade." Confronted by such terrifying items as a green face floating in space, knives dropping from nowhere, stealthy native servants creeping about obviously up to no good, and *sahibs* and *mem-sahibs* ejaculating "Oh, my God!" and screaming "Is he dead?" I nevertheless maintained the traditional calm of the Benchleys in the face of danger and stood my ground with a sang-froid which practically amounted to a stupor. Even when something horrible flew out over the audience in the dark, my chief concern was for my new opera-hat which I was wearing at the time in preparation for a stealthy exit.

It need hardly be added that the comic relief was supplied by a cockney maid who obliged the author by being constantly terrified. By the way, I was distressed to read in the papers that May Vokes is coming back soon in a new play.

Also entirely by the way, I would like to say that if that cigarette company thinks it is going to ingratiate itself with me by running its advertisement right in the middle of the cast of characters on the program, it is sadly mistaken. When, in the semi-light of the theatre, one turns from the first page of the cast to the second, one has a right to expect a continuation of the list and not a great double-truck of a package of cigarettes. I don't even remember the name of the cigarette, but, if I did, I wouldn't mention it here. And I certainly wouldn't smoke them. I may even look up the name and get my friends to stop smoking them. I may even sue.

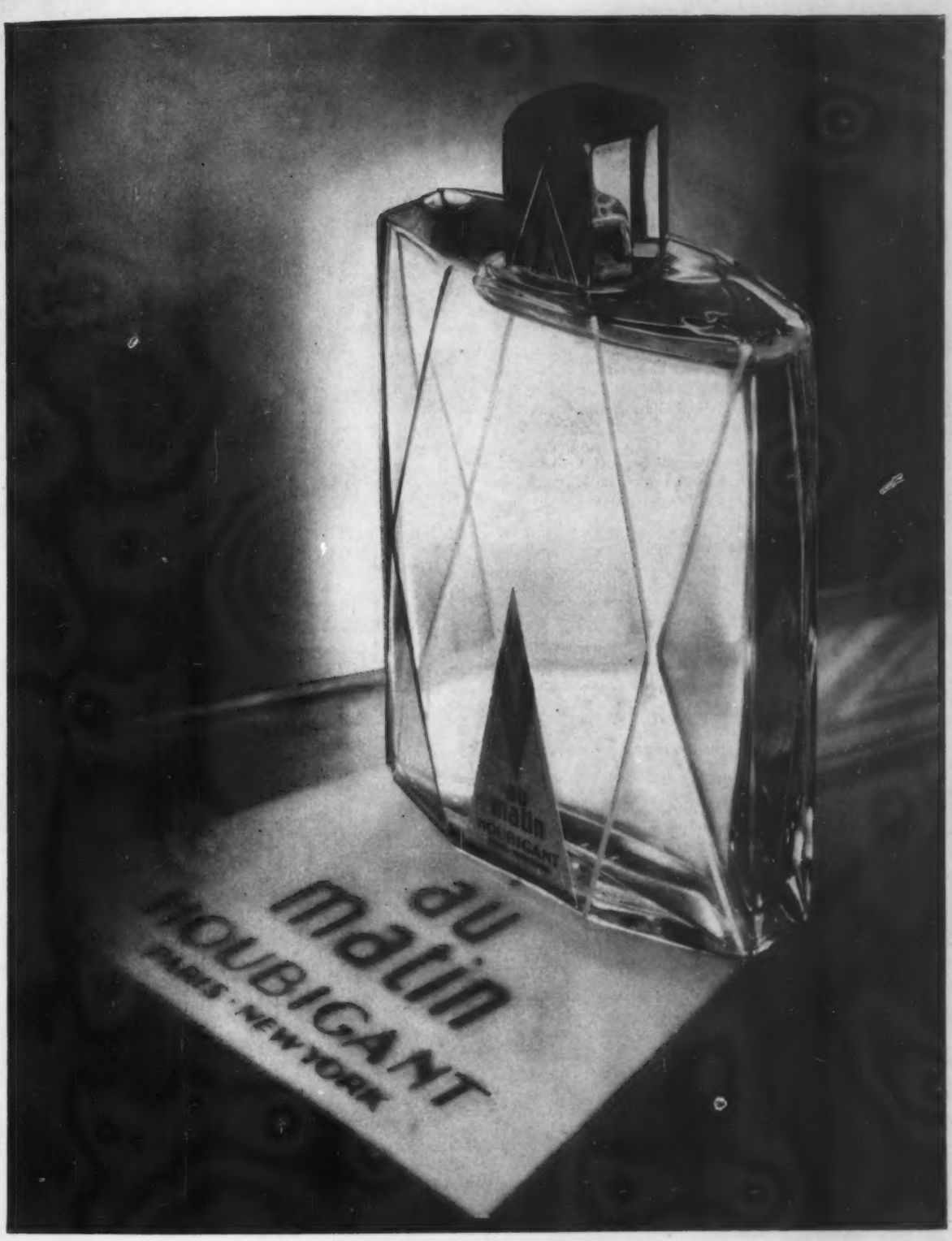
"CANDLE-LIGHT"

Above is shown Miss Gertrude Lawrence, masquerading as a maid masquerading as her mistress. Practically facing her is Mr. Ernest Glendinning, who is up to much the same sort of mischief himself.

ALL those who are subject to dreamy spells and languorous stirrings of the Life Force under the influence of Viennese music are hereby heartily recommended to "A Wonderful Night," which the Messrs. Shubert, with their customary flair for importing good music, have produced at the Majestic. For, although you might not suspect it from the title, "A Wonderful Night" is really Johann Strauss' "Die Fledermaus." Its present revival, with all the modern trappings of a revolving stage, was inspired by the enormous success which the Reinhardt production has been having in Berlin and which, luckily for you all, I did not see.

The Shuberts have outdone themselves in making everything pleasant for their customers to listen to the Strauss score. The revolving stage works practically to perfection and, although there seemed to be a slight tension among the actors during the first few scenes on the opening night, that may be laid to a quite natural distrust of the contraption and an apprehension lest they should find themselves rotating back into the depths of the stage at any minute.

Some really good voices have been assembled for the occasion, notable among them Miss Gladys



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Thousands of delicious morsels, as the Sherry chef exclaims . . . in fact, everything smart New York hostesses require in foodstuff staples and specialties.

TEA HOUR VARIANTS . . .

BRIDGE SUGARS . . . snowy pellets in shapes of clubs, diamonds, hearts and spades . . . charming for bridge teas . . . 35c the package.

TEA CAKES . . . many flavors and shapes . . . made with the finest ingredients from the Sherry pastry chef's own recipes . . . 75c the dozen; $1.75 the pound.

PRESERVED GINGER . . . an importation selected by Sherry because it is delicious with Sherry tea . . . $1.50 the 7 oz. jar; $2.50 the 14 oz. jar. (These jars are attractively toned ceramics).

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CHICKEN A LA KING, all white meat . . . ready to heat and serve . . . $1.75 the portion; $9 the quart (6 portions).

GALANTINE OF CAPON . . . $3 the pound (3 portions).

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SHERRY'S FRENCH DRESSING in glass . . . prepared with pure French olive oil . . . $2 the quart.

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Baxter's. Miss Baxter manages also to make a soprano heroine fairly alive without being kittenish, thereby setting up a new record for the course. Another young lady who sang nicely was called "Adele" throughout the play and so I take her to be the one named "Kathie" on the program. If "Kathie" is "Adele," then she is Miss Mary McCoy. The book and comedy are no worse than those usually found with a superior imported score, which is to say that they are pretty poor, but who cares? Anyone who can hum to himself ought to hear "A Wonderful Night."

I was, however, worried by the inclusion in the score of an old favorite of mine called "Wien, Du Stadt Meiner Träume" (under the Shubert influence called "Two in Love," slightly tampered with, and played in an entirely different tempo from the one in which I personally am accustomed to bellow it). I doubt very much if Strauss wrote this one. In fact, I have always been under the impression that I wrote it myself. I did just as much as Strauss did, I know that.

IT is too bad that Sean O'Casey's "The Silver Tassie" opened in New York under such inauspicious circumstances, for it has the makings of a fine play. Evidently at the opening performance the audience was left pretty much in the dark as to what the characters were saying, especially as much of the second act is chanted or crooned or keened or whatever it is that the Irish do by fireplaces. I saw the performance when it had been brushed up a bit and there was nothing to complain of then. It is a difficult play to act, but that is Mr. O'Casey's fault.

"The Silver Tassie" is not as neat a piece of playwriting as "Juno and the Paycock" or "The Plough and the Stars" but it has much of the same distinction in dialogue. The story of the young Irish athlete who, after winning the "silver tassie" twice for his club, is forced to sit, a shattered war-cripple, and watch it passed from lips that denied him and his sacrifice to lips that reviled him in his helplessness, is a bitter theme, and Mr. O'Casey treats

• •

He tells of a simple curb for one health menace

Headed 60 hospitals in World War

Dr. Lorenzo Cherubini of the University of Rome, is physician at the dispensary of King Umberto and Queen Margherita, and Knight of the Crown of Italy. As head of 60 field hospitals in the World War he organized the famous Alpine donkey ambulance system.

"SO many ills result from constipation," Dr. Cherubini says, "that every forward step in its prevention and cure is a boon to humanity. Unfortunately, many so-called remedies irritate the intestine and do harm rather than good.

"Yeast promotes intestinal activity, aids digestion, is precious in the treatment of pimples and boils."

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And now, the *new* "irradiated" Fleischmann's Yeast brings you an *added* health protection. Fleischmann's Yeast is today the richest food source of the mysterious "sunshine" vitamin.

The "sunshine" vitamin, just like the sun itself, makes your body harder, tougher. It builds strong bones and sound, even teeth. It is especially important for those of growing age (under 25), and for expectant and nursing mothers.

"Millions who are 'sunlight starved,'" Dr. Cherubini says, "should derive untold benefits from the 'sunshine' vitamin now in fresh yeast."

Eat Fleischmann's fresh Yeast to check constipation poisons, to correct indigestion, to clear the skin. And now, eat it for the hardening, energizing "sunshine" vitamin it contains.

A New Radio Hour! Fleischmann's Yeast-for-Health Hour. Tune in Thursday evenings with the National Broadcasting Company — 47 coast-to-coast stations.

"Eating delicious 'junk' ruined my stomach"

"Too many parties. Late hours. I had constipation and auto-intoxication and could hardly eat anything," writes Mrs. E. Scott Lahr of Tampa, Fla. "I weighed only ninety-eight pounds . . . I had tried dieting, tablets, oils and other remedies. Finally I tried yeast. Today I can eat anything and never need laxatives."

(Right)

"Athletes often have this trouble"

"In spite of training table food athletes often get 'tied up' inside—irregular in their elimination in other words," writes Eric Lambart, former Columbia University football and crew man. "Another big trouble is boils. Eating Fleischmann's Yeast keeps me fit."

(Below)

"What the great doctors say about yeast worked out with me"

New York City

"Playing the organ for a motion picture requires a clear head and quick thinking. But for several months I had been badly run down. I had an obstinate case of constipation, with its usual accompaniments—dizziness, pimples on my back, nervousness.

"A friend's unusual experience persuaded me to try Fleischmann's Yeast. Now my constipation is entirely gone, and all the other troubles, too."

(Mrs.) FLORENCE CHRYSTAL

NOW ON SALE! The New Fleischmann's Yeast. Contains vitamins B and D.

EAT THREE CAKES of Fleischmann's fresh Yeast regularly every day. Eat it just plain or dissolved in water, cold or as hot as you can easily drink. You can get it at grocers, restaurants and soda fountains. For free booklet write Health Research Dept. Y-110 The Fleischmann Company, 701 Washington Street, New York.

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it with a bitterness which at times is so great that it becomes incoherent. The dramatic effectiveness of characters reading their lines in unison or in any other form of lyric delivery, however great it may be in theory, is always limited by the distinctly unlyric quality of the average human voice. Even so careful a production as the Theatre Guild's of "Masse Mensch" suffered from this impossibility of making a lot of actors sound like the Voice of the People or the Cry of Humanity or anything more transcendental than a lot of actors speaking in unison. Playwrights should think at least three times before they trust the effectiveness of their plays to such a fallible medium.

But, for all this, "The Silver Tassie" is a fine experiment and the newly formed Irish Theatre was pretty brave to attempt it. London didn't like it, and New York is almost sure not to, and Mr. O'Casey will probably have to trust his message to the printed page, large sections of which can be skipped. The Irish Theatre, Inc., should do its next production more to the satisfaction of the critics, for it is far from being the ensemble of amateurs that it must have seemed on the opening night. My only suggestion would be that they get another man to help the one they now have shifting the scenery.

—Robert Benchley

•

FABLE

Only the one bright trap . . . and nevermore.
Those shining snares named love set close and wide!
O warily she skirted half a score,
Though tall young Princes beckoned her inside.
They say she was part sea gull and part girl,
Wheeling by day on wild and windy wings,
Only sometimes at dusk with wet swift swirl
She'd light, a maiden, trembling for strange things.

And one trap gleamed more golden than the rest,
Around a Prince immoderately fair,
And suddenly she was against his breast,
And knew a blinding peace and glory there.
But with the sun, he let a bird fly free—
A bird with slow wings circling toward the sea.

—Jacqueline Embry

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IN AND AROUND THE CUPS

THERE should be a well worn path to your grocer's for G. Washington's coffee. Every housekeeper, wife, and bachelor of the two sexes ought to leave a footprint at the source of this care-saving improvement in our national drink. Here is a coffee that, as they say in the advertising, makes itself. Thurston himself could perform no greater feat with this unusual product than you, or I, or the nice looking young bond salesman who lives across the hall. One takes a spoonful of G. Washington's, places it in a cup of hot water, and one's coffee is made. Imagine.

The secret is, I believe, in the way it is prepared by the G. Washington Company. They make and pack the coffee immediately after roasting, thereby—and it sounds reasonable to my scientific side—preserving all the original coffee freshness. They remove the grounds and water, so that you get only the coffee part of the coffee bean.

Here's an escape for all time from coffee worries. Breakfast, dinner, a pleasant bridge fight of an evening—you can face them with a calm soul and a benign spirit, fortified by the little can as your aide-de-kitchen. It's not expensive either, happily enough. A single quaff or a dozen cups, there is the same nice freshness in each; no jot of waste. We moderns, we stand patters, are all fussy about our coffee, but there's no cause for panic when you serve Cousin Edna or the boss' wife a brew of G. Washington's. G. W. is made from the finest coffee beans, as its flavor attests. But watch for the recoil—they usually ask for a second cup, and you must be certain there is a reserve line of spoonsful in the can.

G. Washington's has celebrated its nineteenth birthday, and takes a pardonable pride in the fact of being the world's largest selling concentrated coffee. In case you are a stranger to G. W. send 10c for a really adequate sample, to the G. Washington Coffee Refining Company, 1500 Hanover Avenue, Morris Plains, New Jersey.

"My dear—how revoltingly Victorian!"
"The technique?"
"No, the coffee pot. One simply does not use them."
"Very sporting—but by what method is coffee made?"
"In the cup, Cuthbert. In the cup—with G. Washington's."

Helen E. Hokinson

Advertisement

THEO *is a*
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THEO pilots a plane. Golfs and turns up at all the smart meets. Sunshine and form are her gods.

As perfect in the ballroom as on the links. No puckering sun lines or weathering mar the creamy smoothness of Theo's complexion. For frequent visits to the exclusive Marie Earle Salons are part of her distinguished tradition. Wonderfully pure fine creams. Bracing lotions. Correct beauty-bringing methods. A skin smooth as satin. Chiselled contours. Theo and Marie Earle agree. Squint lines, crowsfeet, expression lines deepening with the years, are impossible form and so easily avoided.

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ARMY *an' Navy fliers! Licensed planes! Who's next? Who's going up, folks, who's going up? Come on, fellers! Give your girl the air. It'll do her good!*

Army an' Navy fliers! Licensed planes! It'll all be the same a hundred years from now. Five dollars for one, ten dollars for two. Twenty-five-mile ride for five dollars. Go on over for God's sake, Al, an' get me a hot dog an' a bottle o' pop. My stomach thinks my throat's cut. You couldn't get this crowd off the ground lessen you set off a shot of TNT under 'em.

Army and Navy fliers! Licensed—Podden me? Is it safe? Like you was in your own bed, lady. This ain't no Dole race!

Food, Al! You certainly got a heart in your breast! I got a few of these here lead feets off the ground; let's set down. This here now aviation business sure is hell on the feet.

Funny folks you see sometimes, though, Al. Sometimes you'll holler your fool head off an' you don't get a flicker. They all stand there gawkin' like a crowd of sheep that's lost their leader. Then the Boss sends Jimmie up to stunt an' when he comes down they all make a rush to go up. Want to go up with him an' nobody else!

GUY here the other day, though, made me laugh. An' anybody that makes me laugh after twenty-two weeks of this racket is *good*.

Well, he comes over to me an' says, "What's the damage, cap?"

"Ten smackers for you an' the girl friend," I says.

"C'mon!" says he, snappin' his head at a swell-looking Jane, parkin' herself kind of sulky over by the hangar.

Not a flash. Well, believe it or not, that guy marches her straight over to the plane, she jabberin' kind of excited, me treadin' on their heels for fear of missin' somethin'.

"You been yellin' to go up and yellin' to go up and yellin' to go up," says he, "every time we been down here."

"Now, you shut your yap," he says. "I got me the ten berries and you're goin' up and *like it!*"

An' with that he picks her up, puts her in the plane, jumps in after her, an' up they goes. That's the stuff to give the troops, Al, that's the stuff to give the troops. Well, time's up!

Army an' Navy fliers! Licensed planes! —LOUISE PIERSON

A flattering over-estimate

of several thousand dollars

IT is remarkable that the legend of Pierce-Arrow which frequently exaggerates the price by several thousand dollars, should persist in the minds of so many people.

While it is true that many of today's custom-built Pierce-Arrows are priced upwards of six thousand dollars, there are several models in the new Straight Eight line which sell for *less than half that sum.* Each one, rich in the season's most fashionable fabrics and colorings—enhanced by the finest art known to modern coachcraft—and distinguished by the low-swung, slender grace that marks a new mode in fine motor cars.

All things considered, it is not hard to understand why, in some quarters, there still persists the idea that a Pierce-Arrow costs so much more than it actually does.

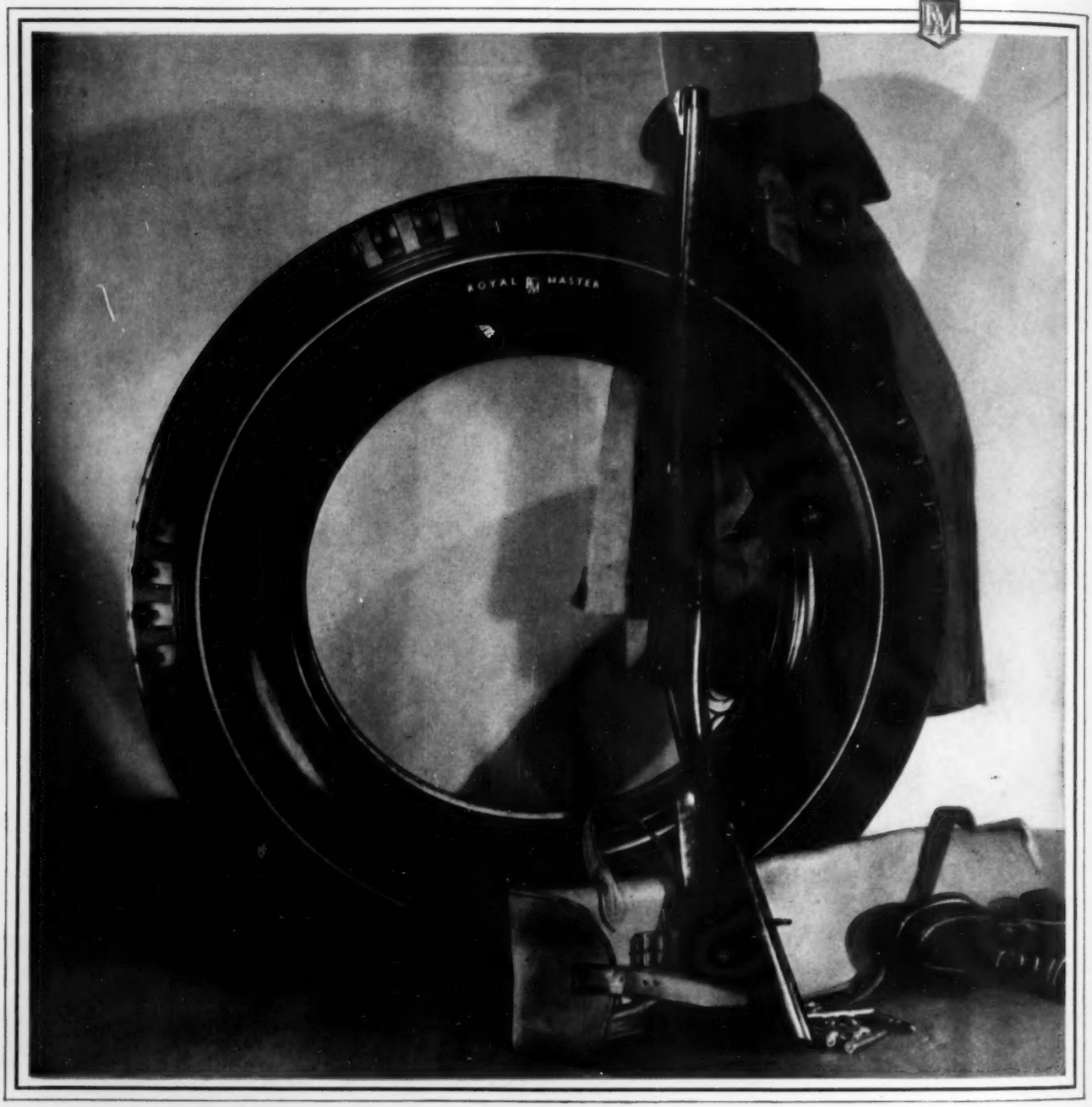
After 20 years, Adolph Treidler returned to the scene of his first Pierce-Arrow portrait—shown in miniature—and sketched (at left) what time has wrought with New York's proudest neighborhood, its finest motor car.

PIERCE-ARROW

Pierce-Arrow prices are from $2775 to $8200, at Buffalo. In the purchase of a car from income, the average allowance usually more than covers the initial Pierce-Arrow payment.

The New

ROYAL MASTER



The World's Finest Tire . . . Created for the World's Finest Cars

Women admire the patrician beauty of the new Royal Master . . . and men praise its superlative performance. It is decidedly in the picture . . . and justly so . . . for it is the world's finest tire. In unstudied smartness . . . perfect traction . . . absolute silence on the road . . . in mileage . . . safety . . . dependability—in everything a tire should possess the Royal Master is supreme. And, as a matter of course, the entire U. S. organization assumes full responsibility for its continuous, unhampered performance as long as it is in your service.

United States Rubber Company

SHOUTS AND MURMURS

SCENARIO

IT was my old friend, the late Sim Tappertit, who, on a memorable occasion, exclaimed, "It may be human gore." Confirmed readers of these pastoral letters must occasionally be moved to cry out that, if you see it in THE NEW YORKER, it not only *may* be but probably *is* human gore. Yet, even while uneasily aware that these discourses have run rather more on matters of murder than a well-balanced editorial policy would commend, I find it difficult to suppress an impulse to revert more extensively today to a subject at which, for dark purposes of campaign propaganda, I made a glancing allusion here a week ago.

Ever since that careless allusion I have found myself wishing that, before their memories fail with their impending senility, some one of the gaffers who, as reporters, ran the streets with me a score of years ago, would, in the perspective of seventeen years, set down as an historical record the story of the murder of Herman Rosenthal. For instance, Edwin C. Hill, the glory of the old morning *Sun* (olav hasholem!) and the best reporter of my day, could write it. And, as the saying is, how. For his convenience, I submit several rough notes. My own account would, of course, include that wide-eyed, silent circle that formed around the body of the luckless gambler as it lay limp on the sidewalk in front of the old Hotel Metropole. I can still feel the chill that afflicted this old spinal column when the reporter standing nearest to me whispered:

"If you look around this circle now you will see eight men who I happen to *know* are murderers."

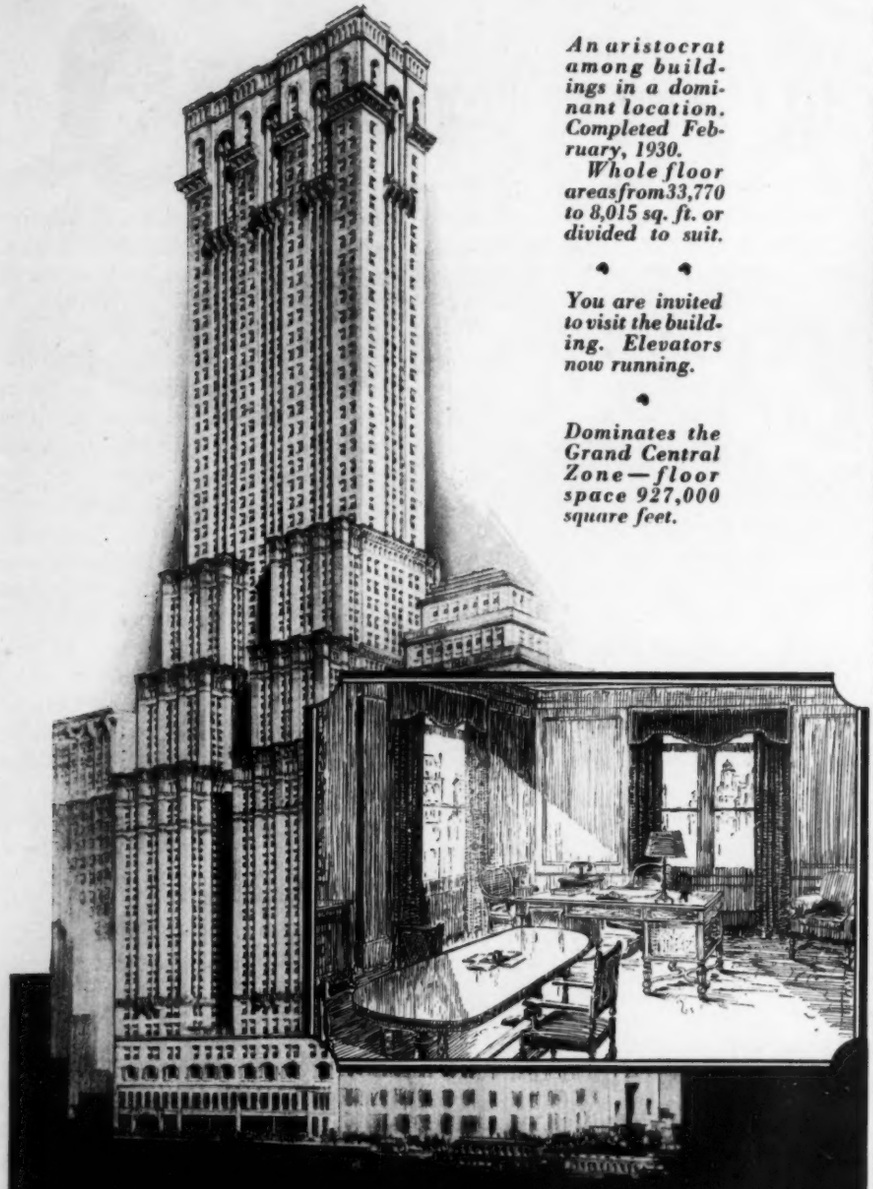
I can still remember the faint shock of hearing, on the fringe of the crowd, the shrill cry of the tenderloin newsboys calling, while the body was not yet cold on the sidewalk, "Rosenthal Murdered! Rosenthal Murdered!" Indeed, the *Morning Telegraph* was on the street with the story so promptly after the murder that its star reporter was discomfited by allegations that he must have been privy to the crime and written his account of it in advance.

As I was obliged to inform the adolescent last week, Herman Rosenthal was a gambler whose house had been raided so often that he began blabbing about police graft and was scheduled for a tale-bearing visit to the District Attorney's office when, at the behest of Police Lieutenant Becker, his mouth was shut for good and all by four young gangsters who drove up to the Metropole, riddled Rosenthal with bullets, and fled into the night. These four did not bother to go far in their flight, for they assumed, with good reason, that their action had been pleasing to the despotic Becker and that, out of compliment to him, the police would only pretend to search for them. Even in their brief sequestration they were bored, however, and sent for an idle sidewalk minstrel of their acquaintance to cheer them up with songs and jokes. This minstrel, who has since come up in the world, did his best to relieve the tedium of their seclusion. His name was Eddie Cantor.

THEN there should be a chapter about Jack Rose, that sinister, soft-spoken, hairless creature who was one of the four middlemen ordered by Becker to engage the murderers and see the job through. Rose turned state's evidence with comic haste, and everyone wondered how the District Attorney could expect to convict Becker and the gunmen on the testimony of a witness so vulnerable, a criminal of the lowest type, himself a red-handed murderer, obviously testifying to save his own neck. But Jack Rose proved the most effective witness that ever took the stand. Mere readers of his story as it came out in the newspapers may have wondered how a jury could send five men to the electric chair on the say-so of such an accuser. But, for once in his loathsome life, Rose was trying the experiment of telling the truth, and all those within sound of his voice, by the test of their own ears, *knew* he was telling the truth. On the validity of that test our jury system (much derided of late) rests and rests solidly.

The leading character in the story, however, would not be Rose, nor Rosenthal, nor Becker. It would be Charles Seymour Whitman, the District Attorney, to whom the gambler's murder proved to be a ticket to Albany. A study of his procedure would turn chiefly on the question of how far a prosecutor could fairly go in such an emergency, how far he might properly take over the function of the discredited police and, scourge in hand, himself round up the evidence to insure a conviction. Working against Whitman was the mighty inertia of the entire city government, pretty well expressed by Mayor Gaynor, that rustic philosopher who, while the scent was still hot, was willing to announce that he had named his new pig Rosenthal because it was such a squealer. When, by tremendous straining of every point, the verdict of guilty was obtained against Becker, it was a great triumph for Whitman. But in his heart he may well have wondered how justified he had been in the extra force he brought to bear. If so, how great must have been the searching of his own soul on the night when only an Executive pardon could save the man in the death house, when only a telephone message from Albany to Ossining could right the wrong, if by any chance a wrong was being done. On such a night the pressure on the Governor is overwhelming. Readers of "An American Tragedy" will remember Dreiser's patient and plodding account of such an ordeal, and, while he lives, Al Smith will not forget the night before Ruth Snyder went to the chair.

BUT on Becker's last night alive the power of reprieve or pardon had, in the interval since the trial, passed into the hands of the very man who had sent him to the death house. What were Governor Whitman's thoughts on that night and where was he? It would be the business of the historian of the Rosenthal case to speculate on that. He will know how the Executive Mansion at Albany was swamped by telephone calls from every corner of the country—appeals, warnings, threats. But Whitman did not receive those calls. He was not at his office, nor did his office have any notion where he was. For, out on lonely roads all night long, from sundown to sunup, he was driving, aimlessly, desperately, and alone. —ALEXANDER WOOLLCOTT



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If you occupied this Office in America's finest Building . . .

. . . your business and your personality would have fit surroundings. The new Lincoln Building offers as distinctive a setting for your business activities as your home does for hours of relaxation.

If space reservations are made immediately, changes may be effected to suit your personal requirements.

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THE ART GALLERIES

A Museum Overnight

ONLY a very hardened New Yorker, used to the daily miracle of this phoenix-like life, could fail to be stirred by the news that a new museum, the Roerich, has risen suddenly at 310 Riverside Drive. Even so, we imagine the announcement may surprise some of our most casual citizens; accustomed as they are to having every insignificant event well-heralded by several brass bands. Inured to the American habit of one-hundred-per-cent publicity for less than two per cent of accomplishment, they will find it difficult to believe in an achievement that has come about almost with sealed lips.

For several years now we have received modest little notes saying that Corona Mundi, International Art Center of the Roerich Museum, was having this or that exhibit. We consulted scholars, who translated the name for us variously, from "Top of the World" to "The Crown of Life." However, we never felt impelled to make a visit. In one way, we are glad, because as a result we had reserved for us one of the thrills of a lifetime.

THE Roerich Museum is many things. Physically, it is part of a handsome apartment house with the most modern décor and appointments. The four hundred apartments were rented before it opened, so we are not concerned about that, but four floors of the building are devoted to the Museum, the various permanent exhibits, the Himalayan Institute of Research, and schools for music, painting, sculpture, architecture, opera ballet, drama, and lectures. Oh, yes, there is also a complete theatre where cinemas on the art circuit are shown. It is all modern, and efficient, and quite bewilderingly sudden. Not long ago it was nothing more tangible than a man's dream, and that is nothing, as Einstein or Edison can tell you.

As for art: the second floor is devoted to the permanent exhibit of the paintings of Nicholas Roerich, some 1,006 of them, covering a period from 1885 to the present. These include all his sketches for operas, western American

as one antarctic explorer said to another . . .

"Now that the thermometer's up to 30 below zero, I crave a little golf. But icebergs are such tough bunkers."

"Speaking of golf, wish we could get back to old Broadway to see Dorothy McNulty do her stuff in *Follow Thru.*"

"Yeah—she's sure warmth for frozen optics!"

"Yeah . . ."

Dorothy McNulty, who is so delightful this year in the hilariously amusing musical show, *Follow Thru*, has also played in *Innocent Eyes*, *Sky High*, and *Good News*.

She is a charming comedienne—and, as they say in Antarctic circles—"sure warmth for frozen optics."

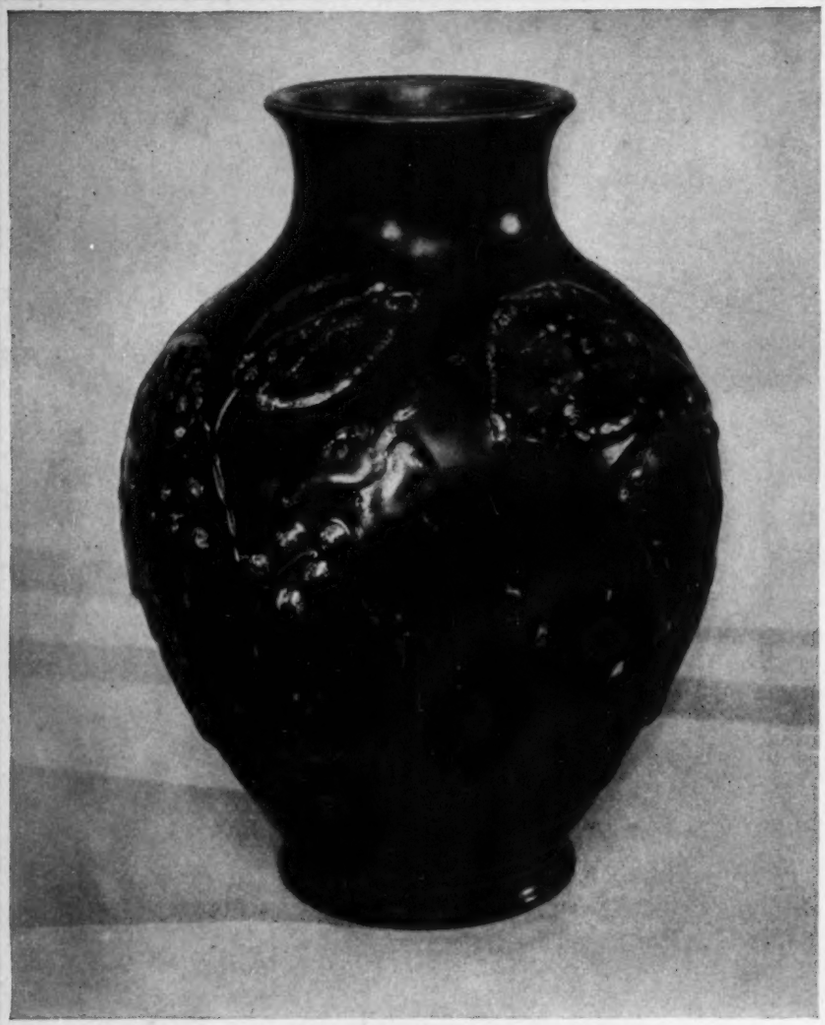
Part of her attractiveness is, of course, due to the fact that she has exquisitely clear, smooth skin. And, like so many of the very loveliest of the Broadway stars, she *keeps* it clear and smooth by using Lux Toilet Soap.

So enthusiastic are the famous stage stars about this white, daintily fragrant soap that it has been placed in their dressing rooms by 71 of the 79 legitimate theaters in New York alone—and by other leading theaters throughout the country.

In Hollywood—where 9 out of 10 screen stars use it—*all* the great film studios have made it the official soap for dressing rooms.

You will be charmed with the way Lux Toilet Soap keeps *your* skin smooth and soft. Get several cakes—today. Luxury such as you have found only in fine French soaps at 50¢ and $1.00 the cake—now 10¢.

When you see Dorothy McNulty in that gaily successful musical show Follow Thru, you cannot but be impressed with the charm of her exquisite smooth skin. And such sensible care as she gives it! She says: "I use Lux Toilet Soap because it keeps the skin always smooth and soft—it is such a delicate, soothing soap."



FORM OF ATTIC LOVELINESS

color and texture of lustrous velvety night,-design of modern, though naively primitive motif: this Rookwood vase is but one among the innumerable individual examples of the splendid pottery coming from the Rookwood kilns through fifty years. Recognized everywhere as supreme ceramic art and given the highest international awards, Rookwood possesses the sophisticated charm essential where art meets world wide requirements in taste.

Beauty bravely conceived and transfixed through fire remains an eternal contribution to art. Deeply planned or happily fortuitous, such contributions remain suave, calm, impersonal -- venerable creations bridging generation to generation.

Tiffany and Company, Jewelers, New York City

Marshall Field and Company, Chicago; Kayser and Allman, Philadelphia; Scherwee Studios, Inc., Boston; L. Bamberger and Company, Newark; Hutzler Brothers, Baltimore; L. B. King, Detroit; Brock and Company, Los Angeles; Dulin and Martin, Washington. A store of similar quality represents the pottery exclusively in your city. We invite your direct inquiry.

ROOKWOOD POTTERY
CINCINNATI

scenes, and Asian expeditions—footnotes from a full life. If we must make a critical judgment, we will say that as paintings they fall into the category of the popular Munich school—rich, colorful treatises in design of the sort made familiar to us through the work of Maxfield Parrish and Rockwell Kent. It would be easy to dismiss them as so much Academy stuff, if you did not happen to know the painter's story. Taught at a time when this was the only school of painting in vogue, he has been content to carry on in the tradition. A successful Academician will do one piece of this type a year; Dr. Roerich has already accomplished 1,006 and shows no sign of abatement. We imagine that ten or twenty of his best things, considered alone in one room, would receive careful consideration from the best critics.

The first floor is to be more flexible. Here will be shown the various phases of art as expressed by contemporary men. Just now it is occupied by a beautiful and mixed show of Tibetan art objects. Some of them, notably the shrines and idols, are real museum pieces. One or two of the ikons are as beautiful as anything we have ever seen. The remainder of the exhibit is commercial; but being also unpretentious, it does not offend. We urge you to drop in on the Roerich Museum. We imagine you will be surprised.

A LOAN exhibition of Flemish Primitives is on at the Kleinberger Galleries until November 16. There is no new comment to make about Primitives. We have always been grateful that they were taken up by the rich. Now they bear a hallmark that would be lacking if they had received less influential patronage, and the world would be that much poorer. We feel, at a show of Primitives, a humbleness that makes us inarticulate. (Not so much applause, please.) Here is everything that has ever been said about painting; even the roots and inspirations of those manifestations of today loosely labelled "modern." The Jerome Bosch "Christ Before Pilate" is almost worth a whole season's ordinary exhibits, and the Mabuse and Gerard David are worth all the time you can spare from a busy life.

NANCY SHOSTAC's, at 820 Lexington Avenue, has been known to us before as a place where one can buy rare and beautiful jewelry for almost nothing. Now she has enlarged her scope and is showing an array of paint-

This Breath of Luxury

Mon Seul Ami . . . richly fragrant—smartly sophisticated . . . . the newest of Isabey's exquisite parfums. Now this enchantingly lovely odeur is presented also in Face Powder and Bath Powder . . . completing the *de Luxe* ensemble. And with each of these petal-soft powders is packaged a snowy puff of veritable swans-down . . . a final luxury that only Isabey provides. . . . . .

Thus does the charm and fragrance originally created for one of the present nobility of France, come to the smart *Americaine* in Parfums Isabey . . . so definitely the very breath of luxury.

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VICHY CELESTINS is a requisite to your body. A glassful in the morning on arising, a glassful after every meal, a glassful before going to bed. That is all you need to insure yourself a vigorous health.

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ings on glass. These are of no earlier vintage than the past century or two, and are of interest mainly to those who go in for the more painful exercises of the untutored in art. They have a collection value and a historical one, but for us they are so many knicknacks for decorators' walls. However, there are people who rave about them, and this is an unusual collection.

Along with these are some rare prints of exceptional interest and beauty. The glass paintings, by the way, are priced moderately.

LOUIS LOZOWICK's work is on view until Saturday, November 9, at the Weyhe Gallery. He is a fair commentator, on stone, of the city and its geometric aspects. We think he comes close to beauty in his "Still Life No. 1." As a whole, the pictures have a life and animation that are above the average in lithographs.

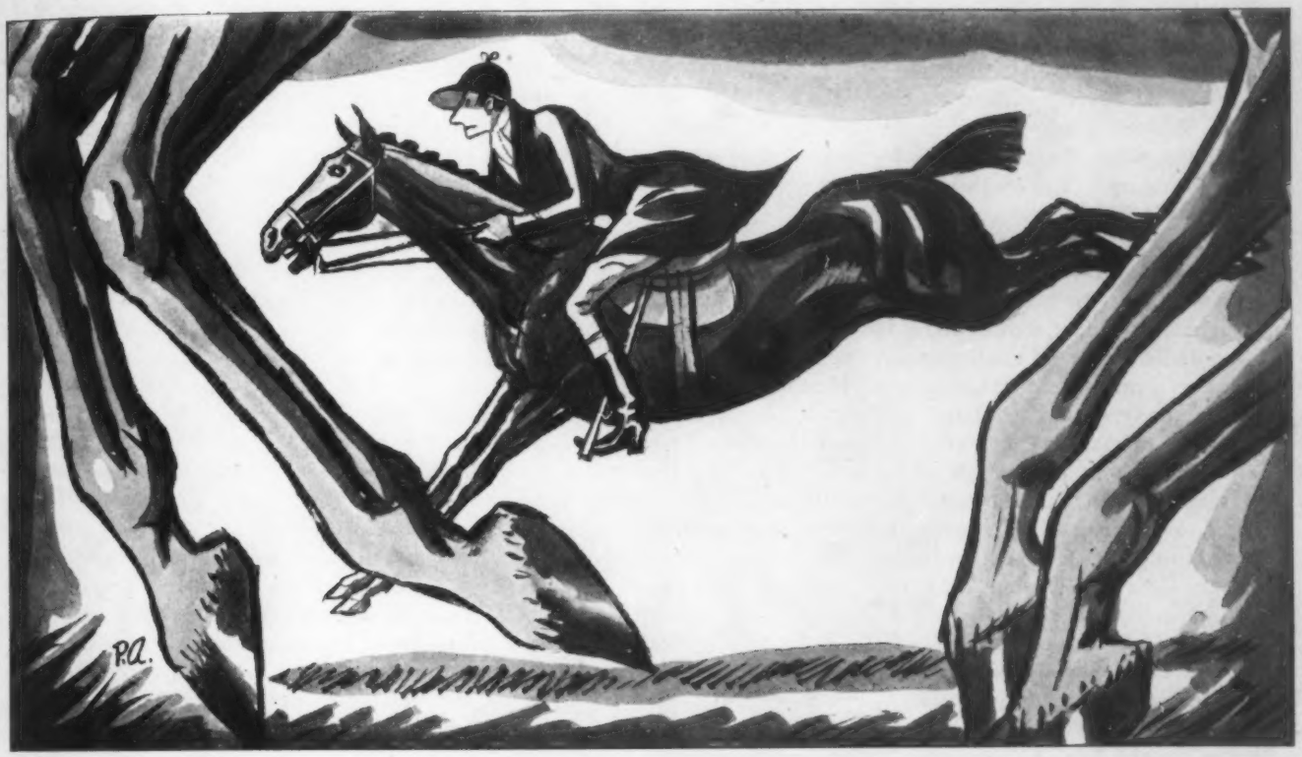
HERE AND THERE: The Clayton Gallery, 161 Columbus Avenue, writes in to announce an exhibition of portraits by Hilda Grossman, and to ask what they have to pay for a mention. It is all right this time, but in the future always send a Rubens or El Greco around to the house. . . . Lilian Prentiss has her first show at the Fine Arts Department of Teachers' College, Columbia, closing November 9. . . . Albert Stewart, American sculptor, will be on view at the Arden Gallery from November 12 to 26. . . . Joseph Pollet is having a show at the Downtown Gallery until November 18. Pollet is always worth the trip. . . . The Public Library is showing three dozen etchings by the late Henry B. Shope. . . . The second Opportunity Show is on at the Art Center. . . . The Art Alliance is having its annual exhibit at the same place. . . . Amy Londoner's paintings and pastels are to be seen at the Morton Gallery until November 11. . . . Louis G. Ferstadt is having a show at the rooms of the Modernage Furniture Company, Seventeenth Street and Avenue B. —M. P.

•

Personal Ladies! One Mexican gentleman of good manners and regular position, wishes intimate with an illustrated and handsome young lady, tho she were poor. The object is easily exchange their native language, and if it were possible, to marry themselves. Write in Spanish or English giving references.—*Mexico City Herald.*

References and syntax.

"It ain't the 'evy 'unting as 'urts the 'orses 'oofs



it's the 'ammer 'ammer 'ammer on the 'ard 'ighway"

From merry old England came this rollicking refrain . . . a generation ago. But it might have been written yesterday...to describe the hammer-hammer-hammer of noisy typewriters . . . and their effect on office work. For it's the constant repetition of tiny blows upon the human ear that hurts nerves, hampers thinking, burns up energy!

The clackety-clack of hammer-blow typing . . . nerve-specialists say . . . is the most devastating noise in modern business! It steals 15% from typists' efficiency. It slows down arduous mental work twice as much! But it takes its worst toll after office doors are locked . . . sending tired nerves, jaded minds, irritable tempers . . . home from work!

There's no 'ammer-'ammer in the silken, silent action of Noiseless Typewriters. They cut out noise . . . at its source.

And...where noise is cut out...wear and tear are cut down! Repairs are fewer. Typewriter life is increased. An investment in Noiseless Typewriters pays dividends a dozen ways.

Sample these dividends for yourself. Phone WORth 7500. REMINGTON RAND BUSINESS SERVICE INC., 374 Broadway, New York City, for a free demonstration in your office.

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It takes the *Bedlam* out of Business

THE WAYWARD PRESS

NOW THAT THAT'S OVER

THERE was a slight benefit accruing to the stock-market unpleasantness of last week—oh, very well, then, there wasn't. You don't have to get so sore.

There was one feature of the stock-market unpleasantness of last week which was not entirely without charm. It gave the newspapers something to print besides what the political candidates were saying. The boys who were running for office clicked on the front page only occasionally during Bloody Week and even then nobody had the time, or eyesight, to read them.

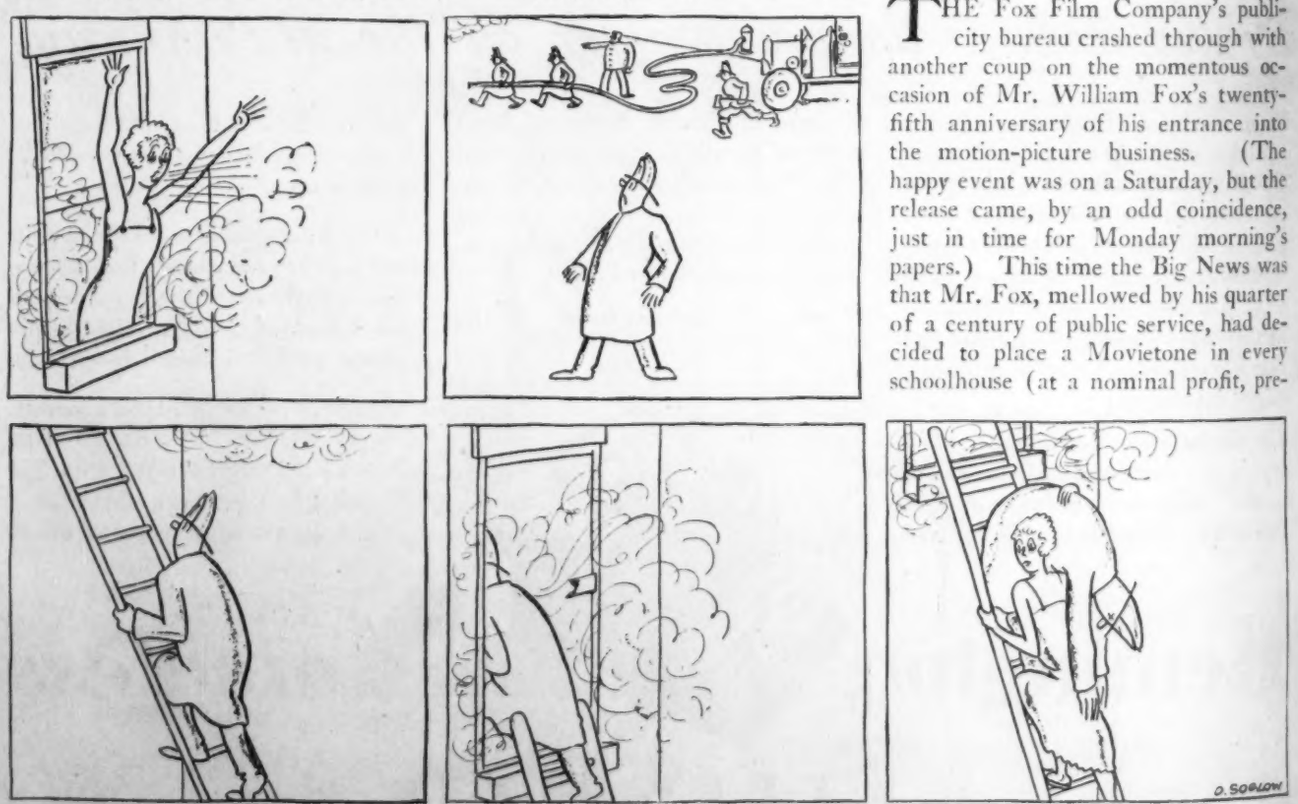
As a matter of fact, it is doubtful if anyone would have read them anyway. The papers seem to feel that they ought to quote the various candidates, just as a matter of tradition, but even the editors are without enthusiasm in the matter. You can hardly expect the reporter, or rewrite man, or even the copy desk to pay much attention when Harrison L. Pern, Fusion candidate for Comptroller, tells his audience at Public School 19, Rosebank, Staten Island, what he thinks of Tammany, or when Leland Naubit, campaign manager for Supreme Court Justice Durkey, tells the United Auto League at Public School 27, 215 East Forty-first Street, what he thinks of Socialism. It is almost as if they hadn't spoken, except that the newspapers set up a couple of sticks of type, smear some ink on it, and press it off on to a paper. There is probably more good ink and paper wasted during a political campaign than at any other time during the school year. Mayor Walker's speeches happen to make pretty good reading if you have the time and want something amusing, but he is one candidate in a million in this respect. And he can't make all the speeches for his party.

The big mystery of newspaper-making is: What would the papers have printed if they hadn't printed what Herman H. Panker said at the Riverdale Tennis Club or that Babe Ruth was endorsing the candidacy of Mr. McGeehan for Bronx County District Attorney? Presumably there would have been an equal amount of space to fill. What items of the world's news were we deprived of? Or would they have had to stick in some rebuses and Berton Braley verse? A good rebus wouldn't go so bad in the midst of a political campaign.

Of course, the news of the stock-market sinking was anybody's dish. All that any paper had to do was to print the closing prices on the front page and be assured of thousands of dripping readers. A sheet of figures, with no rewriting at all, simply handed to the linotyper, would result in your paper carrying all the news that was fit to print—and a great deal that wasn't. There was a story current that the Press was withholding dozens of suicide stories, fearing that they would put the idea into other people's heads and start an epidemic. With all due respect to the power of the Press, the idea was there, anyway. You didn't have to read the papers to think it up for yourself.

There were probably some very fine human-interest stories written on the debacle, but this department wasn't keeping track of human-interest stories at the time. Just a glance at the figures and we were ready for bed. Perhaps in the cool of the evening we may go back over the files and select our favorite accounts beginning, "A dull, ominous roar, like the beating of waves on a distant beach, came up from the floor of the Stock Exchange yesterday," but right now it seems best to let the whole thing drop.

THE Fox Film Company's publicity bureau crashed through with another coup on the momentous occasion of Mr. William Fox's twenty-fifth anniversary of his entrance into the motion-picture business. (The happy event was on a Saturday, but the release came, by an odd coincidence, just in time for Monday morning's papers.) This time the Big News was that Mr. Fox, mellowed by his quarter of a century of public service, had decided to place a Movietone in every schoolhouse (at a nominal profit, pre-



ANTON BRUEHL

Overnight the new building leaps ten stories! Its ribs of naked steel are still exposed, but already a flagpole on the topmost peak marks the end of the effort. The New Yorker, at home in the midst of such miracles, is perhaps unconscious of their effect. But the magic city has made him one of its own...he thinks and talks and dresses like a New Yorker, and you would know him instantly if you met him at the far ends of the earth. Thirty years of intimate contact with our customers has given us that expert knowledge of their tastes in clothing which we call "the New York manner." Tailor Guild Suits and Overcoats, exquisitely cut and tailored, are the ultimate expression of our experience. Fifty Dollars and upward.

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AS suave as the most charming of hosts, as beautiful as the loveliest of hostesses, as smart as the gayest of repartee—"Toile d'Anam" is Maison de Linge's newest offering in the interest of gracious hospitality.

This new heavily-woven silk and linen fabric, created by Rodier and embroidered in a modern design in gold on an écru ground, is typical of the chic of the Maison de Linge linens. With one dozen oblong napkins to match—size 70" x 87"—$250; 70" x 108"—$300; 70" x 118"—$350; 70" x 144"—$375.

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A Merry Holiday

GIFT TO YOURSELF

Be selfish for a change. You know you would love to sail through tropical seas—visit flower-laden islands—meet interesting people. And, most of all, get away from northern sleet and snow. Well, then!—be a Pleasure Pirate. Join the jolliest group sailing the southern seas. You'll find them on the RELIANCE and RESOLUTE the ideal cruising steamers *leaving New York on December 17* for 16 day luxury cruises to the West Indies. Celebrate the Holidays on the Caribbean. Visit Port-au-Prince or Nassau, Kingston, Colon, Havana—colorful ports of the Caribbean.

Other Pleasure Pirate Pilgrimages
by the S. S. RELIANCE from New York

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sumably) and to see to it that every hospital was similarly equipped, to the end that education might be made a pleasure and the youth of the country won back to the pursuit of knowledge.

The *Times* has evidently a special reservation on its front page known as "the Fox lot," for it is in Column 4 on Page 1 that it always runs whatever Mr. Fox or his representatives have to say. The *World* gave it the front page, but with a little less ceremony, while the *Herald Tribune* and *American* seemed almost to divine by second-sight that it was a press story and ran it inside, where it belonged. The *American*, however, relented and gave it an editorial. The *Telegraph*, the one paper in which it might naturally have been featured, didn't fall for it at all. So watch Column 4, Page 1, of the *Times* if you want to be sure of getting all the Fox news as soon as it is released. You simply can't trust the other papers.

THIS department is not legitimately concerned with typographical errors or mistakes in makeup, but we really would like to know if the *Telegram* was being nasty wh , over a front-page picture of Ramsay MacDonald and President Martin of George Washington University, it ran the startling heading: "GAMBLERS FALL OUT ON LEVIATHAN; ONE BREAKS CHAIR ON OTHER'S HEAD." We thought that Mr. MacDonald crossed on the Berengaria.

FOOTBALL-WRITERS this fall have run into a bit of hard luck. Albie Booth of Yale has only two names. This will make it impossible for them to use the customary formula in writing of the new hero's exploits, the formula which has hitherto made it obligatory for a football reporter with any pretence to style at all to refer to the star of the game as "James Aloysius Caney" or "Arthur Merdington Flick." To make it even worse, Mr. Booth has evidently no nickname, so when they call him "Albie Booth" in their stories they are only calling him what everybody else calls him. This is going to make it very hard for them to do any writing worth while, unless someone thinks of referring to him as "Monsieur Albie Booth" or "Albie Albie Booth."

A STRANGE unanimity of expression seemed to strike some of the correspondents at the Edison festivities in Dearborn in the morning papers of October 21. It was almost as if the

same man had written the stories which the *Times*, the *Herald Tribune*, and the *American* ran. The lead on the *Times* story was: "An old man drank today at the well of youth and lived again the hours of his budding genius." The *Herald Tribune's* story began as follows: "An old man drank today at the well of youth and lived again the hours of his budding genius." The *American*, through its own Universal Service, was privileged to present a story beginning: "An old man drank today at the well of youth and lived again the hours of his budding genius." One gathered, from reading these three journals of entirely different political leanings, that at least one thing is sure and agreed upon. An old man, on October 20, drank at the well of youth and lived again the hours of his budding genius. The question now arises: What did the *World* man do with *his* handout? Or are the *Times*, *Herald Tribune*, and *American* all really one paper?

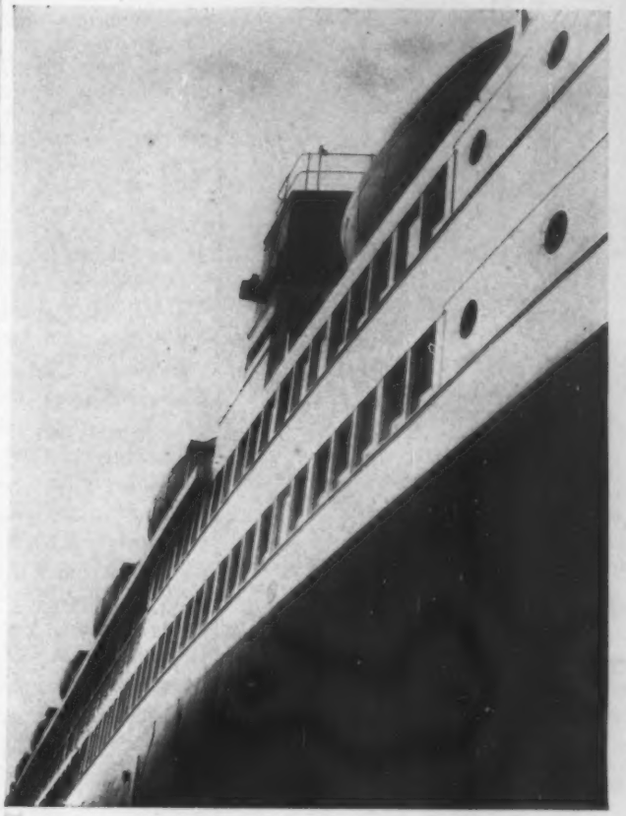
AFTER years of striving for supremacy in the field of animal journalism and special pet news, the *World* had the humiliating experience on October 15 of having the unemotional *Times* not only beat it on a dog story but write it as the *World*, in its doggiest days, never was able to do. The story in the *Times* about the puppy who belonged to Engine Company 39 and who was killed in the performance of his duty (which was that of getting in the way whenever there was an alarm) was as excellent a bit of animal writing as we remember having seen in a newspaper. In fact, it was so good that we are going to reprint it, and shame on the *World!*

Five months ago a small Dalmatian puppy—running mostly to ears and legs—paid a chance visit to the home of Engine Company 39, in Sixty-seventh Street, near Lexington Avenue. It was well treated, so it stayed around. It chewed a lot of boots, ruined several new uniforms and in general became popular. Once when it had strayed after a neighborhood kitten the firemen searched two days to bring it back.

While a resident in Sixty-seventh Street the puppy all but mastered the intricacies of the fire alarm system. It learned to distinguish the number of the beats, and when one sounded as though it might call forth the dog's collective master to duty, the animal would spring to the back step of the engine. The dog misjudged the count often, of course, and every one laughed. It didn't like that.

Yesterday morning the puppy was lying in the sun across the street from the station house—occupying itself leisurely with an errant fly and thoughts of a ca-

TO MIAMI AND HAVANA



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reer. The engine house door was open; the street was very still. The puppy put its nose down on the sidewalk and presently slept. About five minutes passed; then the alarm suddenly began to clang. The dog raised its head and looked over. There were signs of activity around the engine.

Without pausing to look up or down the street, the puppy started for its usual position on the engine's back step. It had almost reached the other side when a taxicab drove by. The dog ran into the machine. As the engine swept out into the street a fireman jumped off, picked the puppy up and placed it on board. It looked up once, wagged its stubby tail and then lay still.

It will be buried by the firemen and by the police of the East Sixty-seventh Street Station who knew the dog, too.

THE dangers of hiring champions to write newspaper stories when there is a chance that they may not be champions after the edition has gone to press is shown in the *Times* of October 14. Here we find Dr. Alexandre Alekhine, billed as the World's Chess Champion, writing the ninth of a series of articles, this time on "openings," in which he finds the "Cambridge Springs variation" a good defence against the Queen's gambit attack and outlines the play in the twelfth game of his match against Bogoljubow for the world's championship. Directly underneath Dr. Alekhine's chatty little article appears the laconic news dispatch: "BOGOLJUBOW VICTOR OVER DR. ALEKHINE. CHALLENGER SPRINGS SURPRISE ON CHAMPION IN 13TH GAME AND WINS IN 34 MOVES."

Leaving entirely aside the probability of thirty-four moves of a chess game containing a "surprise," much less a surprise which could be "sprung," we are forced to the conclusion that if Dr. Alekhine had spent less time on his articles for the *Times* and had got in some good sleep he would not now find himself surprised by Mr. Bogoljubow. We must admit, however, that Mr. Bogoljubow surprised *us*, simply by appearing in print. —GUY FAWKES

•

A THOUGHT FOR THIS WEEK

[*From Dr. Price's Practical Paragraphs*]

How one reads the signs of the time depends upon the color of glasses through which one is looking. If one is looking through smoked glasses the outlook for better human relationships in business and industry will appear dull and drab. If one is looking through rose-tinted glasses the outlook will be bright and beautiful. If one is looking through clear glasses he will see some things which are drab and some things which are beautiful.

Mr. Brisbane says nice things about THE MILWAUKEE ROAD

On his trip from Chicago to Seattle, America's celebrated reporter-editor rode the new Olympian, queen of de luxe trains. And as he rode he wrote for the Chicago Herald-Examiner:

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THE RACE TRACK

Racing Misinformation —A New Sweepstakes— Some Loose Money

WHETHER you consider that the Jockey Club's racing season was one of those good things you would have prolonged depends, I imagine, on whether you collected or gave autographs. It generally does; so we may make up our minds that the season just closed was just the same as any other. The backer will understand what I mean.

I asked one of the clubhouse commissioners if he were much of a winner over the season, and he made a wry and expressive face before he said: "Yes—if I get the money." No doubt the accumulation of bad debts is reflected in the odds laid. Or it may be as one wag suggested: "I don't expect to be paid by the players who take my prices." I have not asked the average backer about his fortunes or misfortunes. There may be no need to do so. For the most part, he is a foolish person who insists on betting on every race every day. He follows favorites; and he falls under the spell of "inside" information from well-meaning friends. It seems to me there should be a law against this sort of dissemination of racing misinformation, and the violators should be made to pay twice the amount lost.

I WAS lunching at Belmont Park one day with a trainer—who shall be nameless—when a heavy shower came up and turned the track from fast to muddy. Thereupon my host tried to withdraw his horse from the steeplechase by telephone. As the field was small and it was long past the time for scratches to be made—this happened before the new rule went into effect—permission was refused. The trainer protested; his horse could not run on a heavy track—the animal would be a heavy favorite, but he would be beaten—it was not fair to the public, who would lose a lot of money—and so on. But the secretary remained obdurate. Here was real stable information, for I knew the horse was at a certain disadvantage on

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a heavy track. It was fortunate for me, however, that my interest in the race remained purely academic, for the horse just galloped in front all the way.

NOT so long ago I heard riding instructions given to one of our fashionable riders. "This horse is all right," said the trainer, "but don't take him to the inside of the track, and whatever you do, don't use your whip. If you hit him, he'll stop to a walk." In the race, the boy took his mount to the inside all the way. Then, in the stretch, he drew his whip; and the harder he whipped the faster the horse ran. He whipped him right to the winning-post, but he won by a length. After he weighed in, the jockey sought out the trainer. "I thought you said that horse'd stop if I used the whip," he said. And I wonder if he lost a bet or if the trainer deliberately reversed instructions.

However, he was not the rider who, after winning a race worth $700, received a thousand-dollar bill as a present. That boy pouched the bill with: "Is this all I get out of it?"

I HAVE neither space nor desire to enter into a detailed review of the season. Retrospects must be rather labored and, therefore, dull both to write and read. In looking at results, however, I recall with satisfaction that my early choice among the three-year-olds was Blue Larkspur, and my selection among the two-year-olds was Whichone.

NOW is the time to get your Calcutta Sweep numbers; and, by the way, we shall have one much nearer home this year. The Agua Caliente Sports Club, of that town in Old Mexico, will run a sweepstakes, along the lines of the Calcutta, on the Agua Caliente Handicap, decided March 23. The closing date for selling tickets—which are two dollars—will be February 23, and the drawing will be held a fortnight before race day.

ONE may buy a horse out of a claiming race if one deposits with the racing secretary, or rather in a box, an envelope containing the amount of cash required. The day stocks began to break so badly fifteen envelopes, each containing $3,000 in currency, were dropped in the claiming box at Empire City for the horse, Bask. Who said there was a money shortage? —AUDAX MINOR

I THINK

THAT the public characters who speak for the Movietone News must be more intelligent than their two-minute speeches indicate. That the dietitian who makes up those fifty-cent combinations can concoct more ways of giving me nothing to eat than any other person I know. That, now that the eighteen-day diet has justified its wildest boasts, someone ought to tell us, the thin people of the world, whether grapefruit or lettuce or cucumbers or any combination of them that we are likely to eat will tend to make us reduce. That there should be a system whereby a responsible man with a good cheque will be able to cash it in a community where no one knows that he is a responsible man with a good cheque. That six hundred thousand dollars is better spent on a yacht than on a pearl necklace, even though I am addicted to seasickness. That what this city needs is a set of officers whose election is not the proximate result of the campaigning of a multitude of men who need jobs and the contributions of an avid group of men who need contracts. That the man who put the lights on bus tops played a dirty trick on romance. That all the clocks exposed to public view should be required to give the right time under penalty of prosecution to the fullest extent of all the laws. That the Automat should not keep its butter in heated compartments. That there should be a Pulitzer prize for the most honest public official. That the stockingless fad is not becoming to all girls. That knickers are not becoming to all men. That if all telephones were equipped with knobs to control volume and tone, the way radio sets are, lots of people would not become nervous wrecks from asking other people to speak louder, from trying to speak louder, from trying to hear what other people say, and from trying to make other people hear what they say.

That the Times Square Lucky Strike plant ought to show how it's toasted. That nobody really enjoys lunching at soda counters. That the model who posed for the Statue of Liberty must have been pretty funny-looking. That our industrial centres ought to pass an exclusion law restraining the influx of cheap college labor. That the man who said a thing of beauty was a joy forever probably married someone else. That I ought to go to Honolulu for the winter.

—JOSÉ SCHORR

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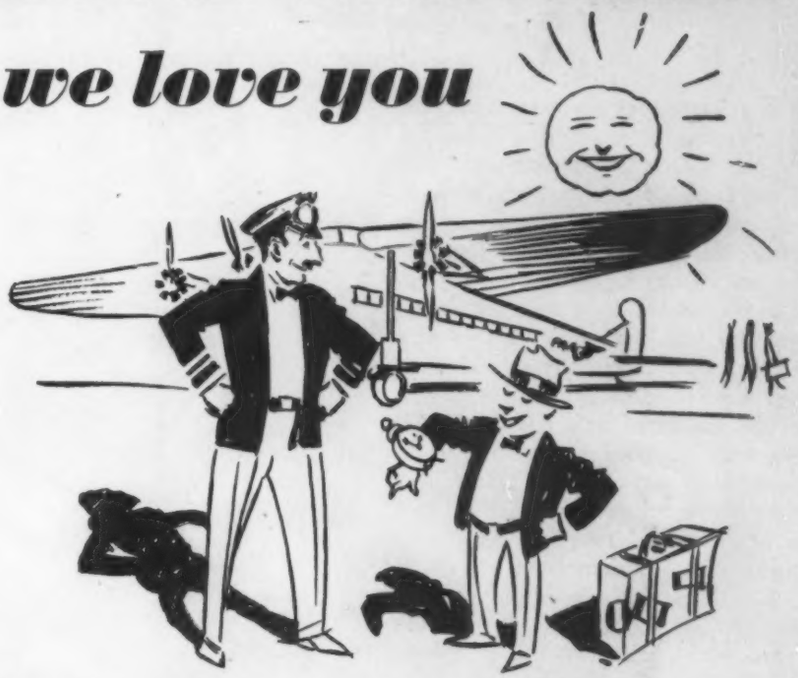

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FOOTBALL

Old Games and New Rules—Knute Rockne's Rebellion—When the Signal Was Born

IN a few weeks, the tumult and the shouting of football will have resolved into post-season discussions of the great players, the great elevens, and the rule changes. The arguments about All-American teams, and the like, mean nothing though, for the obvious reason that there are more players than any one man or group of men can see, and consequently a great many fine players are never mentioned.

The matter of new rules, and old, however, is more important. It is apparently a never-ending tradition of football that rules must be altered each year. This can be, and often is, a nuisance to most people, particularly spectators; but one rule could be changed next year without causing more than a very small group to complain—that is, the ruling against a run with a fumbled ball.

The story of its birth is a curious one. Two or three years ago, football very nearly split into two camps. The trouble followed closely on the heels of the legislation against shift plays. It will be remembered that the shift play was made practically useless when it was decided that the backfield must come to a definite stop after a shift, instead of taking a running start, as the old rules permitted. This caused a fatal loss of momentum. Notre Dame, which had put the greatest emphasis on shift plays, suffered the most. Army, which had followed Notre Dame's lead, was also hit; and there were plenty of other places that suffered. Mr. Knute Rockne became thoroughly incensed. He became so incensed, in fact, that he organized a rebellion.

The rebellion took definite form at the time of a Rules Committee meeting in New York. In the middle of one night, after several hours of conversation in a room at the Astor Hotel, Rockne's rebels announced that the committee would have to listen to them or that they, the rebels, would secede. Only a few know the exact language used, but the meaning was plain enough. It was an announcement from a group of prominent coaches that they intended to run football, or, at least, to have an effective part in running it. It is unfortunate that they were not allowed to go through with the threat, but they weren't. Their bluff, if it was one, was never called. The unfortunate Bill Roper, who is a Rules Committee member as well as a coach, was dragged from his bed and sent in search of E. K. Hall, the chairman of the American Intercollegiate Football Committee. Bright and early the next morning, Mr. Hall appeared before the meeting of the Coaches' Association and promised that they would have full and complete representation on the rules board. That forestalled any further fireworks.

THE new fumble rule was made by the coaches. It was approved at their meeting last year by an overwhelming majority and was passed on to the Rules Committee. "Having given the coaches places as advisors on the board," one member of the committee explained, "we could hardly turn

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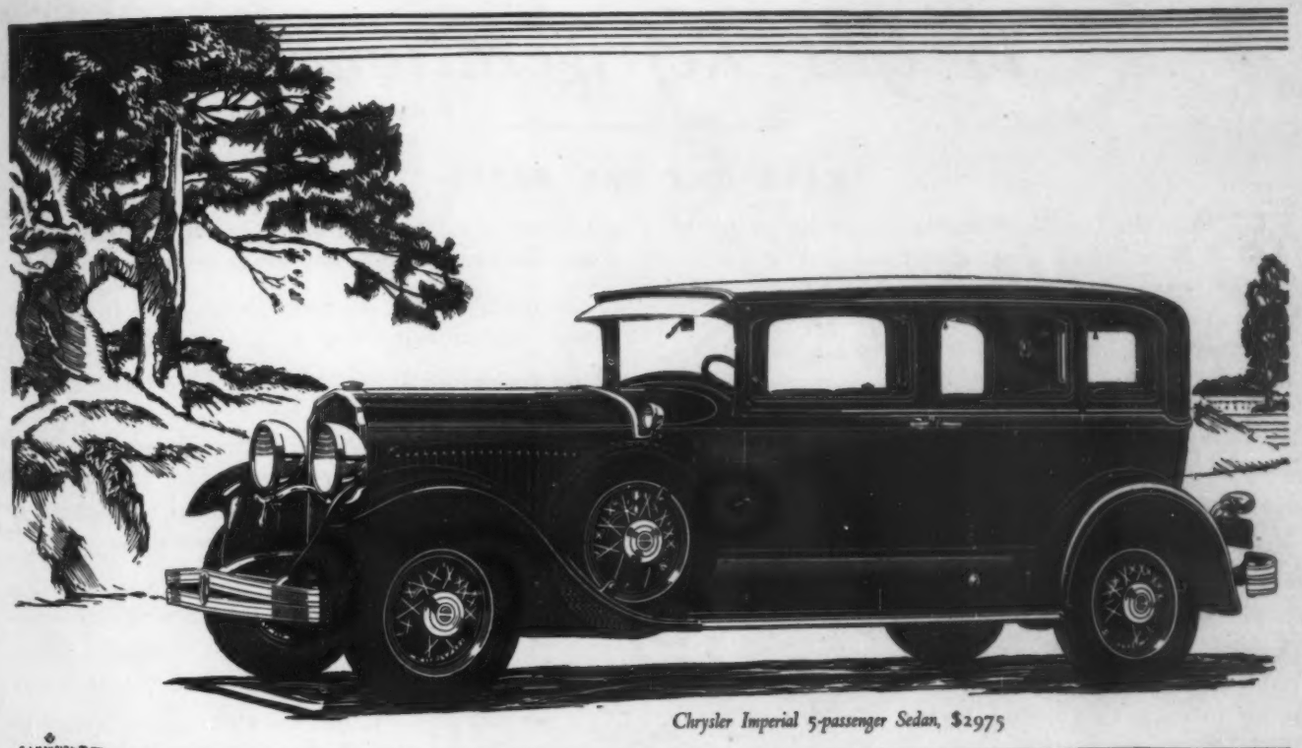

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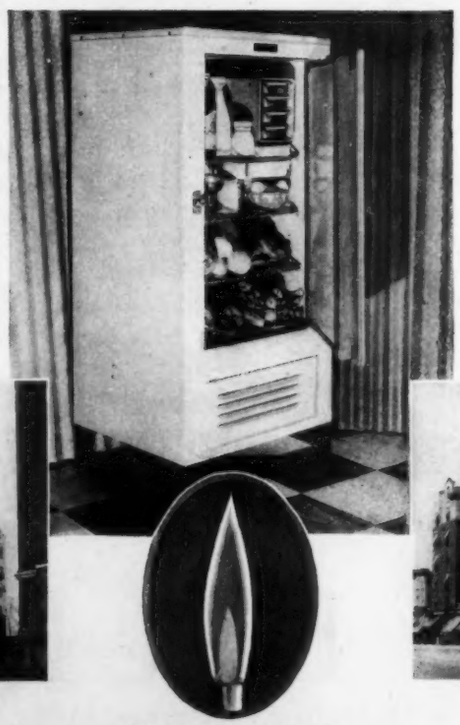

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down the first important recommendation they had made."

All this season coaches have avoided giving a definite opinion on this rule of theirs. Arnold Horween merely said: "A coach likes it when he is ahead, and dislikes it when he is behind." Another exclaimed: "Certainly it's a coaches' rule." Then he hastened to add: "But don't quote me." The excuses that one occasionally hears made for it are that it was intended to prevent injuries in scrambles for loose balls; but the scramble still goes on, for the fumble has to be recovered anyway. However, so long as a coach's job depends on winning games, he will be in favor of a rule which eliminates as much of the element of chance as possible.

IN these days of huddles and other complicated ways of giving signals, it is interesting to find an account of how the system started. In his "American Football," published in 1891, Walter Camp says: "If the ball was kicked, it was at the option of the man receiving it, and the forwards did not know whether he would kick or run. It was at this point that the demand for signals first showed itself. The rushers began to insist upon it that they must be told in some way whether the play was to be a kick or a run. They maintained quite stoutly and correctly that there was no reason in their chasing down the field when the halfbacks did not kick."

These first signals consisted of phrases such as "Play up sharply, Charlie," or of signs, such as the placing of a hand behind the neck or on the left hip. Simple as these are, there are even simpler ones being used today. Princeton tied Navy when Muldaur, a second-string player, merely said quietly to Lowry during the course of the huddle: "Chuck me the ball down on the goal-line. I'll be waiting." He was waiting, and Princeton was saved from what would have been its third straight defeat of the season.

This unconventionality must be something of a tradition at Princeton, for Roper tells a similar story about the famous Chicago game which saw the "Team of Destiny" born. Only that time, Princeton scored often enough in the last quarter to win.

There came a stalemate on Chicago's three-yard line. A substitute turned to Roper, and said: "Let me go in. I can make that score." Roper nodded his head. "The boy substituted for someone—I don't know whom he

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sent out—and then he went over for the touchdown. The next day the newspapers all gave me credit for my strategy. It was his idea; it wasn't mine." —R. F. K.

•

THE ELDERLY BACHELOR

HE is tall and broad-shouldered, with a ruddy, out-of-doors look that is a little deceptive. His suits are voluminously tailored in England and he has a weakness for massive overcoats, shoes of almost unbelievable solidity, galoshes, and large, pavilion-like umbrellas. The details of his costume are usually reticent but suffer occasional aberrations owing to the wiles of persuasive salesmen. Fortunately he seems unconscious of these lapses and wears the offending garments with touching confidence.

He usually spends his summers in Europe, where he prides himself on living like a true Continental, practicing the most delightful, painless economies. It is a source of innocent satisfaction to him that he is seldom taken for an American. He speaks with a faintly inconsistent English accent, preserved almost without effort since his year at Oxford, and is fond of telling stories that can be understood only by those possessing a fair colloquial knowledge of French or German. It is regrettable that having told such stories to an accompaniment of more or less spontaneous laughter, he often feels called upon to translate.

A member of one of the nobler, least lucrative professions, he listens in awe, faintly tinged with horror, to the stories of men who have done big things on the stock market. All business transactions more complicated than the management of a small bank-account are

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to him a form of obscure, highly dangerous black magic and he believes that any sum he might invest would instantly disappear forever by devious ways known only to the world of finance.

HE is not, however, averse to worldly pleasures and is much in demand at staid, luxurious dinner parties where an extra man is needed. He plays excellent bridge and is pleasant, if a little frank, about the misdeeds of his partner. He attends all concerts, enjoys the more wholesome type of movie, and considers most modern plays deplorable. He has seldom read the latest best-seller but is often able to reduce conscientious Book-of-the-Month Club members to a sense of cringing inferiority by his enthusiasm for some obscure swashbuckling, sword-and-periwig romance of which they are obliged to confess that they have never heard. He is an excellent gossip but his interest in other people's affairs, though keen, is benevolent, and he is a staunch apologist even for persons whose actions he privately considers distinctly queer.

Although fond of feminine society his discretion is such that he was able to spend a week in Paris at the same hotel and in the almost constant society of a married lady of his acquaintance without arousing the smallest breath of scandal. On rare occasions he invites some charming young woman to a concert, but always with an anxious care for financial detail that is a little discouraging.

He believes that he is fond of children, preferring shy, serious little girls who make quaint remarks and curtsy demurely; modern, self-expressive infants fill him with a nervousness that is close to terror. Apparently a trifle phlegmatic, he is aroused by the most flagrantly sentimental stories of poverty or ill-health to a perfect flood of generosity, often at the expense of his own personal comfort. These matters he conceals with intense embarrassment, particularly since he knows from experience that the stories told him often will not bear critical analysis.

—S. F.

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As you watch this consummate actress you see each delicate layer of illusion as it forms itself around this central kernel —as a pearl is formed about the infinitesimal molecule of irritation, so becoming the oyster's protection against reality. —*Richard Lockridge in the Sun.*

It's a lot of work going to a show these days.

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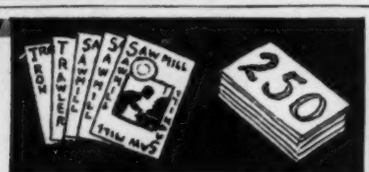

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"New York World."

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HORSE SHOWS AND HUNTS

Twilight of the Old Guard—Peace Among the Outlaws—At Warrenton

HUNTING, like everything else, loses some of its charm by being made too accessible. For bold Osbaldeston, far-sighted Meynell, and Assheton Smith, who declared, "Any fence can be jumped with a fall," a stout hack was sufficient conveyance to a meet—the two-hour ride before the hunt was just an eye-opener. The twilight of these fox-hunting gods set in with the invention of the sporting tandem—the cob in the wheel of a trap; the hunter, saddled and bridled, cantering between slack traces in the lead. The coming of automobiles made the ceremony of hacking entirely obsolete; the Old Guard, who knew the exquisite joys of prolonged and carefree anticipation on the way to the hunt, rent its hair over this ignominious efficiency, thinking it the ultimate disgrace. Now comes the airplane: but the Old Guard does not grumble, for it is long since dead, or numbed with constant change.

As another season comes into full swing, one realizes more and more that the hunting cake of today is dough indeed, so far as atmosphere, glamour, and personality go. More people are coming out, subscriptions are getting bigger, the pace faster, publicity more glaring; but there will be no immemorial anecdotes, no historic runs, no magnetic figures to be remembered twenty years from now. Being master of a pack these days is largely a matter of means; the prevalence of hard roads and the ubiquitous towns preclude a long, straight run; and the meets, heaven forfend, are arranged to fit office hours. Ox Ridge, in Darien, runs drags at seven in the morning; Fairfield and Westchester, a half hour later, making the 9:03 train quite feasible. Radnor has Monday meets at 2 P.M., and there you have the distinction between New York and Philadelphia business methods in a nutshell.

ROY JACKSON, pinch-hit Master of Radnor, is getting the numerous difficulties there straightened out. The factions within the hunt are becoming

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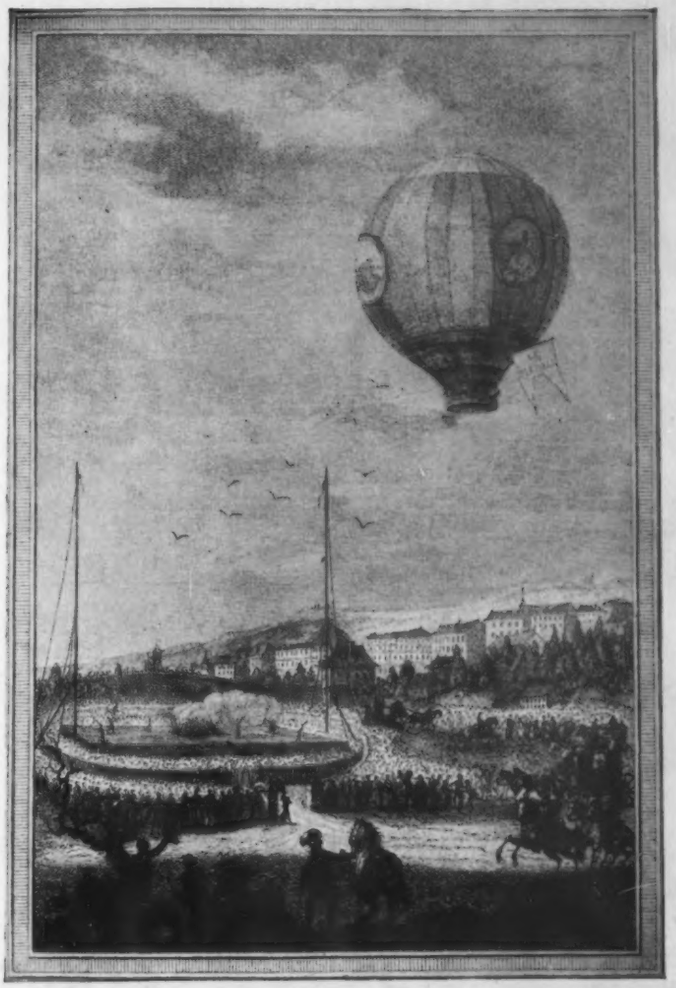

IN 1783 some very excited French peasants saw the first balloonist rise two or three hundred feet in mid-air — lifted by a paper bag inflated with hot smoke! History says his sense of superiority was complete . . . Nowadays, those who wear this charming and strictly up-to-date Hamilton feel much the same — far above the madding crowd. It seems quite fitting that a watch so beautiful and so remarkably accurate should, at least, bear the name of the great Langley — and be offered at a "Langley price" (not *too* high-flown!). Hamilton Watch Co., American manufacturers of high-grade watches, Lancaster, Pa.

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On your Radio, OLD GOLD—PAUL WHITEMAN HOUR. Paul Whiteman and his orchestra, every Tuesday, 9 to 10 P. M., Eastern Standard Time.

reconciled; and, even more astounding, Van Meter, owner of the outlaw pack that caused all the friction, has been out and has enjoyed himself with his once deadly enemies. He had held a peculiarly impregnable position in his outlawry, for the ban on hunting, showing, and racing which the Masters of Foxhounds Association places upon the refractory had no effect on him or his followers, who were in the main farmers, and didn't indulge in showing or racing at all; while on the other hand, the outlaws virtually stopped the Radnor Hounds by posting their farms.

The split between factions in Greenwich, which four years ago necessitated the birth of the Goldens Bridge country, with hounds and clubhouse under the aegis of John Bowman, has become practically non-extant. Both sides go out with William Ruxton's drag hounds and have a splendid time. Likewise, both groups are supporting the Hunter Trials which take place November 9 under the auspices of the Fairfield and Westchester Hounds. These Trials are becoming more of a feature each year; and well they should, for they embody a very sound principle, and are a healthy corrective to show-ring abuses in hunter standards. The course is two and a half miles, up and down hill, with twenty-four fences representing every variety to be found on the Atlantic seaboard. Horses are not judged on ticks, time, or conformation, but on the possession of qualities which make an ideal hunter.

We guarantee that a horse that wins here would give you ten times more pleasure and safety to hounds than one which, by virtue of a clean performance over fences such as never are seen outside of Madison Square Garden, wins a "qualified hunter" class at the National.

DOWN on Long Island, the increasingly built-up condition of the country pinches the Meadow Brook Hounds more and more sharply. There are the most approved strains of English hounds, the most beautiful horses, the most impressive collection of affluent celebrities—and no place to go except through each other's blue-gravel drives and neatly kept kitchen gardens. Some are solving the problem by migrating to the Harford country outside of Baltimore, where the fields stretch away clear to Delaware; and where two Long Islanders, Harry Nicholas and Mrs. William Goadby Loew, pre-

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In gold.....$5 to $15
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serve the Meadow Brook tradition and atmosphere. Others, who cannot build places so far from home, go out with Mrs. John Bloodgood's Smithtown packs, and watch her interesting experiment of keeping one type of hound for grass, and still another for woodland.

WARRENTON, almost the last place where simple prewar hunting survived, has gone Ritzy, and this saddens us not a little. A movement, sponsored chiefly by Mr. and Mrs. Robert C. Winmill, has resulted in purchase of the elaborate Bond estate, to be converted into a club. Its purpose is purely social, not being connected with membership in the hunt at all; but its fees are so stupendous that hardly a Virginian in the place could afford to belong.

There, after a day over the big coops back near the Rappahannock, or the snake fences toward New Baltimore, people from New York, Long Island, Tuxedo, or Greenwich will sit and go through the changeless after-hunting rites; while on the other side of town, the Fords and Chevrolets of the Virginians bump over the rutted road into the Country Club, where George, the factotum, dispenses ginger ale and even makes tea, if put to it.

—TOUCH AND GO

•

NIGHT THOUGHTS ON THE HUDSON

Great is man and wonderful his ways.
The heavens arch supernally,
And life is kindred to this darkened river
Ever moving to the sea—
Oh, swish a half a package in your bath.

Where do the barges go upstream?
What are they freighted with, and why
Are tugs' eyes red and green with tropic light?
Deep-throated resonance is tongue of steamer—
Will make your skin as smooth and soft as velvet.

Thus was the river Lethe and there
Are ferries 'cross the Styx that no man
Thinks on for the price their riding costs.
But stars reflect God's love for man—
Ask your grocer for the square green tin,
The time is now 9:48.

—WILLIAM PHILLIPS

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PARIS LETTER

PARIS, OCTOBER 30

PARIS made elaborate preparations for the opening of its twenty-third Salon d'Automobile. By working nights, the city managed to tear up part of the Rond-Point on the north and dig some great holes in the Champs-Elysées in time for the première; on the south, Salon-seekers were successfully shut off by traffic tie-ups produced by the widening of the Chambre des Députés bridge. To the west, some stunning caves were sunk near the Place de l'Alma, and to honor visiting tire-men, the Place de l'Opéra was turned in the twinkling of an eye into a vast yawning cavity peopled with picturesque workmen in sabots and a light sprinkling of passers-by who occasionally dropped in. Circulation in general, and particularly in the vicinity of the Grand Palais, being reduced to a standstill, the Salon was declared open and a great success by those who managed to get within ten kilometres. However, those of you who haven't sold your General Motors need have no fear; in world production of motor cars, France is second to America; where New Yorkers have three or four cars to the family, Parisians have three or four hundred families to the car.

TO those motor-friends interested in trending, we report that the most conspicuous French trend is toward a return to coachwork, as against the previous trend toward fabric bodies which, you may recall looked molded from linoleum.

Inwardly the tendency is to stabilize the increase in power forced by the American motor invasion of '27—in other words, to rise from four cylinders to the splendor of six, and now to have, occasionally, dreat bid eight-cylinder nassy cars. According to technicians, however, the true triumph of the French show is the new nitride-steel process, fruit of French aviation experiments and now applied to Continental construction of valve-tappets, oil-nipples, and a lot of other hard-working parts we'll draw a veil over, except to add that nitride, by superior endurance over American chromium-nickel, molybdenum, etc., is considered to throw steel, as preferred, back to

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FIFTH AVENUE AT 52ND STREET

Europe and to constitute the greatest technical advance of the age. Minor cheers were also raised for centralized chassis lubrication and for four-speed gearboxes with two silent gears. Voisin went further and made what was called a mystery-car with a two-speed gearbox fitted on to the back axle and actuated by—you'd never guess what—an electro-magnetic device.

The Paris automobile show is not the high-hat affair celebrated in New York; the Paris Salon is not open at night. It has been, however, at night, and in the Place de la Concorde, that the show was at its best—in the illuminations the city organized in its honor. After dusk, hidden globes turned the Concorde fountains' water to milk; the obelisk became a pillar of pale fire; and, secretly illuminated, the Gabrielle colonnades on the Crillon and the old Ministry of the Marine took on the look of one of Piranesi's engravings of Italian ruins.

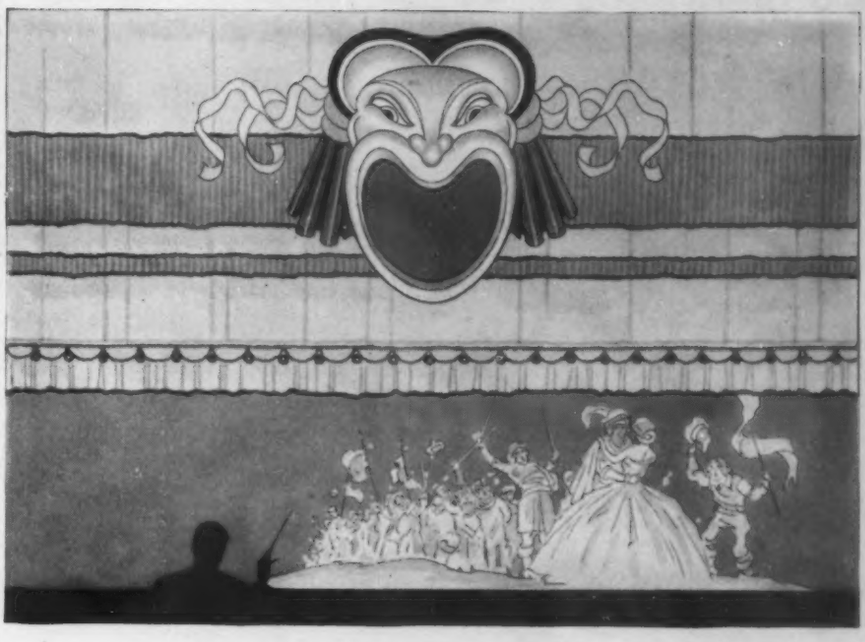
THE Paris theatrical season is now ripe; in short, translations of American plays are opening up nightly like chestnut burrs, and are just about as popular. The greatest irritation set up around "Le Singe Velu," or "The Hairy Ape," of O'Neill, produced by the indomitable Pitoëffs at the Théâtre des Arts. It was a clear case of monkeying with American art, and served only to italicize the three main characteristics of the Pitoëff pair: one, his ability to direct and not to act; two, her inability to act without being directed, after which she becomes excellent; and three, their mutual willingness to try anything once, even O'Neill in French. The performance was particularly marred by M. Pitoëff's conceiving the anthropoid to have a loud tenor voice. His décors, economically made, as usual, out of nothing, were truly stunning and finely colored; here Pitoëff turned the hairy ape into a magnificent modern mandrill.

THE second Franco-American sensation has been "Hit the Deck," at the Mogador, and referred to at dinner-parties as " 'Allelujah." The French cannot sing or play jazz properly, but they can properly express their appreciation. As the *Figaro*, Faubourg print, gravely says of Monsieur Youmans' music: "It is of a lightness of pen found only among the most highly trained composers. The rhythms, of a silver-like mobility, are overflowingly swift, the tickling color-harmony

creates an ambience which truly charms, and the ingenious disposition of the instrumentation—the mélange of celestes with woodwinds—is to be noted. Indeed, an affection for true form has here been displayed which, even in an operetta, is not to be disdained." It is to be noted that the French music critic's vocabulary, even when dealing with jazz, remains musical and critical. To him, in his old-fashioned ignorance, "hot" and "sweet" still describe items which come to his palate rather than to his ear.

ANOTHER prophet is going to be honored outside of his own land. The fantastic deep-sea scientific film documents of Jean Painlevé, young, passionate, patient observer of the melodramatic home life of sea flora and fauna, have finally been bought for your screens. Young Painlevé is the son of old Painlevé, publicly the great politician and privately one of the master mathematicians of France, and friend of Einstein as well as of the peepul. For years, without encouragement or backer, his son has maintained his submarine cinema studios in Brittany; for years he has been trying to show the results in Paris, first at the *avant-garde* Ursuline, where now his masterpieces are hissed by the blasé intelligentsia that once clapped for them, and lately at the Diamant, where he offered them free in order to show them at all. In America, with its citizenry lusting for scientific, or indeed any kind of knowledge, he should touch not only a more responsive chord but even the pocketbook. Painlevé's films specialize in under-water fights, beauty, and confidences. In them one gets the low-down on the home life of a hermit-crab and his housing shortage, or how two octopuses spend Saturday night (quarrelling to the death), on how a sea-urchin sits down to breakfast; one sees crustacean husband and wife eating each other, one sees marriage, death, and burial in a neighbor's stomach, the true graveyard of the hungry deep—all this murder being dished up with a footage of beautiful sea-plants modernist enough to drive an interior decorator mad. For those scientists and flappers who like a good he-man fight, we recommend Painlevé's battle between a cock-lobster and an electric eel as one of the most two-fisted battles of the century. Outside of the laboratory interest these films offer to any married Mr. and Mrs., they should be a delightful education in the survival of the fittest.

—GENÊT



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HARLEM

I CAN remember, back in the fabulous golden nineties, when Harlem was neither negro nor Italian.

In those days one lived in Harlem or Yorkville or Chelsea, and each section, not entirely emerged from its primitive villagehood, preserved its individuality and its local habits, traditions, and customs. Our family were Harlemites. We lived in 118th Street between Second and Third Avenues, in a large red brick house which, I believe, is still standing, wedged in between a tenement and the old Lutheran Church. A few doors away stood an old wooden farmhouse, with a bright whitewashed picket fence running along the street and a large vegetable garden in the rear. There was a serene, almost rural air about the neighborhood. Shade trees grew along the curb and in the back yards. Back yards, in the Harlem of the nineties, were generous, spacious affairs where flowers grew in the springtime.

Our house had been built early in the nineteenth century. In fact, I seem to remember having heard that at one time it was the local manor house and owned much of the adjacent country sloping down to the waters of the Harlem River. Certainly it must have had some sort of distinguished history, with its massive oaken doors, its carved marble fireplace in the "front parlor," and its quaint wooden, vine-covered back porch, overlooking a pleasant garden.

Across the street stood two large old-fashioned white frame houses with spacious verandas upon which wistaria used to twine. Down the block, between Second and First Avenues, was the mansion of a wealthy piano manufacturer, a magnificent brownstone affair, with a broad, closely cropped lawn upon which peacocks strutted, to my delight and youthful entertainment.

THE playground problem did not bother us very much. For one thing, the cobblestone streets in those pre-gasoline days were reasonably safe for Prisoner's Base and Red Rover. Many of the vacant lots were used for baseball fields, and rendezvous for the neighborhood gangs. I can remember vividly those gang headquarters—rude shacks constructed from stolen lumber; the gang squatting around before bonfires; coal fires burning in tin cans which the boys used to swing around their heads; the rich charcoal smell of baked sweet potatoes . . .

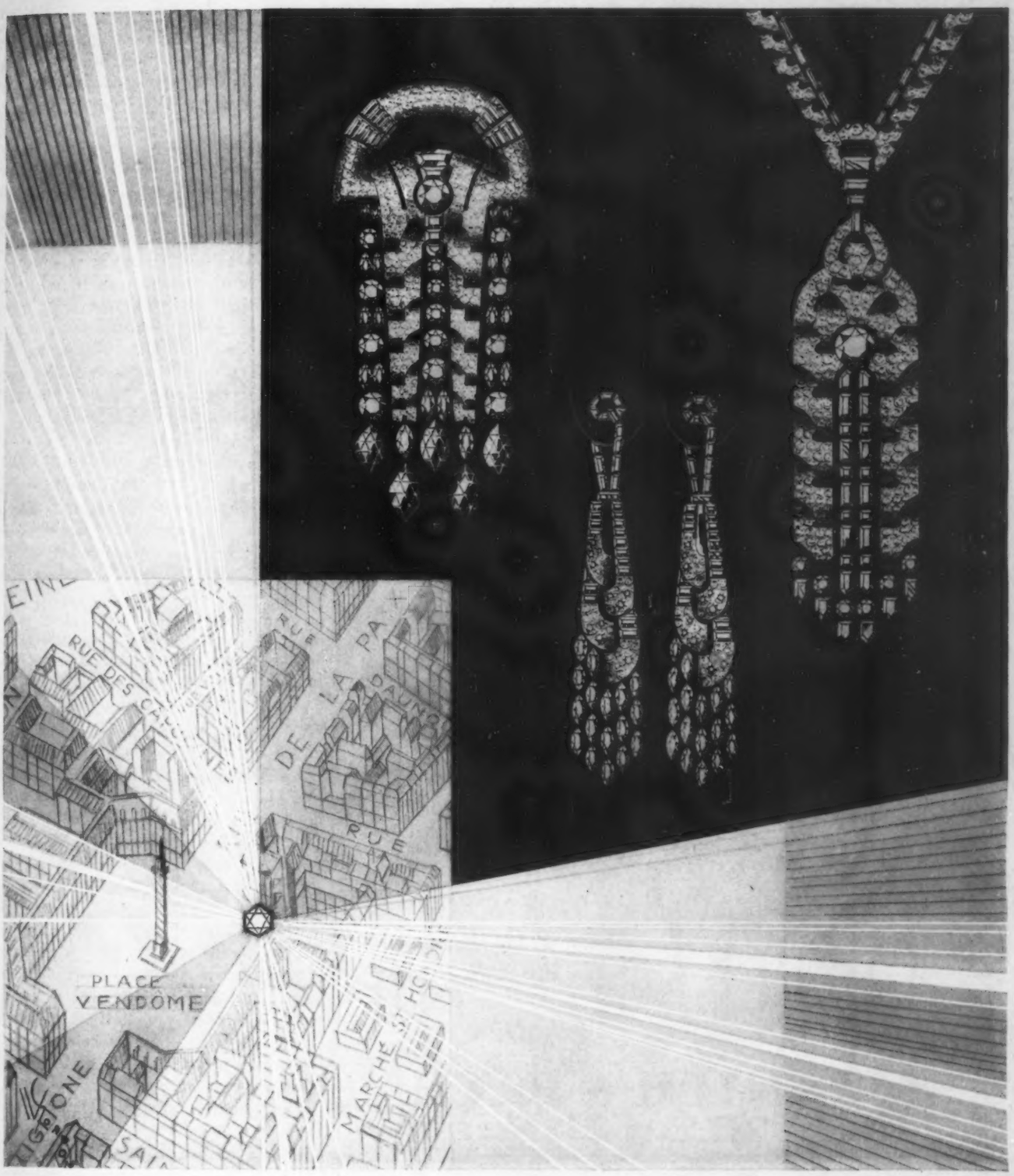
Our favorite playground, though, was Mount Morris Park. This park is still there, but a beneficent city administration has surrounded it with ugly chicken netting, cheating the present generation of Harlem boys of their traditional right to play Cops and Robbers, the characteristically New York version of Hare and Hounds. In the nineties, however, we ranged freely through the park, up cliffs that seemed alpine to us, across the summit of the hill, and past the old fire-watch tower that still stands, the last surviving sentinel of the time when Harlem was young.

Pleasant Avenue should be mentioned, a wide cottage-lined thoroughfare overlooking the pleasant waters of the East River. My sharpest recollection is the dock over at 121st Street near the old Harlem Hospital. There was a boat that landed there from Blackwell's Island, and I can remember the convicts in their striped prison clothes loading or unloading coffins. Just what it was all about I never found out, but it was strangely fascinating.

"Oh, Ruth, lay out my Elk's tooth too, will you?"

HARLEM had a social life all its own. Our parents, I suppose, used to go downtown occasionally, but my recollection is that there was a self-sufficiency to our life up there that made us somewhat independent of the rest of the city. When my mother went shopping she used to go to Koch's in 125th Street, Harlem's main business thoroughfare. When we went to the theatre we would go to Hammerstein's Columbus Theatre in 125th Street near Park Avenue, or to the magnificent Harlem Opera House.

I still believe that the Harlem Opera House was the handsomest theatre in New York City. It had a large gilded foyer, the like of which is not seen nowadays, in which the Harlem élite would stroll between the acts. Harlemites used to subscribe for Monday night seats much as their more aristocratic neighbors downtown did for the opera. I saw everything there: Irving in "The Bells," Joseph Jefferson in "Rip Van Winkle," Stuart Robson in "A Comedy of Errors," Mansfield in "Dr. Jekyll



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and Mr. Hyde" and "Beau Brummel"—"San Toy," "The Geisha," "The Runaway Girl," the Bostonians in "Robin Hood"—those were the days!

After the show we would go over to the Harlem Casino and watch our parents drink genuine Pilsner beer while we were allowed the luxury of lemonade or ginger ale. These places are dim, almost forgotten names to me now, the Harlem Casino, Hollanders', and, years later, Pabst's.

On Sunday morning my father took me driving up Seventh Avenue, past farms and rocky shanty-covered cliffs, across Macomb's Dam Bridge to Jerome Avenue, where we would watch the trotting races. Then we would drop in to Huber's Road House.

ONE other recollection stands out—football. We played football ourselves, of course, in Mount Morris Park, in the streets and in the lots; played it with balls made of tied handkerchiefs filled with grass, played it with an old cap, played it, sometimes, with a genuine football. Our idols were the members of the Columbia varsity. We used to go up to South Field in the afternoons and watch the team practice. Those were the days of demigods, when football was football; the days of the flying tackle, the flying wedge, and five yards for first down; the days of Bill Morley and my boyhood idol and hero, Harold Weekes. I never could decide whether Weekes was a greater man than Frank Merriwell, but I think he had a bit of an edge.

The Columbia team used to drive up to the Polo Grounds, where the big games were played, in a tallyho. After they had beaten Yale or Princeton or Cornell—honestly they did in the early days of this century—the students would unhitch the horses, fasten a long rope to the tallyho, and drag it wildly down Seventh Avenue to the college.

That was Harlem—the vanished Harlem of the pleasant placid nineties. Today it has the Black Belt on the West Side, and Little Italy on the East. Only a few of us doddering old timers are left to remember its past glories.

—ARTHUR GERALD GOLDBERG

•

Italian by birth, MR. ARMANDO may be said to be the LEONARDO DA VINCI of hair-bobbing—*Adv. in the Los Angeles Examiner.*

As long as he may not be said to be the LUCREZIA BORGIA of h.-b.

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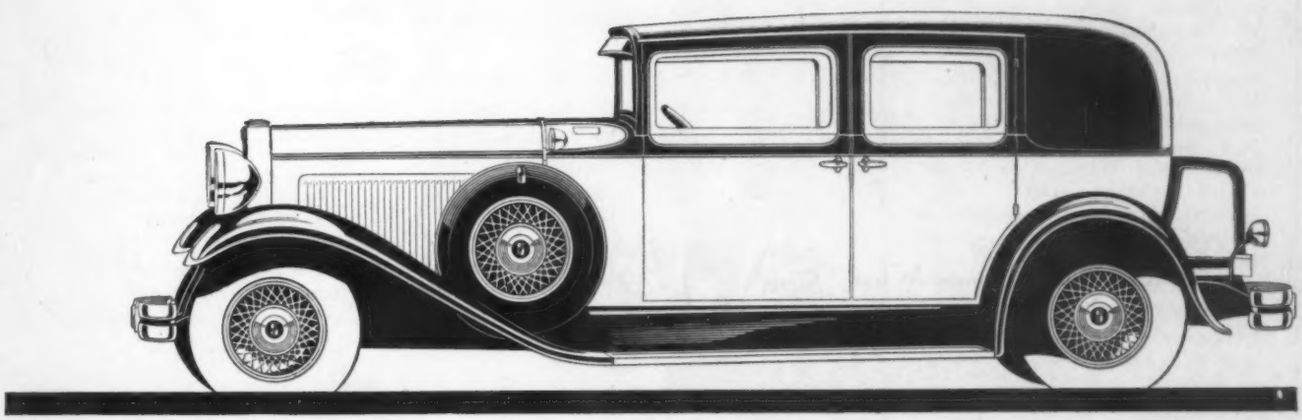

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AN IDYLL OF THE GREENWOOD

SATURDAY came, and with it Perrin, my brother-in-law. I showed him the garden, the new oil burner, the rather mangy tennis court. For the first time, animation warmed his features.

"Tennis!" he exclaimed. "Tennis is out. And baseball. And golf."

"Out?" I queried stupidly. "Why?"

"Outmoded. Leaders in sport—really smart people—are reviving the oldest, noblest sport of the Middle Ages."

"Quoits?"

"Archery," he said. "The pastime of chivalry—famous in song and story." He struck a telling pose. "The keen eye, the steeled nerve, the vibrant whistle of the clothyard shaft as it speeds to its mark!"

An hour later he was still talking about archery, a great light in his agate eyes. I don't remember exactly how it came about, but we somehow found ourselves in my sedan, speeding in to the largest sporting-goods store in Stamford. Perrin took charge.

"Why, this isn't lancewood," he said scornfully.

"No," admitted the salesman. "But it's ash—it's a good bow, sir."

"Humph," said Perrin. "I'll bet you haven't any arrowwood shafts, either, have you?" The salesman crept away, to return with an armful of long and dangerous-looking weapons. "These are maple, sir. Seasoned wood. We've had no complaints."

"Well, all right," growled Perrin. "But you should have—er—hickory. Now let's see your targets, and quivers, and leather thumb-guards."

Eventually, we left the store. Perrin, it appeared, had left his wallet at the house. The bill came to seventy-one dollars.

"THE butts," said Perrin, after luncheon, "will be *here*." He set his heel deeply in Mary's bed of

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zinnias. "The butts of what?" I whispered. He had me whispering by that time. "Butts," he repeated irritably. "The places from where we shoot—Good Lord, man! And the target over there, by the garage."

Junior and I ran with the heavy target, gay with its varicolored concentric circles (twenty-one-fifty). Mary watched us from the back porch.

"Here?" piped Junior and I. "No, more to the left," bellowed Perrin. We scudded back, while he selected an arrow and notched it with care. An audience, small but interested, surveyed our impending diversions. The Scandlins, five in all, fringed the driveway. Stew Wells, chin lathered, hung popeyed from his bathroom window. A Mrs. Tilton, whom we had met recently, watched smilingly from her coupé in the next drive. The stage was set.

For the first time, Perrin seemed slightly hesitant. He peered at the spectators through his thick lenses. "Well—ready?" he asked me.

"Go to it," I said. "You're the only one who knows anything about it."

"*Allons!*" cried Perrin suddenly. We echoed him, after a doubtful moment, since he seemed to expect it. Then he whipped back the string, after some fumbling, and let fly. For a strained second we eyed the target. Then, from afar, came the faint tinkle of window glass and a hoarse, angry bray.

"Say, old man—" I began.

"That's funny," murmured Perrin. He fitted another of the long, brass-tipped shafts and took a determined, if wobbly, aim. A solid "whunk" echoed the twang of the gut. Mrs. Tilton stared, fascinated, at the feathers bobbing so gaily from the shingles of her garage. Then she ground her gears into reverse and backed hastily out into the street. The next effort dislodged a

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large slab of plaster from the wall some twenty feet east of the garage, and a yard of Mary's woodbine. I heard her slam the back door behind her. Mr. Scandlin hurried the little Scandlins into the house.

The next three arrows vanished into space. "That last one," called Mr. Wells, craning, "is sticking up in some guy's front yard way over in Euclid Street. He can't figure it out, but he's going indoors."

SHORTLY after, as Perrin was sighting, an officer panted into the yard.

"Hey there, Hiawather, lay off that stuff!" he commanded rudely. "How many more people do you want to be ringin' the Sergeant this mornin'? He wants to have a look at you—both of you."

He finally let us remain, for the very nominal sum of ten dollars, which I paid. Trembling slightly, I helped gather up the impedimenta of the butts and the greenwood. We started for the house.

"By the way," said Perrin, "I don't suppose that you will be—ah—using these things again, will you? I mean, on account of the neighbors, and all."

"Take them," I said fervently. "By all means take them away."

"Thanks a lot," said Perrin. He slid the two longbows (sixteen-fifty each) into their chamois cases. "You know, archery is perhaps the oldest, noblest—"

"Yes," I said, "I know. Famous in song and story."

"I—I have always wanted to try it," said Perrin happily.

—STANLEY JONES

•

NEW HAVEN, Oct. 9 (U.P.).—Mrs. John Coolidge, the former Florence Trumbull, has contracted to write a magazine article on housekeeping, it was learned here today. Mrs. Coolidge, here with her mother preparing her new apartment, was reported to have told friends she was a bit nervous as to what she would write in view of her comparative inexperience.—*The Evening Telegram.*

Lady, you needn't have a qualm.

•

MARRIED. Miss Gertrude Ellen du Puy Sanford of Manhattan, sister of Stephen ("Laddie") Sanford (international polo-ist and turfman), to Sidney Jennings Legendre of New Orleans, La., Princeton athlete (1925) and adventurer (she went with him last year to the Mountains of the Moon, Abyssinia, on a museum trip); in Manhattan.—*Note in Time.*

Best (oh, she did, did she?) wishes!

MUSICAL EVENTS

The Conductorless Orchestra and the Well-Conducted Children's Concerts

THE Conductorless Orchestra (erstwhile the American Symphonic Ensemble) is operating under a new leader this semester. An unfamiliar back now reacts to the responsibilities of the concertmaster, for Mitya Stillman has taken over the burden of starting the band. Whatever the reason may be, the orchestra has improved remarkably in tone quality, and there is more subtlety in its performances, although when the going gets fast, it still sounds a trifle like a highly expert class in sight reading.

Efrem Zimbalist was soloist at the opening concert, playing the Beethoven Concerto from a dais in the centre of the undirected society. Mr. Zimbalist did a little discreet conducting with his shoulders, which may have assisted in the general euphony. Incidentally, it was a relief to discover that Mr. Zimbalist, one of our standard violinists, still plays better than any child prodigy.

A serious group of instrumentalists, these leaderless ladies and gentlemen; and one that deserves to succeed. The enterprise still is regarded somewhat as a trick, but it has developed beyond that stage. It will not be long before the Conductorless Symphony Orchestra is assaulted and defended on its merits—which is the accolade for any band.

BY the way, don't miss the concerts for young people which Ernest Schelling is conducting these days. Mr. Schelling is not at all pedagogic, and is rather unscientific in his approach—in other words, he manages to accomplish something. He presents music like a prestidigitator. There always is some surprise ready for his audience. A lecture on wind instruments, for instance, becomes a revelation of what these instruments can do, and the wind players are not the whole show, either. Lantern slides, adapted from anything in print and some things that are not likely to get into print, light up the presentation. Mr. Schelling's rôle is that of a jolly companion who has discovered a good deal of fun in music and is demonstrating it for his fellows. There used to be some rule to the effect that adults unaccompanied by children would not be admitted, but I doubt whether it is enforced rigorously. If it is, you may as well borrow somebody's nephew and go to one of Mr. Schelling's Carnegie Hall sessions. Both of you will have a good time.

THE FRIENDS OF MUSIC have moved into Mecca Temple, but otherwise their exhibition is unchanged. Mr. Bodanzky still directs sternly and efficiently, the chorus is one of our best musical bodies, the Metropolitan Opera House band helps out, Mr. Eisler sits at the harpsichord, and Miss Fleischer and Mr. Meader may be heard as soloists. Late-comers are kept out in the capacious lobby, and there is a good deal of solemnity in the audience.

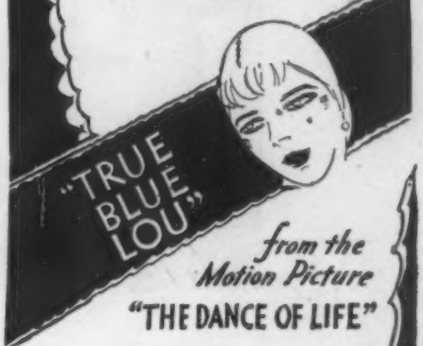
For its opening bill, the Society revived Haydn's "The Seasons," an ambling creation of the master's last years. The chief charm of the work is in the scoring, which is quaintly pictorial. Mr. Bodanzky made some of his well-known cuts—much to the advantage of "The Seasons," which would have seemed like centuries without them. Miss Fleischer and Mr. Meader sang musically, and Mr. Kipnis, one of the glories of the Chicago Opera, sounded out of voice. Relieved of his Metropolitan burdens, Mr. Bodanzky ought to provide many worth-while Sunday afternoons this year. "The Seasons" was not very diverting, but to those who have heard some of the contemporary choral fabrications, it was a refreshing change.

IT looks like a piano year, with especial emphasis on the Chopin B minor Sonata, which almost everybody plans to play in the next few weeks. Ignaz Friedman, on his return, played it with so much ease that I almost wished he were less familiar with it. Mr. Friedman's technical necromancy is as great as ever, and the only moments in which he is not enjoyable are those in which he mistakes his piano for something that has to be played in a two-fisted style.

Josef Lhevinne also is back, and like

BRUNSWICK RECORDS

"MY SONG OF THE NILE"
from the Motion Picture "DRAG"
The delta ditty that adenoidal Anthony warbled to cloying Cleo
Vocal Solo by NICK LUCAS
No. 4464
Fox Trot by COLONIAL CLUB ORCHESTRA
No. 4486
Organ Solo by LEW WHITE
No. 4524



"TRUE BLUE LOU"
from the Motion Picture
"THE DANCE OF LIFE"
Lurid lyrics about a lure lassie named Lou
Vocal Solo by DICK ROBERTSON
No. 4481
Fox Trot by MEYER DAVIS ORCHESTRA
No. 4470

Muray

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JAECKEL

FIFTH AVENUE AT FORTY-FIFTH STREET, NEW YORK

Mr. Friedman, he is complete boss of his instrument. In fact, a weekend which brought recitals by these gentlemen should have discouraged most of our youngsters, and probably didn't.

AS you may have heard, the Metropolitan Opera Company is at it again. Next week, I hope to have a report on some of the newcomers. For the present, I note only that the society reporters had a grand time on the opening night, and thereby register the shortest first-night story so far.

—R. A. S.

POPULAR RECORDS

Bill Robinson, Very Much in Person—Ladies Who Sing and Gentlemen Who Coo

HERE is one of the best records in many months: "Ain't Misbehavin' " and "Doin' the New Low Down," danced, sung, and explained by Bill Robinson, with a sumptuous orchestral background by Irving Mills and his Hotsy Totsy Gang (their title, not my description). Brunswick is the fortunate sponsor. "Doin' the New Low Down" is a wax transcription of Robinson's performance in "Blackbirds," but "Ain't Misbehavin' "—throw away all other discs of this ditty and get the Robinson version. The tap dancing in these recordings comes through as distinctly as drumbeats, although no drummer could snap off the rhythmic doings of the ineffable Bill.

Another record originating in Harlem is Victor's piano doubling of two songs from "Hot Chocolates" by Thomas Waller, a jazz Rachmaninoff. Another excellent one is Edison's "You're My Silver Lining of Love" and "My Song of the Nile," by the nimble Muriel Pollock.

TWO of the best vocal efforts of the month are from the Columbia atelier—"Dance Away the Night" and "Love Is a Dreamer," sung by James Melton, and "What Wouldn't I Do for That Man" and "The Right Kind of Man," by Ruth Etting. In "The Right Kind of Man," Miss Etting effects an astonishing change of pace, which probably will be imitated widely.

Libby Holman presents for Bruns-

CONTACT! Shouts, cheers and gay good-bys . . . yet another high-hearted adventurer takes off on his first "solo" . . . White Rock sky-high in favor wherever men and women breast the blue . . . whether to wing their way alone or enjoy a game of contract bridge in the spacious cabin of a Pan American Airliner . . . chosen to christen planes because its crystal purity does not stain the fabric of the wings nor spot the costume of the fair christener . . . a toast mixed with the same sparkling water greets each new hero on his return to earth . . . and let those of us who have yet to try our wings remember that a glass of bubbling White Rock makes motion sickness a thing of the past.

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White Rock

Bottled at the Springs, Waukesha, Wis.

AMERICA'S SPARKLING WATER

PALE DRY GINGER ALE

Le passé revit pour les femmes dans une chanson, une phrase — Pour les hommes le passé n'existe plus — Mais on peut encore l'évoquer avec un parfum — de Lenthéric —

Lenthéric PARIS
Ses Parfums

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wick "Can't We Be Friends?" and "I May Be Wrong," two of her best engravings. For heat, try Eva Taylor's "Have You Ever Felt That Way?" and "West End Blues," also on Brunswick. The accompaniments of Clarence Williams are not too polite, but piano-playing can't be censored.

Smith Ballew, one of Okeh's foremost crooners, does nobly by "How Am I to Know?" (the song with the Dorothy Parker lyric) and "Marianne;" and a rather effective martial Gallagher and Shean is Edison's "Sergeant Flagg and Sergeant Quirt," played by those veterans of the wax, Billy Murray and Walter Scanlan. Backed up with the "Cock Eyed World" affair is a soothing interpretation of "If I Give Up the Saxophone," by Jack Dalton, whom you won't curse.

THE dance lists are unusually attractive now, with several new bands for samplers. Will Osborne, who works for Columbia, is particularly recommended. His vocal choruses are as mellifluous as those of your college chum, R. Vallée.

So then—

THAT RHYTHM MAN and SWEET SAVANNAH SUE—Louis Armstrong and his Orchestra. A hot band with resounding vocal and trumpet interludes. (*Okeh*)

SAME OLD MOON—SAME OLD JUNE and PERHAPS—Will Osborne and his Orchestra. First Columbia editions of this agreeable ensemble. (*Columbia*)

JUST YOU—JUST ME and BY THE WAY—Phil Spitalny and his Music. Fine rhythm and transparent scorings. The choruses by the Paull Sisters are smooth. (*Edison*)

LOOK WHAT YOU'VE DONE TO ME and DOING THE BOOM BOOM—Leo Reisman and his Orchestra. Complete danceability. (*Victor*)

SOME DAY SOON and ONE SWEET KISS—Tom Gerun and his Orchestra. Gerun's band was hailed here when it belonged to Gerun plus several syllables, and it still is a superlative recording ensemble. Fine, deep-toned stuff. (*Brunswick*)

HOW AM I TO KNOW? and LOVE AIN'T NOTHIN' BUT THE BLUES—Frankie Trumbauer and his Orchestra. A clever blend of hot and sweet techniques. (*Okeh*)

COLLEGE MEDLEY FOX TROT—Guy Lombardo and his Royal Canadians. Generally, Lombardo operates at an adagio, but here he is in brisk mood, and his fox trot is a stirring affair. (*Columbia*)

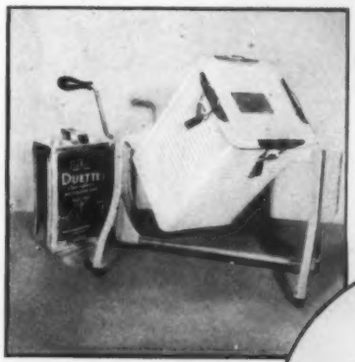
HELLO MARGOT and WON'T YOU GIVE IN?—B. A. Rolfe and his Orchestra. Two importations played all over the disc, and still crisply, by experts. (*Edison*)

I MAY BE WRONG and WAIT FOR THE HAPPY ENDING—The High Hatters. Cleverly scored and snappily played fox trots. Incidentally, one of the scouts tells me that the chief High Hatter is Leonard Joy, to whom my cap is waved. (*Victor*)

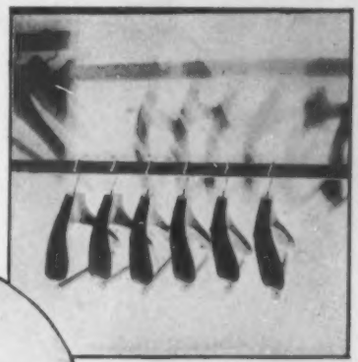
BOTTOMS UP and BIGGER AND BETTER THAN EVER—Ben Bernie and his Orchestra. Two from the "Scandals," in the young maestro's best style. (*Brunswick*)

—POP

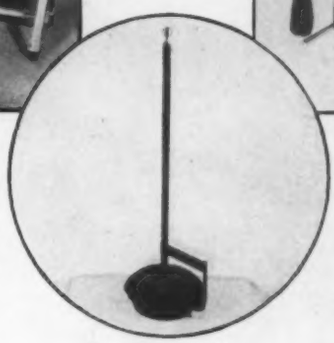
SHOPPING WITH Janet Gray AT LEWIS & CONGER



THE Duette dry-cleans—and safely. I just put in my things, pour on the non-explosive Duette fluid, turn the handle, and out come my things clean. The Duette also washes. I use it a lot for the baby's things. $14.85. Duette fluid, gal., $1.75; ½ gal., 95c

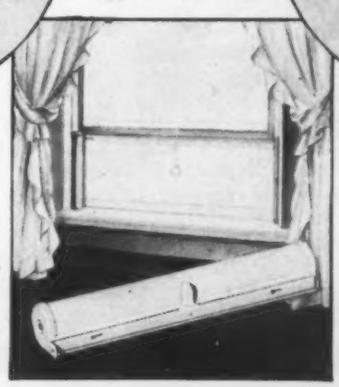


THE Clothes Hanger Rod doubles the capacity of any closet. With it come slotted disks that you fasten to the walls. Then pull out the Rod and slip it into place. Of chromium-plated steel. For closets 28" to 51" wide, $2.75; 44" to 64". $3.25



THE Dome Shoe Cleaner is to perch on your doorstep. It has a cushion of brush bristles and above, a foot-scraper. While using, hold on to the brass knob on the steel support. $32.00

MY Spotless House Cleaner Set keeps together in one compact package, cleaners for paint, ink, rust, fruit, grease and scorch stains. They're wonders, too. The package itself is so good-looking I think this Cleaner Set would be a good hunch as a Christmas gift. Only $2.00, too.



THIS new Electric Kitchen Clock of mine keeps perfect time and I never have to wind it. It runs for over a year on a small 10c electric battery. When that's worn out, I just put in another battery. The Clock is white enameled, rimmed with blue, and it has an open face that's easy to read. $21.00

THINK of rolling your window ventilator out of sight—as easily as you do the window shade. You do exactly that with this new Roll-a-Vent Window Ventilator. It fits into a container fastened at the side of the window. When not in use, it rolls out of sight. Made of pre-shrunk Scotch linen. Lets in the air and screens out everything else. For windows up to 36" wide, $3.00; Linen re-fills, $1.00

Janet Gray

Sixth Ave. & 45th St.
VANderbilt 0571

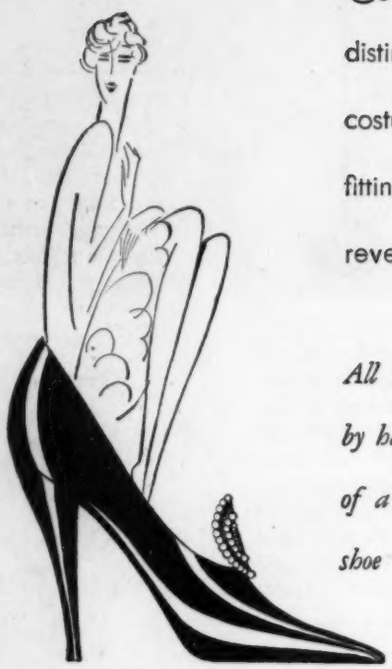
LEWIS & CONGER

New York City

© Lewis & Conger, 1929

Delman

EVENING SLIPPERS



Colorful—flattering—smart—what distinction they give to your evening costumes! Graceful, soft and glove-fitting, their aristocratic slenderness reveals their distinguished origin.

✣ ✣ ✣

All Delman Shoes are made entirely by hand . . . that is why the loveliness of a Delman Shoe lasts as long as the shoe endures.

Delman Shoe Salon

558 MADISON AVENUE Bet. 55th & 56 St. NEW YORK.

WASHINGTON • PALM BEACH • MIAMI • SOUTHAMPTON

RESTAURANT CRILLON

The return to town discloses how one has missed the Crillon . . . and its always excellent food.

OPEN SUNDAYS AND HOLIDAYS

277 PARK AVE 116 EAST 48TH ST.

NOTEWORTHY PUBLIC SERVANTS OF 1929

THE San Francisco immigration official who asked the Hindu philosopher, Rabindranath Tagore, whether he was able to read and write.

The under-sheriff of Ocean County, New Jersey, who sat outside the naval hangar at Lakehurst with a writ of attachment for the Graf Zeppelin.

The Kansas judge who, in expressing doubt as to the deterring effects of capital punishment, said, "In the original home of our Puritan ancestors pocket-picking was at one time punished by hanging. More pockets were picked at a hanging than on any other holiday."

The Esthonian post-office employees who swore to go unshaven until their wage demands were met, counting on the support of a public opinion outraged by the spectacle of shaggy faces peering forth from the stamp windows.

The senator who announced on the floor of the Senate that the number of his colleagues observing the national prohibition law could ride very comfortably in one taxicab.

The town council of Londonderry Station, Nova Scotia, who sold the town jail for thirty dollars, after twenty years without a single prisoner.

The administrative officials of a western town who installed full-length mirrors in municipal car barns in order to frighten the motormen into neater arrangements of uniforms and neckties.

The fishermen of a group of North Pacific islands who set up a government of their own, adopting the laws of God and Alaska "until we have time to frame better."

The town council of Kovno, Lithuania, who, upon the insistence of a morals committee, decided to clothe a new statue of Apollo in a pair of woollen drawers.

The town council of Caney, Kansas, who provided that whittling-sticks should be given to all whittlers registering at the Town Hall, seeking thereby to save the park benches from the ravages of the philosophers.

The Japanese welfare association which posted the following notice at a railway crossing near the town: "Stop a moment. If you feel there are reasons why you should take your life, please go to see Mrs. Jo, just below the terminus of the Kobe car line."

—JOSEPH P. POLLARD

THE LOVELINESS THAT TIME DESTROYS IS BEAUTY YOU NEGLECTED

WILL time deepen your beauty, or destroy it? That depends upon the care you give your skin today and every day. If you neglect your skin, or give it haphazard care, then the passing years will surely bring you weary lines and wrinkles. Your throat will lose its satiny texture, your firm young underchin will droop.

Yet if you give your face and throat a little care, simple daily care, you can be lovelier at fifty than you were at twenty. Your face will have the warm richness of expression that only time can bring, while your complexion will be more radiant than ever, your throat will be a smooth, straight column, your chin-line proud and young. It is so easy — if you will only give your skin correct, consistent care!

In the Dorothy Gray Salons there have been evolved simple, scientific treatments and preparations which have proved remarkably successful in maintaining — and regaining — the youthful loveliness of face and throat. If it is impossible for you to visit one of the Dorothy Gray Salons, you can readily follow these treatments in your own home. The Dorothy Gray preparations may be had at leading shops everywhere, and the Dorothy Gray method is explained in "Your Dowry of Beauty" — a book which is yours for the asking.

© D. G. 1929

DOROTHY GRAY

Dorothy Gray Building

683 FIFTH AVENUE • NEW YORK

TELEPHONE . . . WICKERSHAM 6109

Salons in

CHICAGO LOS ANGELES SAN FRANCISCO WASHINGTON ATLANTIC CITY

ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

THIS AND THAT

ALL of the shoe people tell us, with more or less delighted shrugs, that there never has been such a year for pumps. As the clothes get more elaborate, the little toesies are becoming more simple to hold the balance. This news is greeted with cheers by this department, which never could stand elaborate strapped effects anyway, and has always considered the opera pump the epitome of real smartness; but the difficulty of finding pumps to fit the foot perfectly is so terrible that no one can blame a woman for giving up finally. The toe may be too long and may cut the instep; the shoe may bulge around the arch and give the foot a wide look from above and a thick look from the sides—a perfect last is more important here than anywhere else, and one woman's perfect last may be another's limping torture.

Pedemode has a marvellous Mode last, designed for the foot that wants a shortish toe, a narrow heel, and high, narrow arch. On a foot of this type, it is slim and ravishing from all angles, and can be purchased in any leathers or silks for daytime or evening. It is the discovery of the age for this footsore department, which had never found an arch quite high enough; and it certainly should solve a problem for many women with aristocratic insteps and the ills attendant thereto. For more practical pursuits, they are doing a great deal here with sport shoes of pigskin for wear in the real country—with sturdy leather heels, and a moccasin effect on the toe. In two lasts, one for the long-toed, narrow-heeled woman with a low arch, and another with a much higher arch. They also make a superb walking opera pump of dark brown suede and calf, with a built-up arch and a solid heel. Worth investigating, for those of you who have not yet found your perfect shoemaker.

AFTER weeks of delving owlishly into those vast cosmic sweeps of new fashions, haggling endlessly about long skirts, pro and con, the significance of the new waistline, and all the rest of it, a surge of interest in frivolity, often totally divorced from chic, has swept over us. Therefore, in order to avoid those inhibitions that are so disastrous to health and sanity, we will proceed to divulge new discoveries in this line.

In the first place, Kurzman is showing some stockings that are completely *La Vie Parisienne*, and designed to remind your man of his oh-la-la Paris dreams. They are black, they are composed entirely of diamond mesh almost half an inch wide. They would be fun with teagowns or with fancy-dress costumes for anybody, but should not be essayed socially by selfconsciously smart people who make Entrances. Naturally chic women with perfect legs, who can be gay and festive about extremes, can dare them with sheer black lace or chiffon frocks for evening, amidst thunders of delighted applause. The drawbacks are that they have not the give of silk stockings, and that they cost twenty dollars a pair. However, the mesh is very sturdy and the work is hand-knitted—they should last forever. And, mind you, I didn't say they were smart; I state only that I have never been more amused.

The hats at Bergdorf-Goodman enthralled me so thoroughly on my last visit that I ran out of space before you could say "Bill Robinson," and had none to give several grand trifles that smite you as you enter the shop. For instance, there are some grand, huge square scarves of a very soft taffeta to wear knotted around the neck under a fur coat. These are of plaid in the softest possible harmonizing colors, with expert use of those off-shades in which the French excel. As a holiday specialty, this shop is showing the very sheer French hose, the 100-gauge type, with openwork clocks, for seven-fifty, a moderate price for this type of extravagance.

They are also doing a great deal here with crystal bracelets and necklace sets, and have perfected a bateau necklace that, by some art incomprehensible to me and Edison, hangs around the neck far out on the shoulders and is short at the front and the back.

THE Colony Lingerie Shop, at 644 Madison Avenue, is going in very strongly for pajamas, dressing-gowns, and bed jackets designed by

"Have you a comical one? I want to indulge in a caprice."

ON THE PLAZA

Hal Phyfe

THE FINESSE OF THE NEW FURS

The mode, madam, is queenly! For afternoon, brown caracul and sable or gray broadtail and silver fox, featuring large, becoming collars, fitted waist-lines, flaring hemlines. For evening, luxurious ermine, gorgeous sable, lustrous mink; or the new hip-length boleros of velvet and fox to emphasize the grace of trailing evening gowns.

BERGDORF GOODMAN

NEW YORK

noted couturiers in their frivolous moments. You will remember that even the elaborate chaise-longue covers and pillows here may turn out to be designed by Paquin, Vionnet, or Lanvin. There are the most marvellous pajamas by Vionnet, the trousers all pleated white crêpe, which also makes a fan-shaped insert in the sleeves of the white velvet top. Patou inspired the most tailored of satin dressing-gown coats, complete to the inverted pleat down the back. Paquin does a bed jacket of pink velvet with a shawl collar of white bunny; Vionnet, one of velvet that knots casually low in front. For the rest, all of you must know the calibre of this lingerie shop—everything that is exquisite for the boudoir or the baby. A new note is tailored nightgowns for travelling, which are a bit more elaborate than of yore. These have yokes of georgette or crêpe de Chine covered with applications of satin in modern designs. Horseshoes for travelling are a superstitious note on some of them. And those satin mules with velvet bows that are practically a standard in smart boudoirs appear here, with a more elaborate new bow combining velvet and moire.

MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS: Elizabeth Arden's very newest perfume, L'Amour D'Elizabeth, is a perfect knockout—very feminine without being sweety-sweety, delicate yet lasting, and giving just the right haunting scent to your clothes. . . . Abercrombie & Fitch; Hammacher, Schlemmer; and Lewis & Conger, are showing a dandy Hollywood Bottle Opener, a modernist parrot in metal to stand on the table. The opened beak is designed to annihilate the tops of White Rock bottles; the corkscrew nestling in his spine does what all corkscrews are intended to do. . . . A new loose-powder compact, entitled Lupé, has several ingratiating new notes. The most outstanding is a spiral gadget in the cover, through which your powder sifts from the sides when you press your puff on it—as satisfactory a trick as any yet found in this line. Besides, the black and gold cover is decorative. . . . You can find beautiful brocade evening bags for $25 at Kurzman—the brocade is not antique, but it has

How's Your Waistcoat?

Next time, before you go out in evening clothes, look at yourself in the mirror.

Is your waistcoat quite satisfying—or does it give you a vague feeling that it belongs to the days of Little Egypt, the bustle and the horsecars?

If it does, then slip around to the merchant who outfits you and slip on a dress waistcoat tailored from one of the new Catoir Vestings.

You need have no further worries. You will *know* your waistcoat is correct.

CATOIR SILK CO., INC.
257 Fourth Ave., New York City

CATOIR
[Pronounced "KAT-WAH"]
VESTINGS · FACINGS · LININGS

In the Proper Setting..

• "Tea-time" becomes a singularly gracious institution . . . it is an amenity that makes life in the more rarified strata what it is . . . The Palm Room at The Roosevelt is a charming background for that genial chit-chat which the leisure of tea-time induces.

The fragrance of China's choicest leaves . . . a golden infusion of India's orange pekoe . . . spicy cinnamon studding slender slices of buttered toast . . . The lilting strains of Soman's String Ensemble . . . An hour of rapture in The Palm Room before the formal ceremonies of evening.

GUY LOMBARDO and his ROYAL CANADIAN ORCHESTRA play nightly during dinner and supper in the Grill.

THE ROOSEVELT
MADISON AVENUE at 45th STREET
UNITED HOTELS

a mellow look. . . . Travellers to Europe or Atlantic City would be grateful for Arden's new bath mitts, prepared to lather lavishly in salt water. —L. L.

ADVANCE PUBLICITY FOR SANTA CLAUS

TRUSTING that you have recovered from the shock of our first intimation that Christmas gifties were looming high on the horizon, we again call our efforts to your attention. We also must repeat—as we will, over and over again, like old bores—that we cannot type all our words of wisdom and get the prices right while we are answering queries on the telephone, that the only file of back copies in this office is in constant use by ourselves, and that we are not a shopping service, though we will list some in due course of time. The type of thing we are discussing at this point still concerns, in the main, gifts that must be ordered in advance—and when we say "order in advance," we mean Thanksgiving or earlier.

Last week we talked about:

Christmas cards.
Advance orders on fitted cases for men and women.
All kinds of monogramming to order.
Boxes.

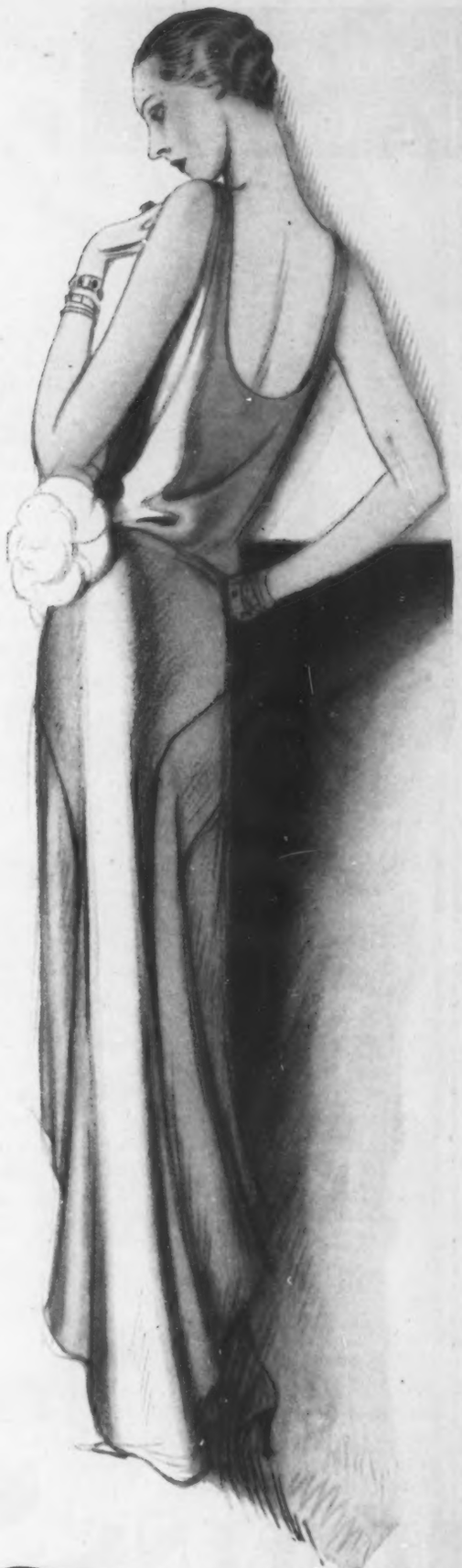
And this week:

Photographs for adults and children, page 99
Lingerie, particularly the to-order kind, page 103
Rare books and bindings, page 106
Prints and pottery, page 107
Frames and framers, page 111

PHOTOGRAPHERS

YOUR photograph! Idyllic family groups, the current spouse included, clustered about little Fido with the sunlight through their hair! Into your consciousness must have come the realization that, all clichés aside, photographs are still the most personal of gifts for intimates. They are also invaluable for elderly members of your family who would otherwise present a problem in shawls.

The choice of photographers is very wide, and we can list only a few of the great numbers of people who do really expert work. None of them condescends to giving you a baby-doll prettiness by means of retouching that takes the modelling out of your face, makes of your mouth a Cupid's bow, and paints incredible eyelashes upon you. These may be grand ways of proving to your grandchildren that you did turn down a front-row job with Ziegfeld, but they aren't Art. If your sharp



A new loveliness in the evening picture this year . . . interpreted in the Franklin collection with characteristic distinction. Shell pink satin moulds the slim grace of this gown...$125.

NEW YORK
16 East 53rd Street
PHILADELPHIA
260 South 17th Street
CHICAGO
132 East Delaware Pl.
Just west of 900 North Michigan Boulevard
WATCH HILL
SOUTHAMPTON
BAR HARBOR
YORK HARBOR
PALM BEACH

Mrs. Franklin inc.

Handwritten at REUBENS

EDDIE CANTOR:

It's an expensive joint - but remember you get mustard Love & kisses Eddie Cantor Whoopee!!!

The *best* is never expensive, Mr. Cantor. Reubens spares no cost in supplying its patrons with the very finest food. Have you tried our boneless silver smelts, sauté menière? It's very good, Eddie.

DOLORES DEL RIO:

Dolores Del Rio

Miss Del Rio, who ought to know, will tell you that not even south of the Rio Grande is there chili con carne with the tang and elusive flavor that our chef has found for the Reuben version of this Latinic delight.

MILT GROSS:

Gradually Your MILT Gross

Mr. Gross ate opp *all* his broiled jumbo squab, with carrots, with jelly, with potatoes julienne, with toast. Was it hokay? Dunt esk!

REUBEN'S

Always Open: Breakfast; Luncheon; Dinner; After Theatre

Madison Ave. at 59th—Broadway at 81st

Philadelphia: 213 South Broad Street

from a sandwich to a National Institution

features need flattering, you can legitimately go in for soft focuses—or are they foci?

IF you have bunches of old daguerreotypes that you want to have restored and give your home that old-family look, Alman, 590 Fifth Avenue, and Hollinger & Company, 607 Fifth Avenue, are specialists in this line. For brand new photographs:

CHIDNOFF, 469 Fifth Avenue: Manages to make you look as beautiful as his moving-picture clients, which is all anyone should demand. Also does crayon portraits from photographs that look freehand.

ARNOLD GENTHE, 41 East Forty-ninth Street: A past master in idealistic, very shadowy photography that gives you Soul.

MAURICE GOLDBERG, 19 East Forty-eighth Street: Very kind to harsh features, expert at tricks with light and shadow.

DUDLEY HOYT, 441 Madison Avenue: Exceptionally good pictures of the direct, straightforward type and good for catching likenesses of rebellious youths and boys without that slicked-up-for-Sunday look.

LAVIOSA, 117 West Fifty-seventh Street: Photography that has so much the quality of a portrait you can almost see the brushwork.

PIRIE MACDONALD, 576 Fifth Avenue: A genius at portraits of men that make them look like rugged captains of industry.

EDWARD THAYER MONROE, 554 Fifth Avenue: Good for idealistic photographs of men and women that still retain character.

NICKOLAS MURAY, 18 East Forty-eighth Street: Does every type of photography well, unaffectedly, and without trickery. His men do not look like movie actors; women look dramatic as well as beautiful; children are not

• •

HE HAD 6 FLASHLIGHTS BUT NO BATTERIES!

HE lived in the great city, even as you and I. Every-time he went on a summer vacation he religiously took along the latest model of flashlight. But one dark November night an over-excited volt knocked his house fuses for a loop and our hero needed his flashlight, and needed it badly. One by one he tried his stock, but dead batteries are little solace to a man who needs light.

THE NEXT DAY HE BOUGHT A "PYGMY" LAMP

A "Pygmy" Lamp needs no refills. It is always ready to give a strong, brilliant light with the touch of a lever. Never affected by lack of use, cold or heat. Vest pocket size.

Send for 64 page book of sport gifts for the Holidays!

PRICE $6.00

Alex Taylor & Co. Inc.

THE HOUSE THAT SPORT BUILT

22 EAST 42nd ST. NEW YORK

IN WESTPORT CONN AND GREENWICH TO

ON THE POST ROAD

THE OPEN DOOR INN

OPEN ALL WINTER

SPECIAL FOOTBALL & HOLIDAY DINNERS

LOG FIRES WINTER SPORTS

TEL. GREENWICH 2171

MEDITERRANEAN

CRUISE January 29, $600 to $1750

New S. S. "Transylvania", 66 days, Madeira, Canary Islands, Morocco, Spain, Greece, Palestine, Egypt, Italy, etc.

EUROPE CRUISE June 28 s.s. "LANCASTRIA"

CUNARD LINE, 52 days, $600 to $1250

Madeira, Morocco, Spain, Algiers, Italy, Riviera, Sweden, Norway, Edinburgh, Holland, Belgium, Paris, (London, Rhine, Oberammergau Passion Play).

Hotels, drives, fees, etc. included

Frank C. Clark, Times Bldg., N.Y.

Your *face* knows it's winter...

And so does your Gillette Blade, for it has extra work to do

THE biting winds of winter contract your skin, make it rough—hard to shave. Your razor then has a far more difficult job to do than it has in summer.

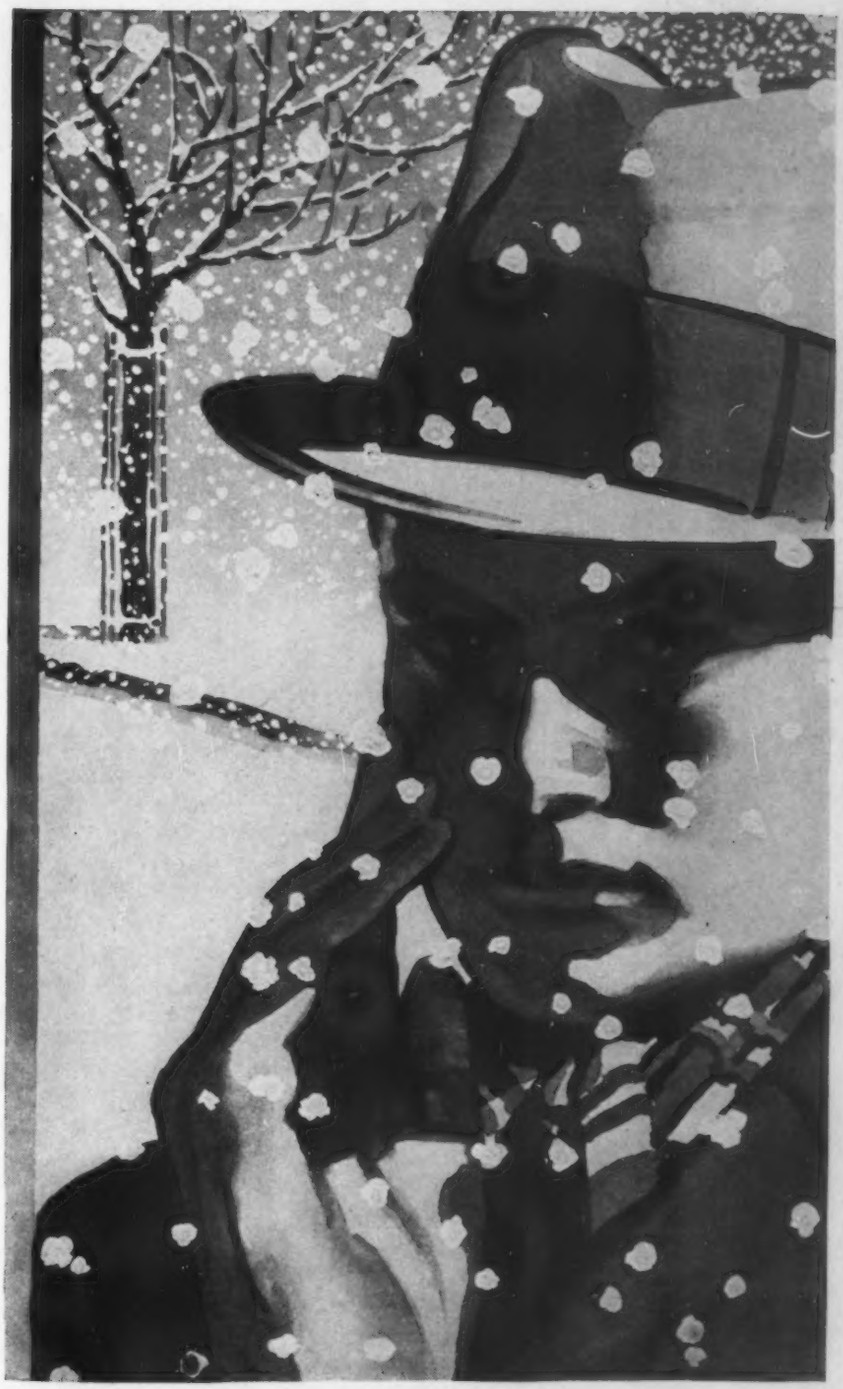
Yet you can always get a comfortable shave, no matter what the weather does to your face. Why?

Because your smooth, sure Gillette Blade never changes, under *any* conditions. It can't. Machines, accurate to one ten-thousandth of an inch, ensure its even precision.

Four out of every nine employees in the Gillette blade department are skilled inspectors who actually receive a bonus for every blade they discard.

You may not wear the same face in November that you do in May, but count on Gillette Blades to shave you smoothly, swiftly, surely. They keep your face feeling young, and looking it. Gillette Safety Razor Co., Boston, U. S. A.

★ **Gillette** ★



There's a lot of difference between the cold, wind-stiffened skin of late autumn and the tanned, freely perspiring face of July—and it makes a lot of difference in shaving. Yet it's easy to enjoy shaving comfort all the year round. Simply take ample time to soften your beard. And use a *fresh* Gillette Blade frequently.

King C. Gillette

THE only individual in history, ancient or modern, whose picture and signature are found in every city and town, in every country in the world, is King C. Gillette. This picture and signature are universal sign-language for a perfect shave.

RADIO—Tune in on "The Gillette Blades" every Saturday evening, 9:30 to 10:00 o'clock, Eastern Standard Time, over the National Broadcasting Company's Blue Network, WJZ and associated stations.

Youth awaits you in these four
PRIMROSE PREPARATIONS

PRIMROSE HOUSE

FIRE FULLS YOUTH

LINES, wrinkles and crow's-feet, once attributed to age, are now known to be merely the ravages of neglect. Thousands of women are the living proof of the fact that it is possible to retain glorious youth and beauty far past the time our mothers referred to as "middle-age".

Under the Primrose House method, this business of keeping young is not a complicated matter. It is the sure reward of following a simple, scientific plan that requires no more than a few minutes of your time every day.

Primrose House is an institution that has made a scientific study of the complexion and its needs. While it offers a complete line of exquisite preparations, it has reduced the beauty essentials to four.

Use these four preparations daily according to our simple instructions and see how easy it is to keep your complexion gloriously fresh and youthful. Know *then* why so many women refer to Primrose House as the House of Youth.

595 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK

FOLLOW THESE FOUR PRIMROSE STEPS TO YOUTH

1—Before each grooming during the day, and *always* at night, cleanse your face and neck thoroughly with Primrose House Cleansing Cream. At skin-contact this exquisite cream liquefies like magic, entering every tiny pore and searching out every speck of dirt and grime, leaving the skin soft and clean. $1.00, $1.75, $3.00 and $5.00.

2—Smooth gently over the face and neck with Primrose House Developing-Nourishing Cream. By helping to nourish the skin, this preparation tends to eliminate lines and wrinkles and animates as well, bringing new life to the skin. $1.50, $2.50 and $4.00.

3—Moisten a piece of cotton with Primrose House Skin Freshener and pat over the face and throat. This delightful toning lotion helps to vitalize the skin and gives it that lovely fresh look. $1.25, $3.00, $6.75.

4—Stroke lightly over your face with Primrose House Chiffon Powder, the sheerest, most luxurious powder you have ever known. It is unbelievably clingy and comes in seven subtly-toned shades: white, natural, brunette—with the rosy cast, bisque—a light cream, beige—a deep cream, orchid for evening, and suntan. $1.00 and $3.00.

There are many other exquisite Primrose Preparations for special skin conditions and uses, as well as delightfully shaded rouges and lipsticks, smart compacts and the filmiest cleansing tissues you ever saw.

sentimentalized. Photographs of unusual character and distinction.

CHARLES SHEELER, 47 West Forty-ninth Street: A great gift for posing his subjects in natural, unselfconscious attitudes; great artistry in light and shadow.

EDWARD STEICHEN, 80 West Fortieth Street: Portrait photography in its highest form, and a master of dramatic light and shadow. Terrifyingly expensive, not at all flattering in the baby-doll sense. Results better if you interest him. Ah, artists!

VANDAMM STUDIOS, 152 West Fifty-seventh Street: More of the charming natural type of thing, taken by people who get acquainted before they start photographing.

CHILDREN'S PHOTOGRAPHERS

SEVERAL of the photographers listed above, particularly Muray and Vandamm, have a sympathetic attitude toward children's photographs; those listed below make a specialty of this subject, and are equipped with the personalities to do it well.

THE MISSES SELBY, 54 East Fifty-seventh Street: Will photograph children either in their own homes or in the studio, and have exceptional delicacy and charm about their work. Expert at the difficult art of tinting photographs, if you insist, and are good for young girls in the trying ages between eleven and sixteen.

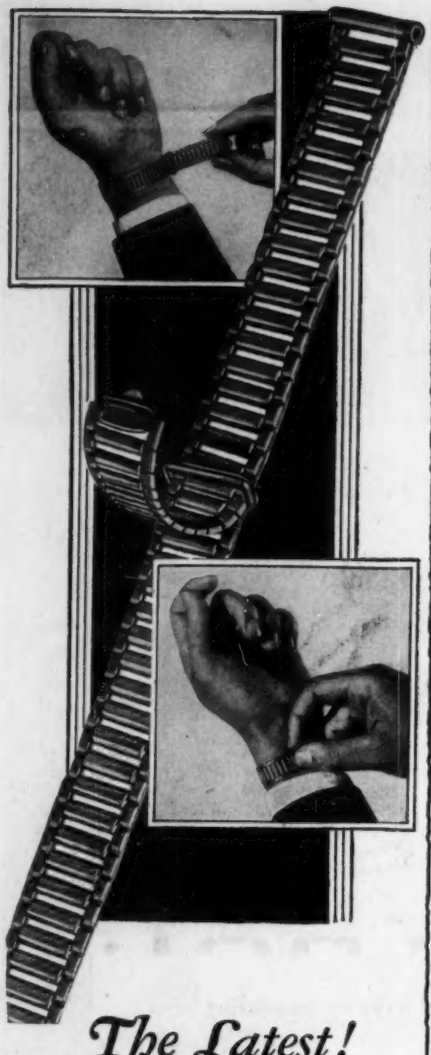
DELIGHT WESTON, 38 West Fifty-sixth Street: Photographs the children in their own nurseries and prefers that they be not dressed up for the occasion. Captures the intimacy of snapshots.

MILDRED RUTH WILSON, 325 East Seventy-second Street: Refuses to photograph children except in their own homes, and will travel several hours to them if necessary. Her specialty is a portfolio, "A Day in a Child's Life," which, in a series as complete as you like, shows the child's activities from breakfast to bedtime. —L. L.

LINGERIE

THE question of lingerie, that most intimate of gifts, is full of pitfalls, since the taste of women in this respect is tremendously varied. That cool, calm, chic exterior may conceal a weakness for little chiffon gadgets for all you know. Up to a short time ago the

My perfumes have that flattering quality of seeming to be yours alone. This, I believe, is one of the reasons for their popularity. There are parfums A, B, C and N to choose among . . . a happy range for every mood or occasion. Perhaps you will select all four. They are at all the smarter shops . . . L. L.



The Latest!

KREMENTZ
"Self Adjustable"
WATCH BAND

APPLAUSE on every hand! That's exactly what this newest idea in Krementz Wrist Watch Bands has won, and is winning, among men who care. It says "Smart" the moment you see it. It is distinctly a man's type of band. Feels as good as it looks, too. By means of an ingenious clasp, you can tighten or loosen it to just the "right-feeling size". Simply a matter of snapping the clasp fast to whichever link feels best. Hence the phrase *"simply perfect because perfectly simple!"* In Solid Gold or Platinum. Or Krementz Quality Rolled Gold on a Sterling Silver base. Write for booklet; also name of nearest jeweler. New Yorkers may phone our Fifth Avenue Office, Lackawanna 3123.

KREMENTZ & CO.
Makers of Fine Jewelry since 1866
Newark, N. J.

only lingerie that a well-bred woman would put on was of simple flesh-colored crêpe de Chine, adorned with a discreet bit of hand hemstitching, embroidery, and a touch of Val lace. Since sex appeal came within the reach of everybody, however, many perfectly nice women want garments almost entirely of Alençon lace. In general, it is wise to avoid chiffon lingerie, colors like blues and greens and yellows, and stick to satin or crêpe in flesh or peach tones for the foundation.

All the best lingerie experts are doing things about the princesse silhouette, not only for panties on yokes, but for slips and chemises. Individual measure necessary. Nightgowns are also princesse, or give the effect of it. All lingerie shops have large collections of boudoir knicknacks, pillows, chaise-longue covers, bits of ornamentation, and travelling cases or drawer cases for lingerie.

Beautiful handkerchiefs of all types may be found at every high-class linen and lingerie shop; at every department store and specialty shop; listing them would be a life work. McCutcheon is particularly noted for its excellence along these lines.

M. COLLART, 581 Madison Avenue: Paris lingerie, beautifully handmade with best materials; large stock and simple designs so that they can be altered to fit the most fastidious. Considers very dark lace démodé, using the palest beige real Binche and Val laces. Handkerchiefs of sheerest possible white linen, one-letter monogram, $12.75 a dozen. Pink linen sheets.

COLONY LINGERIE SHOP, 664 Madison Avenue: Lingerie made to order, and noted for speed with which rush orders are filled. Evening-handkerchief specialty: large fine linen square with wide border of Binche lace. Molded wrap-around chemises, crêpe de Chine and Alençon lace, some

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with adjustable décolletage in back. Couturier bedjackets, negligées, and throws for expensive boudoirs. Satin mules with perky velvet and moire bows, any color combination. Tailored mannish dressing-gowns, piped contrasting color, in moires particularly good.

C. & M. Forster, 25 West Fifty-seventh Street: Old Viennese firm with exceptionally nice laces and beautiful workmanship, styles not exciting. Particularly good Appenzell handkerchiefs and batiste lingerie for daytime. Moderate prices. To order or ready-made.

Daisy Garson, 22 East Sixty-seventh Street: Particularly noted for exquisite fitting. Newest type of tailored lingerie, the latest Paris sensation, is heavy pink georgette, with satin to match applied upon it in modern designs. All fitted through waistline by bias couturier tricks. Pajamas absolutely breathtaking, as are negligées. Everything to order.

Hazel Kolman, 432 Madison Avenue: Original designs, handmade lingerie of all types. Quick service on special orders.

Emma Maloof, 442 Madison Avenue: Specializes in frivolous lingerie and negligées in unusual colorings.

Mlle. Marie, 547 Madison Avenue: Luxurious teagowns, most notable for unusual combinations of color and material, all blended into a harmonious whole.

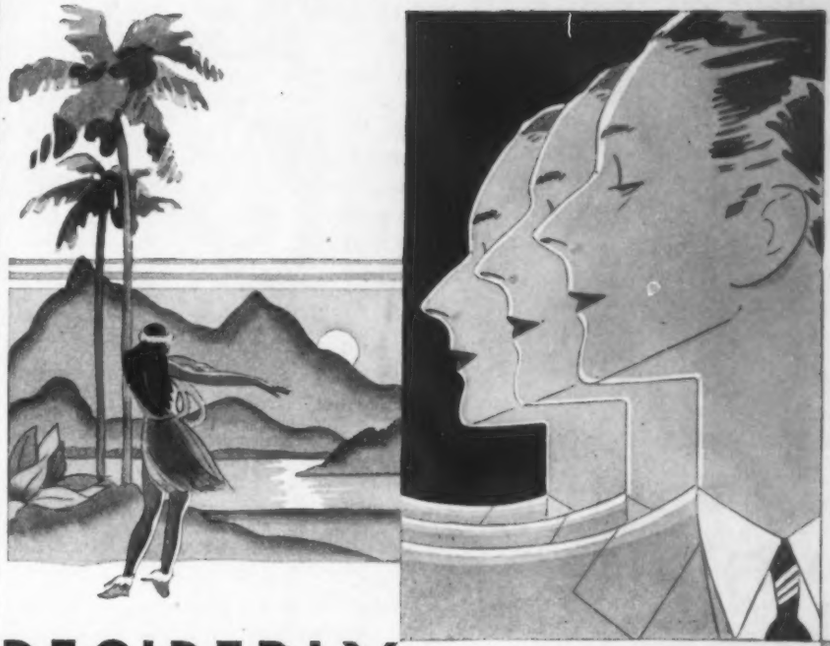
The Purple Box, 11 East Fifty-fifth Street: Nice lingerie of all types made to order in the Crippled Children's School.

Vera Sanville, 746 Madison Avenue: Tremendously frivolous lingerie to order. Is fitting lingerie this year by means of a line ascending in front to natural waistline and curving downward at sides so that fullness occurs below hips. Flattering to largish ladies. Lady-of-the-Evening combination: lace brassière and lace-trimmed panties artfully joined by lace over the tummy, and backless—for young things. Pajamas exceptional.

For really beautiful imported lingerie of all types, Kargère de Paris, 636 Fifth Avenue, and Javotte, 393 Madison Avenue, are justly famed. All the dressmaking specialty shops, like Bergdorf-Goodman, Henri Bendel, Jay-Thorpe, etc., have marvellous imported lingerie of the smartest type; department-store lingerie will be listed under the stores themselves later.

When it comes to the question of exquisite covers for beds and chaises-

HAWAII



DECIDEDLY INTERESTING WHAT?

To compare 42nd street with a South Sea volcano... Gilda Gray with the girls who were born to it... and Palm Beach with Waikiki!

To wake up wondering who spilled all the perfume...and how many different kinds of flowers there are over ten thousand...and whether anybody ever worries in Hawaii, or even lets serious thinking spoil her mood of lazy, ineffable content! Never too indolent for play, however, Hawaii offers you golf, tennis, bridle trails, smart hotel life, and for the apex of sporting thrills, riding the surfboards at Waikiki. Varied sightseeing, too, that reaches its climax at the brink of Kilauea Volcano. You arrive in exactly the right mood for Hawaii when you sail the delightful southern route in a LASSCO luxury liner direct from Los Angeles to Honolulu. The smart cruiser de luxe, "City of Honolulu," for example, with her Pompeiian swimming pool...elevator service connecting five decks ...two-thirds of her staterooms having private or connecting baths...and all of them well lighted and ventilated through outside ports...affords the kind of service and luxury that makes even a cynic mellow and benign. The albatross pauses on the foremast to remark that the Honolulu social season is opening a bit earlier this year—which makes a late November or early December sailing about the right thing. And since you will wish to spend at least a few days between train and ship to look around Los Angeles, Hollywood and way points in Southern California, prompt action is indicated. *Full particulars at any authorized ticket bureau or . . . .*

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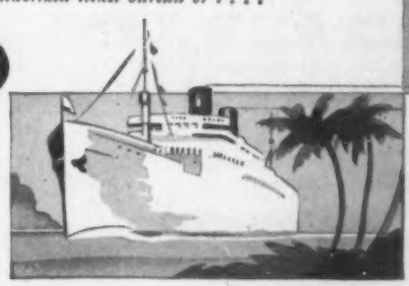

...APROPOS EVOLUTION

To have evolved a Lindbergh from a Cro-Magnon man is nothing compared to evolving, in about a decade, the modern Cunard stateroom from the steamship "cabins" of the turn of the century...'Ou sont les neiges d' antan?' Where are the iron-bunks, the Cyclopean portholes, the to-be-tipped washbowls—of yesterday? Staterooms in the big Cunarders today are big, spacious, expansive—luxury in living quarters raised to the highest contemporary point.

Rooms with wide beds, curtained windows, tiled baths—that forget the sea... There's a new group of sixty-odd staterooms on the center of B-deck in the "Aquitania," that, unassisted, would justify the "noble experiment" of civilization. Very civilized rooms—as the Aquitania is a very civilized ship...Rooms that reflect the easy-going brilliance, the casual poise, that are "so Cunard."

If you have not traveled in these staterooms on B-deck, you have not made the most of great-great-great-(vamp till ready!) grandfather's descent from the plane-tree. You should see them next time the Aquitania's in port.

TO FRANCE AND ENGLAND

AQUITANIA	Nov. 13	Jan. 18	Feb. 8
BERENGARIA	Nov. 20	Dec. 14	Jan. 4
MAURETANIA	Nov. 27	Dec. 27	Feb. 12

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longues, pillows against which even the most commonplace head looks alluring, and suchlike, call on Carlin Comforts, 528 Madison Avenue, who do this sort of thing superlatively well. Orders here should be placed immediately. So also with Eleanor Beard, 519 Madison Avenue, whose quilted things for the boudoir are the ultimate in this type of thing. Catalon rugs at Alice Starr, 143 East Fifty-sixth Street, must be ordered at once, since they are made to your color order in Canada.—L. L.

RARE BOOKS AND BINDINGS

ANYBODY whose tastes are so cultivated that he gives rare editions and fine bindings for Christmas knows more about the book market than I do; but all the same, liberty or not, I take the chance to remind wealthy donors not to give expensive books on random subjects unless they know that those particular books are actively craved. Every store whose stock of rare books is recognized has a catalogue, in reading which you will learn all about their editions, bindings, and other offerings. Brentano has fine rare foreign books; Dutton a good collection of valuable English editions; Stechert, the bookseller at 31 East Tenth Street, specializes in Germanic works; Schirmer, 3 East Forty-third Street, has a few fine tomes on music; all the big, important stores have standard editions of the classics, which can be bound to order in rare leathers for library sets, and are no mean gift to anyone. Edgar H. Wells, 41-A East Forty-seventh Street, boasts a remarkable list of seventeenth and eighteenth-century English classics, and is becoming

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Travel Thrills

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Long a favorite vacation land of the elite of England—gorgeous South Africa has but recently been "discovered" by the American traveler seeking something different. There he finds thrilling contrasts—new wonders—and that luxurious comfort which the modern traveler everywhere expects.

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WINTER can be genial. Virginia Beach proves it. No one wants to miss entirely the tingle of brisk air—the gallop through the pines quickening the pulse—the quick-striding walk with fire-light as its goal. But we don't want snow and we want our golf—every day if we choose. Then choose the *"Cavalier,"* where winter leaves only its benedictions. Easily accessible. Through Pullmans direct to the grounds. Fine motor roads. By steamer from New York, Baltimore, Washington, Boston, Providence. Complete information and descriptive literature upon request.

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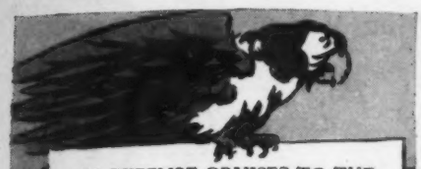

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18 DAYS Leaving NEW YORK, **January 25th**
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17 DAYS Leaving NEW YORK, **March 8th**
Visiting: PORT-AU-PRINCE — COLON — KINGSTON — HAVANA — NASSAU.
17 and 18 Day Cruises $230. up.

29 DAYS Leaving NEW YORK, **February 11th**
Visiting: NASSAU — HAVANA — SANTIAGO — KINGSTON — COLON — CARTAGENA — CURACAO — LA GUAYRA — TRINIDAD — BARBADOS — MARTINIQUE — ST. THOMAS — SAN JUAN — BERMUDA. Rates $385. up.

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famous for his modern first editions (special note to faddists). The Brick Row Book Shops, 42 East Fiftieth Street, and 30 Broad Street, luxurious browsing places, are apt to produce rare manuscripts or unbound copies to make a collector's heart stand still.

WHILE most of the big booksellers either take orders for special binding work or have it done on their own premises, particular souls are apt to prefer having their binding done under their own eagle eye by someone who does nothing else. Such a man is James MacDonald, 33 West Sixtieth Street. He is so painstaking and his materials so fine that his prices are—bluntly—very high; but many collectors will trust their work to no one else.

For general bookbinding of a reliable but not precious kind, for repairs, for new backs and corners and tooling, you will find the Bennett Book Studios, of 240 West Twenty-third Street, up to scratch in every respect, and completely expert. Then the Literary Lobby, at 67 West Forty-fourth Street, has recently organized a bookbinding service designed to produce "your favorite book in your favorite binding"—a conceit that will facilitate having all modern novels bound alike as you buy them, or whatever one does do to one's books to fit them into a trick-angled interior.

Any bookbinder, be it said in closing, is the practitioner of an ancient, leisurely art, and should be given lots and lots of time, for his nerves' sake if not for yours. —M. C.

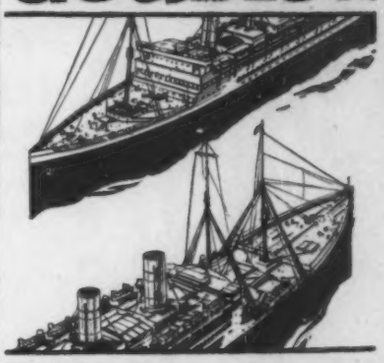
PRINTS AND POTTERY

GIFTS in the general art line are a tricky subject. We make no efforts at telling you where to spend your extra millions on "Blue Boys" and the like; likewise, we take it for granted you know about the department-store art sections, where pleasant little bargains are always to be picked up if you know your stuff. We even recognize the possibility of your having a favorite gallery not included in the list which follows. Our only contention, in fact, is that the ones listed below are recognized and reliable. Maybe we don't know everything, but we know what we like.

DANIEL GALLERIES, 600 Madison Avenue: Opportunities galore for a lithograph Christmas. Never exorbitant as to prices.

DOWNTOWN GALLERY, 113 West Thirteenth Street: Regular Christmas-sale exhibit starts here in December and

doubled



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continues through the month. This will include prints by thirty-six American artists, with prices going from $7.50 to $50.

THEODORE GOLDBERG, 233 Fifth Avenue: Etchings, black and white and color; English, German, and French. Wide selections, nice prices.

HARLOW, MACDONALD & COMPANY, 667 Fifth Avenue: Eight new Margaret Kirmse dog etchings promised for the holiday trade. These to include terrier types and sporting dogs.

KENNEDY & COMPANY, 785 Fifth Avenue: New set of western subjects by Levon West for dude ranchers. Also new John Taylor Arms and Martin Lewis plates, the latter an appealing group of New York subjects.

FREDERICK KEPPEL & COMPANY, 16 East Fifty-seventh Street: Annual exhibition of colored engravings opens in December. Subjects: eighteenth-century French things, English sporting prints, marines, and French lithos of the 1830 school.

KRAUSHAAR GALLERIES, 680 Fifth Avenue: Small animal bronzes by Roy Sheldon a specialty. Moderately priced etchings always on hand.

MILCH GALLERIES, 108 West Fifty-seventh Street: American artists in all kinds of mediums: small paintings, etchings, ceramics, bronzes, and sculptured works, wood carvings. Large collections of each.

A. MILLER, 401 Madison Avenue: Gentlemen's tastes catered to in sporting prints and practically all the Tony Icarts.

MONTROSS GALLERIES, 26 East Fifty-sixth Street: Chiefly noted as distributors for Varnum Poor, whose largely demanded ceramic wares are here in great profusion.

THE POTTERS' SHOP, 755 Madison Avenue: Amusing small pieces, larger serious works of art, and all the various ceramic phases. Excellent stuff by American artists; to order, if you are particular—and prompt.

ROBERTSON & DESCHAMPS, 415 Madison Avenue: Loads of small dog etchings; a series by Morgan Dennis, at $2. These come framed at $4—a Christmas item. Also, polo subjects by Paul Brown, and all kinds of porcelain animals—zebras, ponies, goats

101 dates in 101 cities

In the Service of Big Business a Curtiss-*Robin* recently flew 12,000 Miles, over 46 States On Scheduled Time for Every Stop . . . . .

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Do you wonder that whenever the executives of this business organization want dependable speed transportation, they choose a *Robin?*

Your Robin can take you on a business trip—to a football game—on an emergency call to a distant city—a golf tournament—a week-end. Or you can *charter* a Robin for any purpose, at any time of day or night . . . from any one of Curtiss-Wright's 40 bases that blanket the entire country.

It doesn't matter where you want to go—or when—a *Robin* will get you there in the *shortest possible time—and with safety.*

For the performance of this particular *Robin*—and of the famous St. Louis Robin, holder of the world's endurance record—is continually duplicated by *Robin* planes all over the world.

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And behind every *Robin* stands the nation-wide Curtiss service—40 branches, 100 dealers—strategically located to render prompt service, at any time of day or night.

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A word from you—and we will immediately send you complete information about the *Robin* and the nearest Curtiss base, where you can see it and fly it.

Mail a card today to Dept. 20, Curtiss-Wright Flying Service, 27 West 57th Street, New York City. Sales agents for Curtiss-Robertson Airplane Mfg. Co., Curtiss Aeroplane and Motor Co., Incorporated, Ireland Aircraft, Inc., and Moth Aircraft Corporation.

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Curtiss Flying Service is now a part of Curtiss-Wright Corporation, the recently announced amalgamation of Curtiss and Wright interests. Henceforth, Curtiss Flying Service will operate under the name of Curtiss-Wright Flying Service—a division of Curtiss-Wright Corporation

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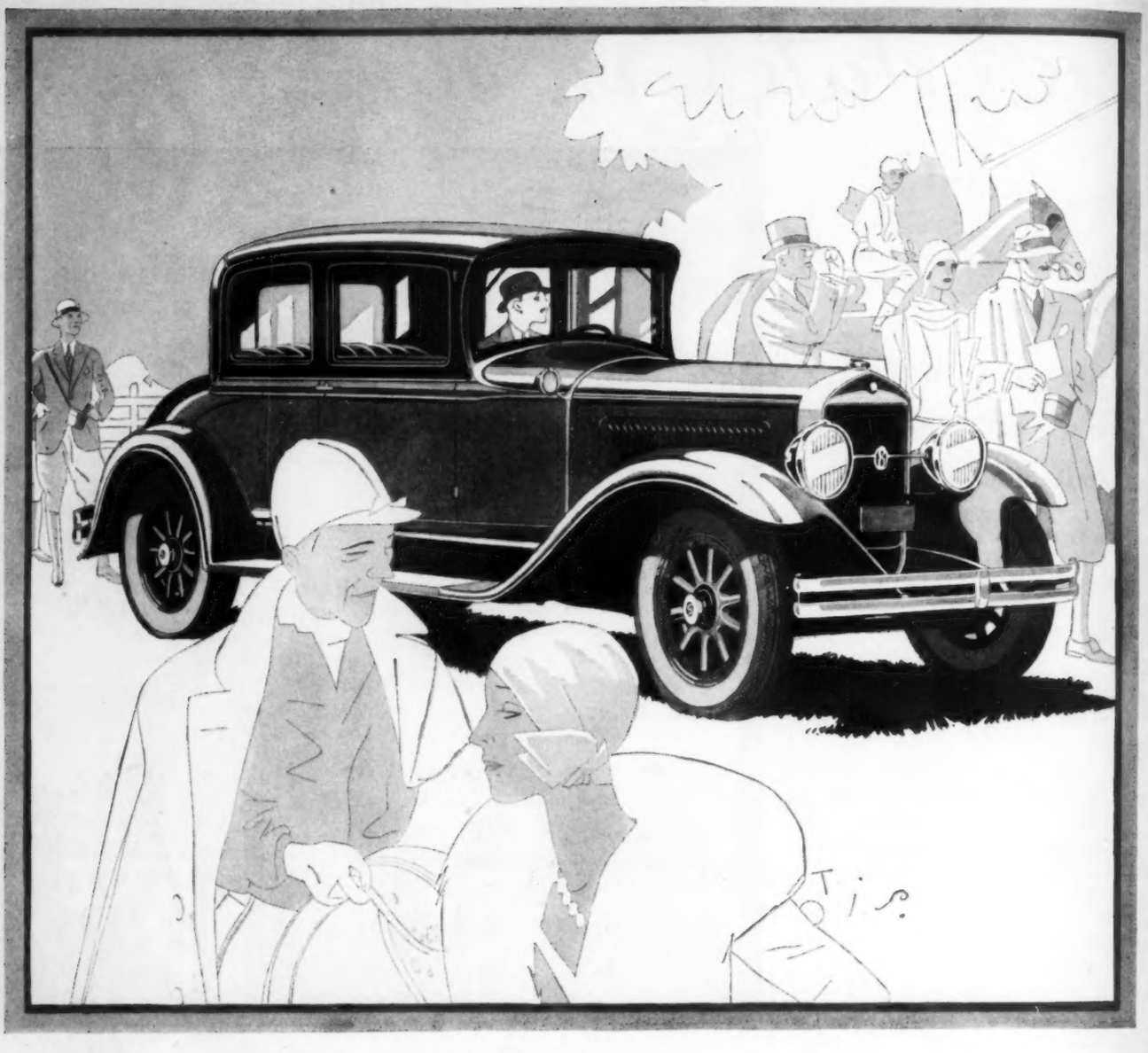

The Commander Straight Eight Victoria, $1515 at the factory. Bumpers and spare tire extra.

The Eight of Today—the Day of the Eight! Ownership of one of Studebaker's champion straight eights doubly confirms the soundness of your judgment. The eight is the choice of fine car engineers the world over. And Studebaker Eights are the overwhelming favorites of fine car buyers, leading in sales all the eights of the world, regardless of power, or price, or type . . . leading too, in performance, with more official stock car records for speed and endurance than all other makes of motor cars combined.

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—$6, $8, and so on. Really excellent ware at these bargain prices.

E. Weyhe, 794 Lexington Avenue: Matisse, Picasso, Derain, Marie Laurencin, and other moderns, with prices averaging around $25. Also, small bronzes, a special item featuring Moselsio figurines. And Rockwell Kent lithographs, $15 and onward. —B. B.

FRAMES AND FRAMERS

MAYBE you are one of those summer tourists who came back from Europe this September with a wicker hamper full of etchings and things against a heavy Christmas season. This makes you a candidate for interest in our imminent list of framers. Of course, there are good framers scattered in dozens all over town; this is simply one of those representative groups.

The Firm of Beed, Inc., 17 West Eighth Street: Celebrated particularly for a certain talent in the framing of old maps and documents.

Braxton Frame Company, 341 West Forty-eighth Street: Every frame here is done on special order—sometimes so special it may take as long as ten days.

M. Goldberg, 310 West Forty-second Street: Orders taken now can be filled in two days. Once the rush gets under way, you have to allow them more time.

Theodore Goldberg, 233 Fifth Avenue: Photographs and pictures alike framed in about three days' time.

A. Miller, 401 Madison Avenue: All sorts of frames for all sorts of pictures, the time allowance depending on type of work to be done. Don't wait until December 24 to place orders.

George F. Of, 126 West Fifty-seventh Street: Excellent stock frames here, and a known expertness in the way of special orders, none of which will be accepted after December 15.

J. Pocker, 790 Lexington Avenue: One of those reliable neighborhood framers; good work to order in twenty-four hours. That is, if you order now.

Robertson & Deschamps, 415 Madison Avenue: Always good for a tasteful suggestion or two if inspiration fails you. I'd allow them as much as a week on special orders.

FOOTNOTE: Your pet department store will thank you for placing frame orders at once; you know what happens in the big shops once Thanksgiving is over. —B. B.

A fine antique Chippendale tripod table with the original gallery top.

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ART

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"third down and more to go

not stocks, dearie, nor football measures," said the clever cinema customer, "just eager customers trying to get into

the rivoli— united artists

where harold lloyd's "welcome danger" is his first meeting with talking pictures. just one long laugh in the face of calamity, try and get in.

the paramount

where there's richard dix in "the love doctor" feeling...pulses; stroking . . . fevered brows . . . take well before shaking. organ music by jesse crawford.

the rialto

where there's "the trespasser" — gloria swanson, despite title, safe at home, talking, singing, in no less wilderness than chicago.

the criterion

last week of paramount's "applause", for and with helen morgan. sometime miss, a seated singer, an outstanding actress.

luxurious and comfortable, these are

publix theatres

THE CURRENT CINEMA

Fijis and Ocelots—Social Documents—Tin Pan Alley Week

THERE'S a new development of the movie industry which should be successful. It is the News-Reel Theatre, occupying the Embassy, where one may drop in at any time during the day and take one's fill of Current Events. Of course, you may not chance on any items of interest; there is no set hour, for instance, for sports, or for political subjects, or for child-welfare, but the variety can be diverting. In a brief visit I saw a Fiji school, a pet ocelot, made a few notes on the new hemline, and left while a lady was making a prohibition speech.

THERE was by no means any variety in the regular pictures of the week. Featured was Gloria Swanson's "The Trespasser." Miss Swanson has her beauty and is competent, and in the picture there is occasional camera originality, but otherwise it is of little value. The plot meanders along with its characters performing in a fashion now sometimes found outright funny in revived plays in Hoboken art theatres. It is one of those dramas in which the characters now and then declare: "It is because I love him so that I must give him up."

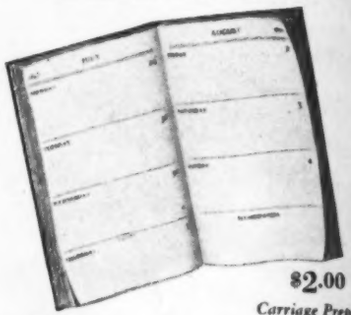
The story has to do with a little Chicago stenographer who marries a millionaire's son against his father's will. The husband is one of the people given up because he is so much loved. Later we see her living in a costly Lake Shore Drive apartment, the rent paid by a kindly, elderly gentleman. This protector dies and leaves her half a million. Naturally, she rejects the bequest, and is again busy with her shorthand when, after various complications, she is reunited with her husband, and his father is opportunely reconciled, or at least tactfully resigned to her trespass into the sacrosanct confines of Chicago society.

TIN PAN ALLEY receives a large amount of attention in the other

Smythson's

WAFER DIARY

AMERICAN EDITION—1930



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pictures. "Jazz Heaven" and "Broadway Scandals"—two musical echoes of "Broadway," "Dance of Life," et cetera—opened, respectively, at the Globe and the George M. Cohan. I suspect, though, that life may not be kind to them, and that even before this page sees light, they will have gone on their way to less glittering edifices. Even as program pictures, they would be trivial.

"Broadway Scandals" concerns backstage life and the problems facing a young man who must suffer the endearments of a star, and neglect the love of his heart, in order to get on in his career. The love of his heart, incidentally, turns up in the chorus of the big show, and on one great occasion suddenly grabs the stage for herself and does a little impromptu number burlesquing the aforesaid star; for which *tour de force* she naturally is fired. However, in the end the lover sobs his song of love into the microphone, a song which the cause of his emotion overhears, and I gather that they somehow manage to get on together happily.

In "Jazz Heaven" there is also a microphone to unite the happy pair. That invention now seems to be invaluable to the amorous.

GEORGE JESSEL's new picture, introduced to Manhattan at the Roxy, is better. It is called "Love, Live and Laugh," and presents the thesis that "good dreams always come true," an assertion possibly open to dispute. But it is not disputed in the picture. Though banal, sentimental, maudlin, and all those tiring things, the film, however, is also rather expertly handled, and is interpolated with songs sung pleasantly enough by Mr. Jessel.

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Little Italy, but to something more grand, like Little Fifth Avenue. Throughout the picture, Mr. Jessel, as Luigi, cannot stop singing; even at the front, he *will* throw out a few stray cadenzas when the booming of the cannons abates long enough, and once is so overcome by the sudden realization that it is Christmas Eve that he evidently goes a little insane, for he sings "Heilige Nacht," accompanied by the enemy in the trenches opposite. Luigi's talent is not shown in the process of being commercialized, according to the current conventions of the screen, but I imagine that he will get his microphone at last.

NOR is there, as it happens, a microphone in "Is Everybody Happy?," at the Strand; but there is everything else, especially Ted Lewis and his band. Little Hungary is the district involved in this picture, which also moves via night clubs and Broadway to Little Fifth Avenue. Ted Lewis is the young Hungarian who develops into a great jazz performer instead of the violin maestro his father desired him to be. Ted and his band do a variety of numbers in their usual proficient style. The father, however, a very musical parent, is so shocked by such a vulgar success that he runs away from his family and is at last unearthed as a janitor at Carnegie Hall. Sweeping, I presume, has softened his heart toward the crassness of jazz, so there is a happy reunion in the Fifth Avenue home with father, mother, sweetheart, (discarded but noble sweetheart—a part rendered with poignance by Ann Pennington), and the whole band as well, with Ted in the midst, and all as merry as can be. —J. C. M.

•

I have been thrilled by the delightful touch of a Toscanini, I have fairly shuddered with awe under the Russian influence of the English maestro Coates, I have sat in rapt admiration while Mengelberg drew from his orchestra divine strains and I have felt the thrill of the masters as interpreted by Damrosch, Van Hoogstraten and Sokoloff, but it remained for Stokowski to give me my consummate musical moment. Had I heard no other single strain of music in all my life, after hearing Mr. Stokowski conduct his orchestra through the Overture, Bacchanale and Venusberg from "Tannhauser" I would have felt that I had not missed any delight of music and should have been willing to close my eyes and murmur my "Nunc Dimittis." I can say no more.—*John Douglas Gordon, in the World.*

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A VOYAGE TO PURILIA

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 32] know better allow themselves to be taken in by the crudest forgeries. All this has a most unsettling effect upon the economic life of the country—to say nothing of the personal fortunes of the individuals concerned. Fortunately, in the end justice almost always triumphs.)

The better sort among the young millionaires—of whom Jack Vanderbrook was one—always seeks to negative the curse of wealth by choosing as a mate a Pudencian of humble origin. These girls usually decline at first the millionaires' offers of marriage, either because they fear that they will handicap their wealthy lovers or because they prefer their simple homes to the splendid foyers of the rich; but in the end love always triumphs over their objections.

WHEN Jack and I arrived at the artist's studio, we found it already crowded with guests. The studio was most spacious and its luxurious furnishings were ample proof that the practice of the plastic arts in Purilia brings with it a greater financial reward than is the case upon our planet. This I found puzzling, for nowhere had I seen any evidence of a taste for the fine arts.

(This impression was confirmed by later observations. Not once did I encounter any Purilian in whose life either aesthetic experience or critical appreciation of the arts played the slightest part. The enjoyment of literature, too, is a comparatively unknown pleasure. Reading for pleasure is confined almost entirely to fathers of a superior type. These kindly, dignified, elderly men, pipe in mouth and clad in dressing-gown and slippers, occasionally settle down to a good book, from the enjoyment of which they are snatched, all too often, by the necessity of helping to solve some particularly knotty emotional problem in the lives of their offspring.)

Jack had assured me that our host was something of a genius and I looked about eagerly in the hope of finding some examples of his work. I was rather disappointed to find the studio ornamented with works of decidedly inferior quality. There were paintings and sculptures in abundance—all of extraordinary size—but, despite my own meagre acquaintance with the arts, I was rather shocked by the conspicuously bad taste which characterized these objects. One curious fact about the works displayed was that while none of them could exactly be said to represent the nude female figure, they all somehow suggested it. And, indeed, I discovered later that to the Purilian nudity and plastic art are almost interchangeable concepts.

I was astonished to discover that no one could inform me whether our host was a sculptor or a painter, or seemed even to be aware that there is any difference between the two. The word "artist," I learned, referred rather to a mode of living than to the practice of an art, the word being eulogistic in connotation when applied to a dead person, and somewhat opprobrious when applied to a living one.

Indeed, the Purilian artist is far from being an admirable person. He is either a rather ridiculous, down-at-heels fellow, untidy in person and given to eccentricities in dress, and displaying often many of the symptoms of insanity; or else (as was the case with our host) he is a dissolute debauchee who spends his substance in riotous living, and with whom no woman is safe.

OUR host, whose face bore clearly the marks of dissipation, led us toward the huge room filled with guests. The room was gay with long streamers of colored paper and with large gas balloons which the guests tossed merrily about. Many of the guests, too, wore caps of colored tissue paper and some, I noted with interest, wore masquerade dress and dominoes. Everyone was hilarious, almost to the point of boisterousness, although there seemed little to occasion it. A negro orchestra, larger than any I had ever before seen in a private home, supplied the music, and most of the guests were dancing animatedly but with a selfconsciousness that I thought rather odd in sophisticated adults.

Suddenly a girl jumped upon a table

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Vermouth
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and, mounting thence upon the shoulders of two men, requested silence in order that she might sing. There was much vociferous applause and the gaiety of the guests now gave place to grave attentiveness as the girl began to sing; and, as it soon became evident that the song was of a serious character, the faces of the listeners began to reflect thoughtful sobriety. The song was a rather simple but touching ballad about an elderly negro named Joe, who, upon his death-bed, experienced the hallucination of being summoned by a choir of angels to a happy life in the world beyond the grave. The effect of this song upon the listeners was rather startling. Never before had I seen men and women so deeply moved by music. Many of the women sobbed aloud and more than one man hastily dashed an unwonted tear from his eye. The song finished, the singer received a tremendous ovation, and I was gratified to see that the director of an opera company, who was among the guests, offered her immediately a long engagement upon the most flattering terms.

NATURALLY, I had scanned the faces of the guests eagerly in the hope of finding Pansy, but she was nowhere to be seen. Suddenly, however, Jack gripped my arm and drew me quickly to a little group surrounding Emily, who was describing the happenings which had preceded the tragic incident at the night club. We quietly joined the group, Jack standing with averted face so that Emily would not recognize him.

Emily now told tearfully of her love for the handsome young pauper —which, of course, she supposed Jack to be—and of her grief at not finding him at his accustomed post when she left the night club. She expressed the fear that her lover might mistakenly have received the impression that she had been interested in Garrison. She expressed her hatred of Garrison in unqualified terms, but explained that that afternoon, seeking to escape the unwelcome attentions of another man, she had impulsively stepped into a limousine which was standing at the curb, quite unaware that the vehicle was Garrison's. A moment later Garrison had entered the limousine and, mistaking the reason for her presence there, had ordered the chauffeur to drive off before Emily was able to escape. A cry of joy now sprang from Jack at this convincing proof of Emily's innocence.

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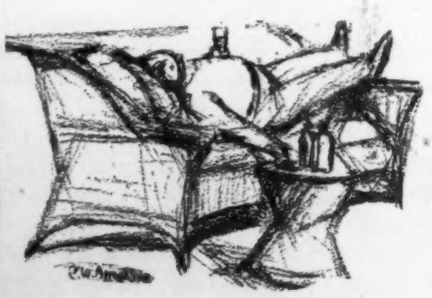

He shouldered his way through the group about Emily and, taking the startled girl in his arms, said: "Forgive me, darling. I wronged you more than I can tell you." So astonished was Emily that she had the utmost difficulty in recognizing him. "Why, Jack," she exclaimed, "is it really you?" Convinced, at length, that it was, she listened in amazement while Jack revealed his identity and apologized for the innocent deception which he had practiced upon her. "I just wanted to test you," he said, "but you stood the test well." The happiness of the delighted girl was protractedly apparent. Jack now took a flat box from his pocket and, opening it, revealed a necklace of magnificent pearls. As he placed the pearls about the girl's neck, he said: "These were my mother's pearls. She told me she wanted them to be my wife's."

Our host, learning now of this happy reunion, sprang upon a table and proposed a toast to the happy pair, and called for a glass in which to drink to the young couple. But before one could be procured, a merry girl swung her leg high and kicked off her slipper, which the artist caught laughingly and filled with champagne. The toast drunk, our genial host addressed his guests as follows: "Life is short and we live but once. Let us eat, drink, and be merry."

THESE sentiments were greeted vociferously and the guests immediately proceeded to act upon their host's advice. A girl sprang upon the table and executed a dance of a highly erotic character. Persons who until now had given no evidence of intoxication suddenly began to reel and stagger in a most alarming manner. Women flung themselves with abandon into men's arms. Lovely Pudencians repulsed with horror the advances of gray-haired Vauriens. More and more balloons were set afloat and there was scarcely a head that did not bear a paper cap.

A little wearied by the hubbub, and concerned not only about Pansy

but about Johnson and Mollie, I retired to a chair near the door, with the intention of devising some plan of action. As I sat there apart from the crowd, absorbed in my thoughts, I happened to attract the attention of a rather tipsy young woman who suddenly and unexpectedly came over to me and perched herself upon my lap, her arms entwined about my neck. At almost the same instant Pansy appeared in the doorway, and as she stood there for a moment, her gaze fell full upon me. For some seconds she looked at me with a magnified expression in which grief and contempt were mingled, and then, without a word, she turned and fled.

With the utmost difficulty I extricated myself from the embrace of the intoxicated young woman and hurried after Pansy. As I reached the pavement, she was just stepping into a taxicab, and as I rushed to the curb, the vehicle drew away. Hastily hailing another taxicab, I directed the driver to follow Pansy's.

A long chase now ensued through the mazes of metropolitan traffic, but we arrived eventually at an apartment house and, dismissing the taxicab, I hurried into the building, ascertained the location of Pansy's apartment, and proceeded upstairs.

Pansy herself responded to my ring and I could see that she had been weeping. At first she did not wish to permit me to enter, but finally I prevailed upon her and reluctantly she ushered me into her tiny sitting-room, the chief ornament of which was a large photograph of her missing brother.

I had scarcely begun my explanation when the doorbell rang again. As always, this threw Pansy into a state of painful consternation, and almost hysterically she pushed me into her bedroom (which adjoined the sitting-room) and closed the door behind me.

The doorbell rang again, but before Pansy had time to answer the summons the door burst violently open under the impact of a powerful shoulder. (I should explain that it is quite customary in Purilia for a man to effect his entrance into a room by lunging against the door and forcing it from its hinges.) From my hiding-place I heard an all-too-familiar voice and, peeping through the keyhole, I saw that the intruder was Millwood. Two police officers accompanied him.

Pansy, her face expressing angry loathing, extended her arm, and pointing to the door said: "Leave my room at once, Mr. Millwood." But far from complying, Millwood laughed mockingly and said with an unpleasant leer, "I've come to take you home, my darling." Pansy stared at him, her eyes wide with bewilderment. Then she said: "What do you mean? I don't understand." Millwood laughed. "Have you forgotten," he said, "that we are married?"

PANSY, of course, vehemently denied her marriage to Millwood, but without avail. I was about to leave my hiding-place and intervene when Millwood caught sight of my hat lying upon the table of the sitting-room. Pointing accusingly to the hat, he seized Pansy by the wrist and said between his clenched teeth: "Well, what have you to say, now?"

Unwilling to remain longer in concealment, I now opened the door and stepped into the sitting-room. At the sound of my entrance Millwood turned sharply and, pointing his forefinger at me, demanded, "What were you doing in my wife's bedroom?" And before I could reply, he turned to the police officers and said: "Arrest that man!"

The officers stepped forward and seized my arm. I asked one of them upon what charge I was being arrested and he replied with laconic grimness: "You're wanted for the murder of 'Bulldog' Garrison."

The unexpectedness of this charge left me speechless. Pansy, forgetting her own predicament, rushed forward and, clutching the arm of one of my custodians, exclaimed hysterically: "Oh no, no, no, he didn't do it; he didn't do it."

But the officers were deaf to her

TANGEE

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Loveliest of colors . . . blush-rose, akin to Nature's own glow of youth and health. Lips of Tangee . . . subtle individuality . . . yours and yours alone.

In an amazing way Tangee changes color as you put it on . . . and blends with each individual complexion. Truly, a miracle of miracles! Lips of Tangee . . . no trace of grease or pigment . . . nothing except a lovely glow—so beautiful, so natural that it seems a part of your own lips. And indeed it is for Tangee leaves no thickness or substance, and it is permanent as the day is long.

Tangee—one lipstick and one rouge for all complexions. Tangee Lipstick in gunmetal case $1, in superb case of gold and black enamel $2.50. Tangee Rouge Compact 75c. Tangee Crême Rouge $1. Tangee Face Powder, including the smart, new shade Tangee Tan $1. Tangee Night Cream $1. Tangee Day Cream $1. **The George W. Luft Co., 417 Fifth Ave., New York**

Ask for TANGEE, and be sure you see the name TANGEE.

EMBARRASSING MOMENTS

When your wife finds

you in the silk stocking department . . .

***be nonchalant* . . . LIGHT A MURAD.**

protests as well as to those which I now uttered. For it seems that Millwood, who had been concealed behind a pillar at the night club, had seen me there and had falsely reported to the police that I had fired the fatal shot. To make matters worse, one of the officers had been posted at the door of the night club after the murder and had remembered my insistent attempts to reënter the place, which had struck him at the time as highly suspicious. These facts, together with my unfortunate concealment in Pansy's bedroom, constituted a convincing case against me, and I gathered from the words and actions not only of my custodians and accuser but of Pansy as well that my conviction was a foregone conclusion.

Still protesting my innocence, I was dragged off to prison, my concern for my own safety more than equalled by my fears for Pansy, left helpless now in Millwood's hands. —ELMER RICE

(Continued next week)

•

PERSPECTIVE

Fifth Avenue's a garden row
From where I see it, bright below
My nineteenth-story window ledge.
The buses have the green of hedge
Undulating in a breeze.
The buildings are gray trunks of trees.
The yellow taxis stop and go
Like nodding heads of goldenglow.
And when it rains—from nineteen stories—
A lane's in bloom with morning-glories;
Purple, blue, and red they are,
And lovelier, somehow, by far
Than parasols. And people pass,
A funny fringe of striped grass.
Like turquoise wings a silk scarf flutters,
And men in white suits sweeping gutters
Are by my eyes as gladly met
As tiny sprigs of mignonette!

—VELMA CARSON

•

Oaksmith, Echo, representative and demonstrator for the Proven Products Corporation, considers that it was the turning point in her career when she fully realized that service is the basis of all worthy accomplishments. Living up to this ideal, Miss Oaksmith has achieved outstanding success in her own field. The most humorous incident of her life, so she says, was when she met the Prince of Wales and he facetiously asked her to marry him.—*From catalogue of Women's Arts Exposition.*

What kind of service is that?

CHANGE OF ADDRESS

The following blank is for the convenience of our subscribers who are absent from the city this winter. We will be pleased to observe any change of address order received and request only that we be notified at least three weeks in advance of the date which it is to take effect.

THE NEW YORKER, 25 WEST 45TH STREET, NEW YORK.
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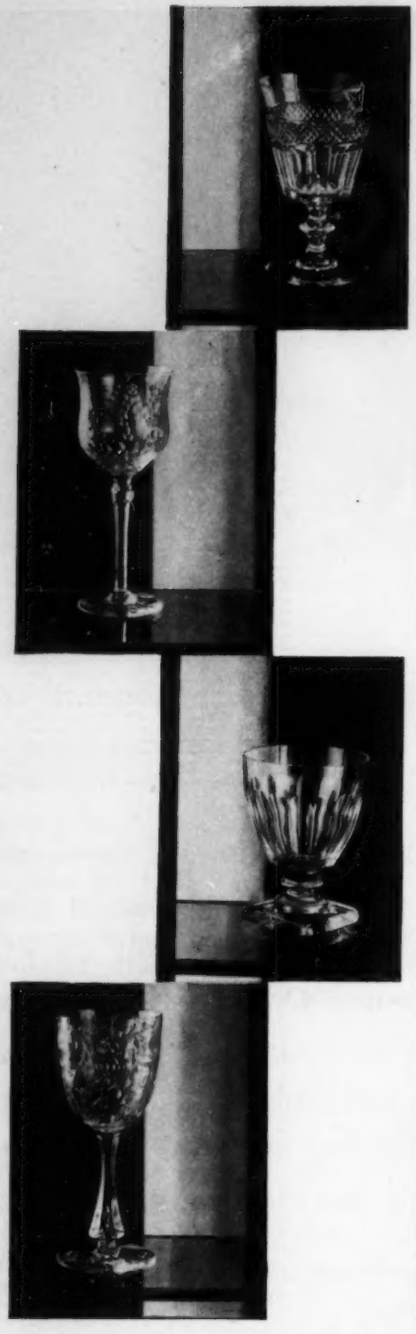

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BASEMENT

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ON THE AIR

Football with an Accent —MM. Vallée and Toscanini—Three from the Continent — In Reverse

THIS is the season of the year when it is absolutely essential for you to have a radio. At other times you might struggle along without one; but the football broadcasts are the pleasantest and most satisfactory feature the radio has to offer —and that includes festivals, jubilees, and national elections. Those who are young and strong may battle the traffic of the Boston Post Road on Saturday afternoons, but those who are a little too old and large for rumble-seats will have a safer, easier time sitting by the loudspeaker in the living-room, convenient to steam heat and cracked ice.

This year, WEAF, WJZ, and WABC are devoting their Saturday afternoons to the noble cause. The reporting of the games, which used to be frenzied, inaccurate, and imbued with a phony collegiate spirit, has calmed down to a sensible sporting level. It is no longer a cue for an outburst when the sun sends its slanting rays over the thousands and thousands of spectators; the announcers are sticking to the story of the game and actually telling about the plays, instead of shouting that they are having a fine time and wish you were with them. Even Graham McNamee has been content to let the game speak for itself, instead of acting like a toastmaster pumping up enthusiasm at a banquet.

The new announcer with the southern accent is Bill Munday, whom you probably heard last year in the N. B. C. broadcasting of some of the games in the South. Mr. Munday did very well with the Harvard-Dartmouth game and, once you get used to his accent, you like him, although at first you feel that he is likely to break into song at any minute.

RUDY VALLÉE has returned to the air and so has Arturo Toscanini. Mr. Vallée has been in Hollywood—and he'll sit down and tell you about it, too. Mr. Toscanini has been to Italy. Mr. Vallée's band is bursting with theme songs and Mr. Vallée himself is more yearning and lovelorn than ever. In case you don't know it, Mr. Vallée is radio's gift to the world. The lovesick boy is a protégé of the National Broadcasting Company and not, like the other maestri, a visitor from other fields. He probably would have remained just another dance conductor if the radio hadn't sent his mating call into endless romance-starved homes.

Station WOR is doing beautifully by Mr. Toscanini and the Philharmonic. In fact, WOR is making the most of all its local features. In past seasons, the music from Carnegie Hall has been badly reproduced and hastily handled, as though it were a burden instead of an asset on the program. Station WOR has had the courtesy to announce the programs in advance and give the concerts dignified presentation. Moreover, Mr. Toscanini actually spoke four or five words before the microphone. He didn't, however, ask his friends of the air to write him any letters telling him how much they enjoyed the program.

THREE transatlantic broadcasts have been successfully accomplished recently and this sensation-hunter wishes there were more of them. Professor Einstein spoke from Berlin at the Edison Jubilee, and Paramount scooped the Jubilee by having Maurice Chevalier go on the air from Paris during one of its hours. The Chevalier pickup was made so quickly and so easily that unless you were listening attentively he might have sounded like just another star broadcasting from the Hollywood studio. And last week WJZ triumphantly presented a whole program from Holland.

European listeners find American programs mechanically good but without the savor of a variety of languages. The traffic on the air seems to be limited, though. The newspapers here now list only a few so-called distant programs—usually in Philadelphia and Atlantic City; those pioneering days when it was possible to pick up a swell church benefit in Jefferson City, Missouri, are for the most part gone. In a Viennese magazine, however, you will find the Schenectady programs listed among the events of the week, and you will be delighted to see that Cheerio, happily enough, reaches Central Europe with his bright morning exercises at the wrong end of the day. —A. S.

•

There was something about that title, Old Incestors' Trading Corporation, that inspired confidence.—*The American.*

We don't know what it was.

GETTING READY FOR 1930

MY first duty today is to extend public thanks from F. W. to all that helped to make the Halloween party such a success. The attendance was fine and F. W. certainly was pleased, because naturally it set him back, well not a lot of money, but enough, *enough*, and we all like to have things appreciated. I still get a laugh when I think of Mr. Cleary taking that spill in the tubba water. Pardon me, Mr. Cleary, but it was a funny sight. I hear you had to pay for your costume, but I guess you can afford it.

But the Halloween party's a pleasant memory now. Today I have something else, not social, to talk about. Oh, in a way it's social, but not like a party. F. W. has asked me to get the list ready of those that we want to send calendars, 1930 calendars, to. I guess you don't realize it, but Christmas is right around the corner, and we like to get our calendars in the mail right after Christmas. And of course we have to tell the printers how many we want, so they won't go printing away till we tell them to stop. Not that they'd do that, of course. I'm just fooling about that. But we have to place an order soon and F. W. thinks everybody ought to hand in a list of those we want to send calendars to some time this week.

WE have two kinds this year, so pay attention to this explanation. The one kind is just the plain one, I mean plain paper. It has a picture of a man in a canoe, carrying a gun across his lap. He's in the North Woods and in the distance you can see a bull moose, howling. It hasn't anything to do with business but it makes a nice thing to have hanging on the wall. It's in color, of course. The calendar part is plain black numbers and red ones for holidays. We decided against having a fish on every Friday because that hasn't anything to do with business and besides it doesn't make any difference to Irv Rosenthal, eh Irv? Irv said he'd eat a ham sandwich on Friday just to prove he isn't anything. So we leave off the fishes.

Now that type of calendar is the one we distribute to those of the trade that do a thousand dollars' or less worth of business a year. Also to the school authorities and so forth, and naturally the contractors and builders and painters in the smaller sections. Each employee gets five of these calendars and please see that they're distributed where they'll do the most good, not hang them up in a cellar or some place where nobody will ever see it.

The other kind is more elaborate. I mean more expensive. It's not a bit elaborate. On the contrary, its beauty lies in its simplicity. I thought we ought to make it more in the fancy trend but F. W. said no, he wanted to keep it as simple as possible in appearance, because it's a pretty tricky calendar.

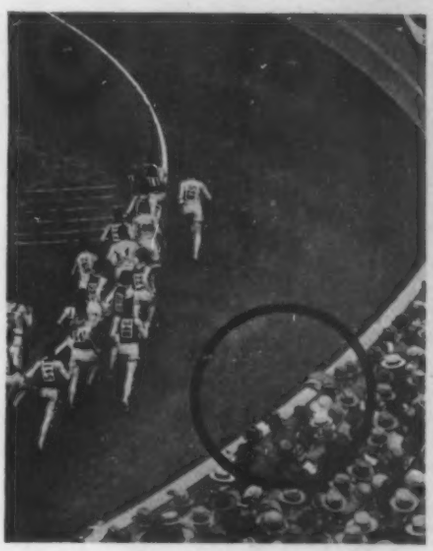
It's about this big. . . . Big enough so you can make a note of an appointment on the part reserved for the day. Each day will have an individual page. That will be in the middle. It will be paper that is punched twice at the end so you can remove the page each day without tearing it off and leaving some paper there.

Then on either side of the day page, there will be monthly calendars, 1929 and 1931, and on the back explanations of what was important during 1929 in a business way—just the highlights, of course—and on the 1931 one there will be a sort of handy reminder, like in April, don't forget daylight saving and so forth—if we have daylight saving then, which I hope not.

And then of course on each day there will be printed what anniversary it is, like Franklin's birthday or some other occasion that nobody ever remembers but might come in handy to some. The 1929 and 1931 sides work on rolls that you turn with a slight turn of your fingers and they're under glass to keep them clean.

On the top in gilt letters is "Hagedorn & Brownmiller, Incorporated" and the address and phone number and cable address. It's in that new style printing like you see in Saks advertisements and certainly is a credit, although, as I say, I would have preferred something more impressive. It's all in beautiful leather.

THESE calendars cost the firm six hundred and fifty dollars the gross, so we don't want to throw them around recklessly. Make out a list of your best clients or your best prospects in the trade and of course we have to take care of the politicians with the nice calendars. And please make out that list some time in the next week so we can let the people know and get our mailing list ready. Remember, a little thing like a calendar at the proper time of the year has a lot to do with good-will. —JOHN O'HARA



Exclusive news photo of Mr. Oscar J. Beep at the track
(Circle indicates Mr. Beep)

"It's a Thoroughbred"
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"Any man who follows the horses as I do (heh, heh), will do well to use an Automatch. You spring the barrier and she's lit—every time. No false starts. No scratches. I'm very fond of my Automatch. Indeed, when mother isn't looking I often take it to bed with me."

Thank you, Mr. Beep. Other Automatch addicts share your enthusiasm. They like its consistent performance... the asbestos wick that never wears out ... the Automatic flint-replacement signal... and the mechanism that does away with all protrusions on the outside.

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PENCIL

HERE'S the answer to that vexing problem—what to give *him.* The Multi-Vider is the newest, smartest thing out—something he will use and use and *use*—the kind of gift he will appreciate. Imagine his delight at receiving a *"pencil with a brain"*—a pencil that automatically multiplies, divides, works percentages, proportions, etc. and solves hundreds of other mathematical problems almost *instantly*! Yet the Multi-Vider does just that. Eliminates the old, tiresome long-hand methods of figuring. The user with a problem to solve simply sets the slides and reads the answer. *As easy to read as a clock.*

All the features of any first-class mechanical pencil. Comfortable size—no writer's cramp; the kind of gift you can feel proud to give and that he will be glad to own.

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Please send me a Multi-Vider, with instructions for use. On arrival, I will pay the postman price quoted below plus a few cents postage. Within 5 days, if not satisfied, I may return the Multi-Vider and you are to return my money. I am checking the model I want. ☐ Standard Model $5.00. ☐ Gold-filled Executive Model in a variety of colors, in handsome gift box $10. Specify Color for Executive Model—Blue, Green, Maroon, Black, Crimson and Black.

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OUT OF TOWN

The Dash to the Bowl—Six Days for Moose

WITHOUT a doubt the height of interest in going places to do things is now centred about the big football games; and since I am neither a football expert nor the "Book of Etiquette," my gentle word concerns flying to them. Everybody seems to want to know how to.

IN the first place, all games except those at New Haven and Cambridge are dismissed as too near or too far; if, then, you want to get to Yale or Harvard, these are the ways:

Via Curtiss-Wright Flying Service: Planes may be chartered, and rates are based on a minimum of four passengers. If there are not four in your party, Curtiss will attempt to make up the necessary number. All machines are of the enclosed-cabin type; Fairchild, Travelair, etc. If you have a big party of ten, a Ford tri-motored plane is provided. To New Haven: $25 per person, round trip; forty-five minutes' flying time; planes leave either from Newark Airport or Curtiss Field, Valley Stream, Long Island, according to your convenience. To Boston (East Boston Airport): $50 per person, round trip; two hours' flying time. If it is too dark to take off on the return trip (which it will be in Boston), the plane will lie over until the following morning; or if you insist on flying back at night, there is an extra charge. Further information about this can be had by telephoning Wickersham 9600 and asking for Mr. Burch; he will also make reservations.

Via Roosevelt Flying Service: Planes are also specially chartered and the general features of the service are the same as with Curtiss, except that all Roosevelt planes take off from Roosevelt Field, Mineola. Roosevelt rates are based on a minimum of six passengers; it is not altogether necessary to have six in your party if you allow time to make up the difference. To New Haven: $20 per person, round trip; $15 one way. To Boston: $55 round trip (stopping overnight); $50 one way. Call Circle 1550.

Via Colonial Flying Service: Regular Colonial planes of the New York-Boston service, which need not be chartered. To Boston: $60 round trip, arriving Boston Airport 1:30 P.M., and returning next day at 4:00 P.M. To New Haven: $35 round trip (privilege of stopping overnight). A bus leaves Hotel Pennsylvania at 11:00 A.M., taking passengers to Newark Airport for planes for both Boston and New Haven. Make reservations at 230 Park Avenue, Vanderbilt 10178.

AS you know already, both Roosevelt and Curtiss make a great feature of taking people anywhere, particularly over routes that have no regular flying lines; as from Chicago to Kansas City, to pick up a TAT plane or one on some other scheduled line. Curtiss, at this season, is starting a special service to the big-game regions of Maine and Canada. They use amphibians for this, as most landings in the wilderness have to be made on lakes. Obviously you have to charter a machine, and pay on the basis of the number of passengers to be carried. Remembering something of the problem duffle bags presented in my former incarnations, I asked timidly what's done about them when flying—they being a mere trifle, of course. The solution is hiring a plane large enough for three passengers more than are carried, thus making an allowance of three hundred pounds for baggage. The most remarkable thing about flying to the wilds is that it costs you almost nothing to come back if you return with the pilot—if he has to go back for you at the end of ten days, you pay the same healthy rate all over again. Whether your caribou flies back too, I didn't inquire.

IF you are seriously contemplating a big-game trip there is a man you should not fail to see before you leave—unless, of course, you know it all. Frederick J. Burghard, of 545 Fifth Avenue, who is conceded to be an authority, will plan your route for you; attend to transportation; superintend equipment; engage competent and friendly guides; see that your camp is made as, how, when, and where you want it; get your hunting licenses; tell you what clothes to take and wear; give you the actual word of the Law about seasons and what you may shoot; plan your trip to the last detail whether you know definitely that you are out for moose and nothing else (the season for them, incidentally, is exactly six days in Maine—November 25 to 30)

It's NOT EDITED *For You*

YOU may not like every article in a given issue of The American Weekly, but no offense intended; we are not editing this magazine exclusively for you.

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The American Weekly is not a man's publication, not a woman's magazine, nor a comic strip for children. It is not published either for the intelligentsia or the moron. It is edited to interest and hold the attention of the typical American family and the best proof that it does this is the fact that this magazine can boast the largest circulation on earth.

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READY-TO-PUT-ON
TAILORED AT FASHION PARK

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FINCHLEY
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or whether you just want a crack at the primitive life. He will also be tactful about explaining to the wives and outdoor girls of the family just what their place is—if it isn't in the Big Woods. His charges for all this are commensurate with the service.

In general, if you go to Maine to hunt, you start off at Portland on any of the numerous tiny branches of the Maine Central to the hunting woods. Where you go is probably a matter of tradition, habit, or accident, but I am told that the Jackman country near the Canadian Line is comparatively unexplored, and that a lot of our Big Men have their hunting lodges thereabouts. Moosehead Lake and the Rangeley Lakes are probably the best known, but there are still a few deer and wildfowl wandering around, don't you worry.

ONCE again I note—while the season is on—the existence of two small, quiet, restful places in the vicinity of Hot Springs, Virginia. One is Vine Cottage, in the town—dainty, peaceful, and unworldly—and the other is Three Hills, at Warm Springs, four miles out. The latter is a rather famous little retreat, owned and managed by the three Misses Johnston, one of whom is Mary, the novelist. Antique furniture, Ole Mammy cooking, and drowsy strolls in the woods are the attractions; and if the peace begins to pall, the Homestead is nearby for a trick at dancing or bridge. Reservations for Three Hills may be made by mail, and the popular train leaves the Pennsylvania Station at 5:45 every evening, arriving at Hot Springs at 7:50 A.M. Incidentally, this is the loveliest possible time to motor there.

—FOOT-LOOSE

•

"I'm out of crude Nebraska—all my life I've heard of the intelligentsia of Boston. I've been here nearly ten months, and am about at the end of my funds in my search for them (or is it it?). Can you tell me where to look? Shall watch your column, hoping you can post me and other aliens within your gates looking for the culture. HILDA B.—*Letter to Boston Herald.*

Come on, Boston, trot it out!

•

INVENTOR SEEKS IDEAS for articles which ought to be invented—ZZ 148, Deacon's, Fenchurch-Avenue.—*London Times.*

Things are bad enough now, ZZ. If you should ever seek ideas for articles that never should have been invented, maybe we can talk business.

RECENT BOOKS

Ladies' Week—Three Thousand Years of the Theatre—Dime Novels, and an Album

THE shy and rare talents of Rebecca West, as a novelist and not as a commentator, shine forth in "Harriet Hume." Miss West subtitles her novel "a London phantasy." It is more of a mirage, an illusive and shining sea of beautiful words. This is no story, in the conventional sense, but the psychological mirroring of a man's perception of an enchanting woman. It is the ghost of a love story and the love story of a beautiful ghost who haunts and bewitches the mind of a man. Harriet Hume herself exists in the book, not as one of your all-too-real heroines, but as a wraith disturbing the ego and ambitions of Arnold Condorex.

To try to tell, in any narrow way, the substance of the book is foolish and unfair to Miss West. Her wit is gayer than mere smartness. Her sense of the glory of words is no mere effort at a pretentious style. And her penetration of the byways of a human mind — particularly what is known as the masculine mind—is instinctive and dangerously accurate.

"Harriet Hume" is not a book to be snatched up at odd moments and read in a hurry; like "À la Recherche du Temps Perdu," it is only to be read when your mind is on edge and when your ear is tuned to catch the quick meanings of Miss West's seventeenth-century English. It is more poetry than prose, but it is saved from vagueness and mere prettiness by an undercurrent of sharp, cruel criticism. Miss West's account of the debacle of Arnold Condorex is no less real or merciless because it happens to be told obliquely, and her study of the man's personal tragedy is no less harsh because she has chosen to invest it with beauty.

SPEAKING of Miss West leads me to Virginia Woolf. Mrs. Woolf's slim book, "A Room of One's Own," is an elaboration of two papers read in England on "Women and Fiction." Mrs. Woolf expanded the theme into one long essay, an essay worthy of becoming a literary textbook. It is witty, eloquent writing and fine, clear thinking on the vexatious subject of sex in art. A great many boring and trivial articles have been written on why a woman didn't write "Hamlet" or the Ninth Symphony. The worst of the nonsense has been written by women themselves. Mrs. Woolf shatters all this foolishness by her high intelligence. Even if your interest in her subject is faint, her essay is worth reading.

THIS is a very feminine week, made a pleasant one for the reviewer by women who write too infrequently, perhaps for those reasons that Mrs. Woolf so trenchantly explains. (I am bound to make you curious about "A Room of One's Own.") Susan Glaspell, for instance, has allowed other more vociferous and less gifted ladies to pass her by. "Fugitive's Return" is, in a way, Miss Glaspell's return. To those who know of Miss Glaspell's pilgrimage to Greece, it will be an immensely sad book. But from her own experience, she has woven the story of a woman who, stricken dumb by grief, goes to the ruins of Delphi to escape life. There she finds more than her drab life in the Middle West, more than her unhappy marriage ever brought her. She almost finds compensation for the loss of her child.

Miss Glaspell is at her best in her pictures of Greek peasant life and in her telling of a village drama; she writes strongly and simply. She conveys to you, too, the bewildering and chaotic grief of her heroine with an intensity that is painful. For all its strangeness and for all its wildness of emotion, "Fugitive's Return" is worth a half-dozen smug, contented novels.

STILL more about the girls: Phyllis Bottome's novel, "Windlestraws,"

"The doctor says I'm terribly anemic."
"As anemic as Greta Garbo?"

Add European Flavour To Your Next Party!

Smart parties are brighter, jollier, more successful when your "libations" make a hit. Memories of Ciro's in Paris, the Savoy in London, or the cheery Adlon in Berlin, are evoked in cocktails, punches or what not in which these European flavours are used. They are identical in flavour with those served abroad because they are made in the same distilleries.

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contains one first-rate feminine character—and a mean one, too; one fairly good young woman, pictured honestly but without allure; and two dummies of men, who really weren't worth the fight the girls put up for them. As for the first-rate character, she is a cleverly presented study of a fine woman made cold and artful and scheming by being forced to stand up for herself in a world of stupid men—the hard-hunting, hard-riding, standing-for-Parliament type.

Through long pages two believable girls play a game for stakes that are too small to worry about. Miss Bottome's novel is one of those English stories that lose much on their trip across the Atlantic. The big handsome brute, with his man's-world code of honor, is effective in the English scene, but he never has loomed large as a menace on these shores. The spectacle of Miss Bottome's charming women going berserk over two dull gentlemen is almost as fantastic as would be a story of Miss Greta Garbo breaking her heart for love of the statue of General Sherman at the entrance to the Park.

MISS LILLIAN LAUFERTY, in case you don't know, used to be the Beatrice Fairfax of the *Evening Journal*. She was the girl who advised Brown Eyes not to kiss the young man upon first acquaintance, because even if such a moral stand meant a slight loss of popularity, it would reap respect in the end. All this has nothing to do with the fact that Miss Lauferty's first novel, "The Street of Chains," is an unusually good one. Miss Lauferty takes a powerful Jewish family, in outline like the Rothschilds, and shows how the heritage of the Judengasse, even diluted by alien blood, may be as stubborn and dominating and uncomfortable as any old Norman strain. Hers is a story of the descendants, not of the meek and lowly, but of a Jew Süss. Miss Lauferty's young Gruenturms enact their drama in New York, but this, I assure you, is no conventional story of the melting pot. You will find in it a shrewd observation of an aspect of Jewish life that hasn't been done to death.

NOW for a book by a man. And a great big book, too, that represents the work of a lifetime; a book that will enable you to become a dramatic critic at a moment's notice. Mr. Sheldon Cheney's encyclopedic volume, "The Theatre: Three Thousand Years of Drama, Acting and Stagecraft," is just that. It is a complete account of the theatre, in all its ages and transformations. As a reference book it is invaluable; moreover, it is good reading, which is an additional recommendation.

MR. EDMUND PEARSON relaxes from the strain of reporting the gorier sort of murders and dashes off a little volume called "Dime Novels." The literature that agitated Sunday Schools a half-century ago is now so pure it is difficult to read, to judge by the excerpts that Mr. Pearson has included in his book. Mr. Pearson had his own troubles in compiling his history, because the dime novels were as fragile as their orange paper covers and vanished leaving few traces. Their authors, too, were an evanescent race, but Mr. Pearson has dug up some amusing sketches about the staff of Mr. Beadle's astonishing thrill factory.

NATHALIA CRANE—and it seems only yesterday that she was in love with the janitor's boy—has a new novel called "An Alien from Heaven." Miss Crane's theme—she builds her fantasy about a child born with wings—sometimes gets too heavy for her. She has the gift for words, but she will write more effectively when she outgrows the literary age.

"THE SECOND NEW YORKER ALBUM" has just been published. In case that means nothing to you, the "Album" is a collection of the best drawings published in these pages during the past year. That ought to be recommendation enough. It's an ideal Christmas present for persons who can't read. —A. W. S.

IN BRIEF

"TRAILING THE GIANT PANDA" is a new and exciting volume in "The Roosevelt Boys at Home and Abroad" series. It tells about the expedition made by Theodore and Ker-

mit in the interests of the Field Museum of Chicago, the objective of the expedition being the capture (dead or alive) of the giant panda. The panda seems to have been as unfamiliar as the okapi was before Sir Harry Johnston ran it to cover. The frontispiece of the book shows a large cream-and-brown creature—we in our ignorance would call it a bear—with brown ears and spectacles. Throughout the narrative his markings are described as black, so the painting by Carl Rungius puzzled us. The trail led up the Irrawaddy River, in Burma, into Yunnan in China. It is good, straightforward narrative and ought to enliven any fireside on these long autumn evenings. . . . As for biographies, you can take your choice. Peter the Great, Colonel Harvey, Sam Houston, Dampier, Martin Luther, the Prince of Wales, and Grandmother Brown of Fort Madison, Iowa. . . . The last is the *Atlantic* prize biography. Maria Foster Brown was blessed with good health and a good memory. She lived from 1827 until 1928; pioneering west, bringing up a large family, working, interested in everything that went on about her, but primarily concerned with the changing American scene as it affected her children. Her youngest daughter-in-law, Harriet Connor Brown, is responsible for the preservation of her recollections. We did not care much for the dialogue form, but Grandmother Brown's own speech is simple, vigorous, and sprightly and her memories of pioneer life and of her own domestic milestones give "Grandmother Brown's Hundred Years" unusual interest as Americana. . . . Stephen Graham has focused his attention on Peter the Great as a personality and while "Peter the Great" shows Peter as a high-handed westernizer of Russia, it also shows him as the fantastic, macabre Tartar that he was, the

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supreme Barbarian, very colorful and blood-curdling. . . . Less disturbing to western ideals is Marquis James' "The Raven," a life of Sam Houston. We started it with no particular interest in Sam Houston, but Mr. James has a taking style, immense enthusiasm for his subject, and a picturesque background in which to work. "The Raven" was the name given to General Houston when he went Indian. . . . In "Martin Luther," Lucien Lebvre, of the University of Strasbourg, plots the curve of a destiny which was simple but tragic, and the result is not so much biography as a psychological portrait of a much-harassed mystic. . . . "George Harvey," by Willis Fletcher Johnson, is an important revelation of American history in the making: much hitherto unpublished correspondence; the story of Harvey's relations with Woodrow Wilson, the famous breach and reconciliation, America's retreat from the League of Nations, his life as Ambassador. . . . "The Letters of Disraeli to Lady Chesterfield and Lady Bradford," written by a septuagenarian to two grandmothers, are not exclusively personal but recount at some length his political activities during his final triumph over Gladstone. All the same, there is a piquant note in these letters written during his widowerhood to the two sisters, to one of whom, herself a widow, he proposed marriage in order that he might find himself in a closer relationship to the other. . . . Mary Lee's novel, "It's a Great War!," shared the Houghton Mifflin prize for the best war novel with William Scanlon's "God Have Mercy on Us!" It is not a novel in the usual sense. Anne Wentworth is not its central figure; she is the recorder of what an American woman saw, heard, smelled, felt, and thought during a long period of war. —R. L. L.

AMONG THE NEW BOOKS

FICTION

ULTIMA THULE, by Henry Handel Richardson (*Norton*). A novel of real importance.

A FAREWELL TO ARMS, by Ernest Hemingway (*Scribner*). Love story surrounded by the war—and modern writing at its best.

THE METHODIST FAUN, by Anne Parrish (*Harper*). Genuine tragedy of youth set against a background of fine satire.

HARRIET HUME, by Rebecca West (*Doubleday, Doran*). Richly beautiful writing.

FUGITIVE'S RETURN, by Susan Glaspell (*Stokes*). Worth a half-dozen smug, contented novels.

SKETCH OF A SINNER, by Frank Swinnerton

(*Doubleday, Doran*). Another vivid figure in Mr. Swinnerton's gallery of girls.

PENROD JASHBER, by Booth Tarkington (*Doubleday, Doran*). The sleuth wave hits Penrod. Gorgeous reading.

HOMEPLACE, by Maristan Chapman (*Viking Press*). Prose ballad of life in the southern mountains.

THE GALAXY, by Susan Ertz (*Appleton*). The manners and morals of three generations reflected in the life of a warmly human heroine.

EX-WIFE, by Ursula Parrott (*Cape & Smith*). A woman tells all.

THE WAY OF ECBEN, by James Branch Cabell (*McBride*). Mr. Cabell's farewell to mythology, with a revealing curtain speech by the author.

BORGIA, by Zona Gale (*Knopf*). Miss Gale plunges effectively into sinister psychology.

THE DARK JOURNEY, by Julian Green (*Harper*). Mr. Green's annual prize winner.

THE BEAUTIFUL YEARS, by Henry Williamson (*Dutton*). A naturalist surveys the soul of a small boy.

WINGS ON MY FEET, by Howard W. Odum (*Bobbs-Merrill*). Dancing narrative of a Black Ulysses at the war.

CHÉRI, by Colette (*Boni*). Wicked and excellently written story of a gigolo.

THEY STOOPED TO FOLLY, by Ellen Glasgow (*Doubleday, Doran*). Ironic spoofing of three Fallen Ladies.

HANS FROST, by Hugh Walpole (*Doubleday, Doran*). In which an elderly novelist rebels against dinner-party fame.

WOLF SOLENT, by John Cowper Powys (*Simon & Schuster*). Masterfully written psychological novel.

CORA, by Ruth Suckow (*Knopf*). Drama of the self-made business woman.

SHORT AS ANY DREAM, by Elizabeth Shepley Sergeant (*Harper*). A rare achievement—a real and sympathetic study of a New England family.

MYSTERIES

THE BODY ON THE FLOOR, by Nancy Barr Mavity (*Doubleday, Doran*). Not many flaws in this suicide that turns out to be a murder. Recommended.

MURDER IN THE MOOR, by Thomas Kindon (*Dutton*). All the ingredients of a good mystery except interest. An English importation, about a crime outside Dartmoor Gaol.

THE DARTMOUTH MURDERS, by Clifford Orr (*Farrar & Rinehart*). Extra curricular murders at Dartmouth College make an entertaining story with the solution a secret to the very end.

THE SUBTLE TRAIL, by Joseph Gollomb (*Macmillan*). "The Goldfish," Mr. Gollomb's psychologist-criminologist, reappears and unearths a satanic crime.

THE SECOND BAFFLE BOOK, by Lassiter Wren and Randle McKay (*Doubleday, Doran*). Another series of crimes on which you can test your ingenuity.

Less recent:

TRIPLE MURDER, by Carolyn Wells (*Lippincott*).... THE TERRACE SUICIDE MYSTERY, by Leonard R. Gribble (*Doubleday, Doran*).... MARKED MEN, by Charles Neville Buck (*Doubleday, Doran*).... FALSE FACE, by Jean Lilly (*Dutton*).... WATER WEED, by Alice Campbell (*Farrar & Rinehart*).... THE NEEDLE'S KISS, by Austin J. Small (*Doubleday, Doran*).

GENERAL

GRANDMOTHER BROWN'S HUNDRED YEARS, by Harriet Connor Brown (*Little, Brown*). What an intelligent, courageous, charming old woman remembered about the years between 1827 and 1928. Well worth reading.

TRAILING THE GIANT PANDA, by Theodore Roosevelt and Kermit Roosevelt (*Scribner*). An engrossing account of an expedition into Burma and the Chinese-Tibetan borderland in pursuit of the bear-like giant panda.

PETER THE GREAT, by Stephen Graham (*Simon & Schuster*). Stephen Graham scratches the westernizer of Russia and finds a Tartar. Very picturesque reading.

THE RAVEN, by Marquis James (*Bobbs-Merrill*). The life story of Sam Houston admirably written and documented.

GEORGE HARVEY, by Willis Fletcher Johnson (*Houghton Mifflin*). Behind the scenes with Colonel Harvey in politics and diplomacy.

HENRY THE VIIITH, by Francis Hackett (*Liveright*). Still the best biography of the year.

QUEEN ELIZABETH, by Katharine Anthony (*Knopf*). Close-up of Henry's little girl.

LA FAYETTE, by Brand Whitlock (*Appleton*). Recommended without reservations.

UP TO NOW, by Alfred E. Smith (*Viking Press*). The former governor writes as well as he speaks.

THE TRAGIC ERA, by Claude G. Bowers (*Houghton Mifflin*). Events and personages of the Reconstruction Era brought to life in a dramatic book.

LORENZO THE MAGNIFICENT, by David Loth (*Brentano*). Biography that is good romance.

EMERSON, THE WISEST AMERICAN, by Phillips Russell (*Brentano*). The progress of an intellectual pilgrim.

THE INCREDIBLE MARQUIS, by Herbert S. Gorman (*Farrar & Rinehart*). The gay and romantic life of Alexandre Dumas.

CARRY NATION, by Herbert Asbury (*Knopf*). Caperings of a lunatic, amusingly reported.

MRS. EDDY, by Edwin Franden Dakin (*Scribner*). Home life of a prophetess.

BORN TO BE, by Taylor Gordon (*Covici-Friede*). The negro spiritual singer tells his own story smartly and racily. With fine illustrations by Covarrubias.

MARRIAGE AND MORALS, by Bertrand Russell (*Liveright*). One of the finest minds of our time examines the problem.

THE THEATRE: THREE THOUSAND YEARS OF DRAMA, ACTING AND STAGECRAFT, by Sheldon Cheney (*Longmans, Green*). Complete, scholarly, and immensely interesting history of the stage.

A ROOM OF ONE'S OWN, by Virginia Woolf (*Harcourt, Brace*). Witty, clear thinking on the vexatious subject of women and the art of writing.

THE NEW AMERICAN CARAVAN, edited by Alfred Kreymborg, Lewis Mumford, and Paul Rosenfeld (*Macaulay*). Indispensable for those who would keep up with the most advanced American writing.

OUR BUSINESS CIVILIZATION, by James Truslow Adams (*A. & C. Boni*). An estimate of certain aspects of modern American life, destined to arouse controversy.

THE SECOND NEW YORKER ALBUM (*Doubleday, Doran*). Of course.

THE GLUYAS WILLIAMS BOOK (*Doubleday, Doran*). Also of course.

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